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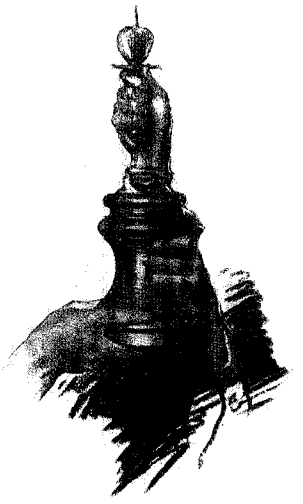

THE EMBLEM OF HOME

BY ELEANOR STUART

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

WHEN I fell in with Archie Macenvoy, it was before he had a big house in Prince's Gate, and a big head anywhere else he happened to be. He was slim and simple in those days of daring, with a mind above scheming and a heart full of high courage.

I had known of him since my pinafore period, when pennies flew from his mother's barouche as she passed our door. For I was "just the son of the liveryman," who jobbed out extra horses to her ladyship; horses—for my father's honor I say it—she was not ashamed to pretend were her own.

We knew much of what happened in the neighborhood, for an occasion demands a "hack." Funerals, weddings, and the arrival of soldiers and such, from Eastern travel or service, would have been as poor as the parish without my father's flea-bitten grays and "the vehicle." It was these that conveyed "Archie" to the wee station on the moor on the morning after Christmas.

"It's a wild country I'm off to," he said to me vainly. I remember how proud I was to drive him over the frozen roads, and how I blessed the influenza that kept my father housed. The engine shrieked, as it rushed the moor, halting with a gush of steaming breath for the young Macenvoy and his tin boxes. I envied him his travels, while his mother kissed him gayly.

Her India shawl was all to one side, and she sobbed her way back to her great house. Poor lady!

A year from that day my father and I walked to the station on much the same errand. Driving in carriages was small pomp

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for us who jobbed them out—walking was our holiday. I had a line from her ladyship in my red hand of toil, and it contained plenty of messages in case I fell in with her son. Sandy Maccullum brought it to the train. His face fell when I said I'd hardly be likely to see his young master.

"For I'm going a clerk for Maplesons in East Africa, and he is an officer soldiering in India."

Sandy was near weeping at this intelligence. He was past sixty, and not overstrong, and had served as confidential servant to the Macenvoys since his schooling was over.

"But if you do see him, tell him I'm thinking of him always," he said; "and if good or ill befall him here, I'll tell him all. If good come about, these are the hands will take him the emblem of home."

By that I knew they were hoping that young Archie would be chosen the head of his clan, and have the great silver emblem on his table.

I said good-by and hung round my father a bit more than I thought manly at the time. "Sandy's is the face you'll not see again," he said to me; for he had a great fashion of being dismal when occasion offered.

When I was in the railway carriage, with a snow flurry hiding our little town from me, as if it were veiling what I loved in the moment of our parting, I thought of the Macenvoy emblem, a great hand of silver clasping the dagger, with a little heart skewered on the dagger's point. That was the same device as the crest on her ladyship's note, but the head of the clan had it in heavy silver on his table, calling it "shlanough" in Gaelic; in English, "the emblem of home."

Life in East Africa as I first knew it was not the paradise for nurses and children it has since become. I was a clerk in the transports, going up country to the tune of eight hundred miles and a caravan of five hundred men. But there was money in it then. We had fever enough to shake the bones out of us, and the eternal sameness of the strangeness, if I may put it so, kept us sad. The "bitter beobab" trees stretched from the sea to the Nyanza's shore, and from them the brain-fever bird whistled his one forlorn note. The lack of grass, the soft Swahili lingo, the throbbing clouds of flies, sickened me with a monotony of unfamiliarity. I longed for the good green and clean streams of home.

The little noises of the night were different; the streams slipped away in the dark with a new song, less lovely than they sing in Scotland; and I'd sit with a sore heart under the moon, a smudge at my side, planning what I'd eat when my time was up, and the keen moorland air had roused my appetite. I fell to describing home dishes to Seyyid bin Omar, who had part charge of the caravan, and from that there grew a serviceable friendship—of service to others than we two.

Seyyid was an old Arab from Muscat. He'd a trick of guessing your thoughts; and, although he was more cruel to porters and animals than I had dreamed a man could be, yet he was loving in his comradeship with me. He knew English and some odd ends of German, and when the rains came I tried to find my way about Arabic—at first, just to please him. We'd "buck" away together, as they call talking in the East, and he'd tell me a word of Mecca or of the Aden merchants, until I began to know his lingo, and my tongue—at first so stiff in performance of new words—took to them kindly; and, though haltingly, I spoke.

We were gone three years on our first "saffari," and although I meant to get back to Scotland at the end of it, a chance came to me to build a road north from the Tambo district, and, as it meant money, and money means home in large doses, I turned my face to the flies again, to the sand and sun and lonely heat of it, to the full bitterness of the African inland.

Seyyid bin Omar went with me, and I used his queer tongue more and more. "You do not know it all yet," he would say, "but you speak like one kind of Arab. You might have come from the Aden Hinterland—from Arabia Felix."

When the road was finished the commissioner sent a boy traveller from America, with dollars, donkeys, and a marvellous dressing-case, to be the first man to go over it. We met him with gladness, devoured the contents of his "cans," read the letters he brought us, and set faces to the sea, taking his trail.

We could tell his camping places from afar. Although the vultures had gone home,

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Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

Over against it sat Sandy Maccullum.—Page 134.

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a tremulous cloud of flies pulsed, quivering, above their leavings. I found an old newspaper by one camp side, and by the firelight and in fear of lions, I read what had happened in the world.

I held the paper in my hand unfinished, because Seyyid bin Omar was coming toward me with one of his letters, and I could tell by his face that he wanted to talk with me. Any chance might have made me discard that paper. It was the *Manchester Guardian*, and it was Archie Macenvoy's one chance, as I held it there, but I hadn't thought of him in a year or more.

"I have given heavy thoughts to this," Seyyid said, striking his letter with an open hand. "You could do it—look—I trained you to it, and you never knew." He laughed as a child laughs when he has played a trick upon you.

I read his letter carefully. It was an offer from Maplesons to me, provided Seyyid thought me perfected in Arabic. I was to have "an opportunity" of going to Arabia Felix, Sanaa preferably, to investigate methods of coffee planting and to discover how Europeans might buy the product. I knew no European had gone to Sanaa since the sun shone, and from the wage Maplesons offered me, I knew my life was at risk if I tried to get there.

"No," I said. "I go now, Seyyid, to a white man's country." I took up the newspaper and turned its page, my eye falling on this head-line: "Captain Macenvoy captured in Aden's Hinterland. His fate unknown."

I read the column to its end, and then I spoke to Seyyid. "I was joking," I said in English. "Of course I'll go. Money is money, however I earn it. Better be dead than poor, *unasikia?*"

The thought of a Scot caged among such as Seyyid made my heart bursting with anger. I had a hope that I might deliver him. The Turk does not always kill at once; God pardon him, he often torments for a twelvemonth.

My own country seemed sweeter than heaven's self just then, and perhaps I was a bit open to heaven's influences as I thought of it, for I was hoping much more to find Archie Macenvoy in Sanaa than to make Maplesons' fortune and my own in the Hinterland coffee.

My paper was seven months' old. I tore off the part about Archie and hid it from Seyyid in a mouldy pocketbook.

The days of preparation for my trip passed in a flash. I was given a large sum of money, which I turned into carpets to sell *en route* and at Sanaa. I dyed my hair with the brown juice some Wa-shenzi use for their breach-clouts, and I borrowed a turban from Seyyid, who had already given me a joho, the long coat of the Arab. I knew that I did not look like the real thing, but I believed that I spoke like it.

We went at once to Zanzibar to catch the French mail north. I lived there for three days as an Arab, and bought a good carpet. I tried to buy a good slave, but the missionaries had abolished slavery in favor of idling. I hired a stark "mshenzi" for my "boy," telling him he had been my slave since childhood. After a time he believed me, living in a past I invented for him as he worked up my coffee and food of an evening. I regarded a slave as necessary to me as an Arab. Seyyid, the boy Mohogo, and I left the mail at Djibouti and took places in a dhow bound to Hodeidah. Fifty horses thirsted on its deck, their heel straps burning against their bones and a cloud of flies covering them like a pall. On our arrival they fell on the beach for weariness, and I made the Somalis fearful of losing money in losing them, so that they gave them water and kind words for a while.

Hodeidah is as unpromising as a hard heart. The bitter sun bakes it and at night its streets breathe out the heat they have inspired by day. A man is chained to a post in the town's centre; he shrieks endlessly and is believed to be in some sort holy. No one can remember the offence for which he was bound. It seemed a woful place to me, but I braved the chief Arabs in the town, learning to the full the peccant misrule of Turks, sitting with administrators over clinking coffee cups in the bazaar. They told me much of Archie Macenvoy, and of a dumb man who had come seeking him. Captain Archie had joined a march into the Aden Hinterland with the Aden regiment, he stopping there but a few days on his leave from India. His horse bolted within half a mile of the place where he was to turn back. No Englishman had seen him since. But I heard in the Hodeidah bazaar that he had fought

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and that one of his arms was badly twisted and his head cut.

"Why not kill him?" I asked carelessly.

"We need money more than blood," an old Arab told me with a placid smile.

They got him through Aden at night, gagged, although he was unconscious. And now he was at Sanaa, at the house of Khali bin Mohammed.

I whispered to Seyyid: "Remember that name; he is a great coffee merchant."

"I know not such words." I spoke as one puzzled.

"They are words of frenzy; therefore, do not wipe them out. Frenzy is holy," the old Arab said. I agreed with this orthodox statement, and took my departure.

"You know where this speechless searcher is dwelling?" I asked.

Some one pointed to the space behind the city, "He buys food out there."

Turning, I walked in the opposite direc-

Hodeidah is as unpromising as a hard heart—Page 132.

The old Arab spoke again, as one retailing some jest.

"And one seeks him," he said from his corner—"seeks him without speech. His body is writhed like a tree twisted in a cyclone; his eyes are red like a fighting rooster's, his hair is the color of a henna-stained donkey—as red as glory. He has no real speech; but goes about by day crying his master's name, and searching for him with a charm of silver, a hand, a dagger, and a pierced heart."

"And by night?" I asked, fearful of his quitting the subject.

"By night he writes on walls—yonder is his writing—and searches with the charm, as a devil-doctor seeks stolen things."

On the wall of the narrow street in the bazaar I saw a familiar name "Sandy Maccullum."

tion; turning again, I made for the space behind the town. Seyyid had left me at the door of a mosque. I walked through a dirty street wherein the pariah dogs had already begun their nightly roaming. Evil smells of dried shark preparing for supper floated about the quarter. Little lamps of cheap Russian oil burned on narrow window-sills, and sometimes a woman with her slaves, masked and ponderous, passed me with the odd noise of her wide trouser legs rubbing together and the tinkle of innumerable anklets. A bright light glared from one window. I pulled the casement open wider than I found it, and stepping up on a coping looked into an Arab room.

The emblem of home, beautifully polished, twinkled on a heathen blackwood table. I could have fallen on my knees and worshipped it, for the message it brought

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me of home fare and Scottish speech. And over against it sat Sandy Maccullum, the silly look on his face that it always wore when he boasted of the greatness of the Macenvoys.

I left the window and went in at the door, hailing him in Gaelic.

My mouth has cracked in desert places for the lack of water, and when I have found it I have drunk my fill with a man's heart and manner, but at the sound of Sandy's Gaelic I became a weak girl, and the pair of us rocked in each other's arms with the wild tears rolling from our eyes.

"And Archie is the clan's head?" I said, pointing to the silver emblem.

"They chose him, and I bolted away with it, for fear they'd despair of his life, and give it to the cousin."

"I mind my father saying I'd not see *your* face again, Sandy. You were that poorly. And now you're the first of the home faces for my eyes to rest on."

The old man took pride in his weakness; he looked gratified. "I was never much for strength," he said. "Have you a mind to help Archie?"

"A great mind, Sandy, but no plan in it."

"If I could speak this devil's lingo, and if I but knew where he was, I'd have him home, dead or alive, for I've a plan would save him."

"I know Arabic; I'm playing to be an Arab, and Captain Archie is in Sanaa, the first white man to set foot in it. What is your plan?" I asked quickly.

"To put him in one of the coffee sacks, sling him over the side of a camel and bring him here at night."

I reflected that they probably took him past English surveillance in Aden in just that way.

"I wish it were quicker work buying camels," I said; "every day I spend here is a threat to his life and mine—and I can't go inland without the brutes."

"*Buy* camels?" Sandy looked at me with pity. "And waste your life in talk? Lift them, man; sit you here till I lift you a couple."

"And I'll go back for Seyyid and the slave."

"Then meet me where the caravans start—at the Gate of the Well."

"Right, man," I whispered in the street, and wheeled away in the darkness.

I found Seyyid and Mohogo and we carried our carpets to the gate. Mohogo made our coffee there while I sat silent, worrying as to what Seyyid would think of Sandy.

But Sandy did not come himself. A slim Mshihiri came, leading one camel, and a child of ten tugged at a Bussorah beast who devoured distance with a stride meaning money. They hailed Seyyid and the brutes knelt for the packing.

I remember little of our journey inland but desert and mountain and frosty mornings. We travelled at night, the camels thrusting their supercilious faces before them, nosing a way through the darkness under the brilliant stars.

We reached Sanaa one morning early. The sun shone on it lovingly, glancing from many hills into its deep valley, whence minarets thrust up to heaven, as truly sparkling as a lady's fingers knuckle deep in rings. At every gate camels came and went, and the steep, bright roads breathed out coffee. Although the sun was up in a minute, and full day upon us before our eyes were properly open to perceive it, a glow tinted the windows, as if the brief dawn had lingered within the houses. Seyyid explained to me that Sanaa windows were thin sheets of alabaster.

I asked for the house of Khali bin Mohammed, only stopping to wash my feet before I set out for it. A wonderful arabesque framed his doorway and a little court, gay with red crotons, could be seen from his one steep step. I could find no entrance to this place as I walked slowly about, although it was at the side of his house. I took my lodging whence I could watch it—in the house of an Arab who jobbed out camels, quarrelling with their drivers by night and by day.

I studied the court faithfully from my window. It had many possible places for doors, but I could detect none. I knew there was a "go-down" or cellar under it, for my feet rang hollow on the narrow roadway as I passed it. Buying coffee, I lived on little else than hope, watching with the faithfulness of a mother-lion. I believed that Archie Macenvoy's feet had trodden that enclosure, as I believed he slept in that go-down; the last sleep tortured my mind as I pictured him, or else I fancied him chained there, white and discouraged, won-

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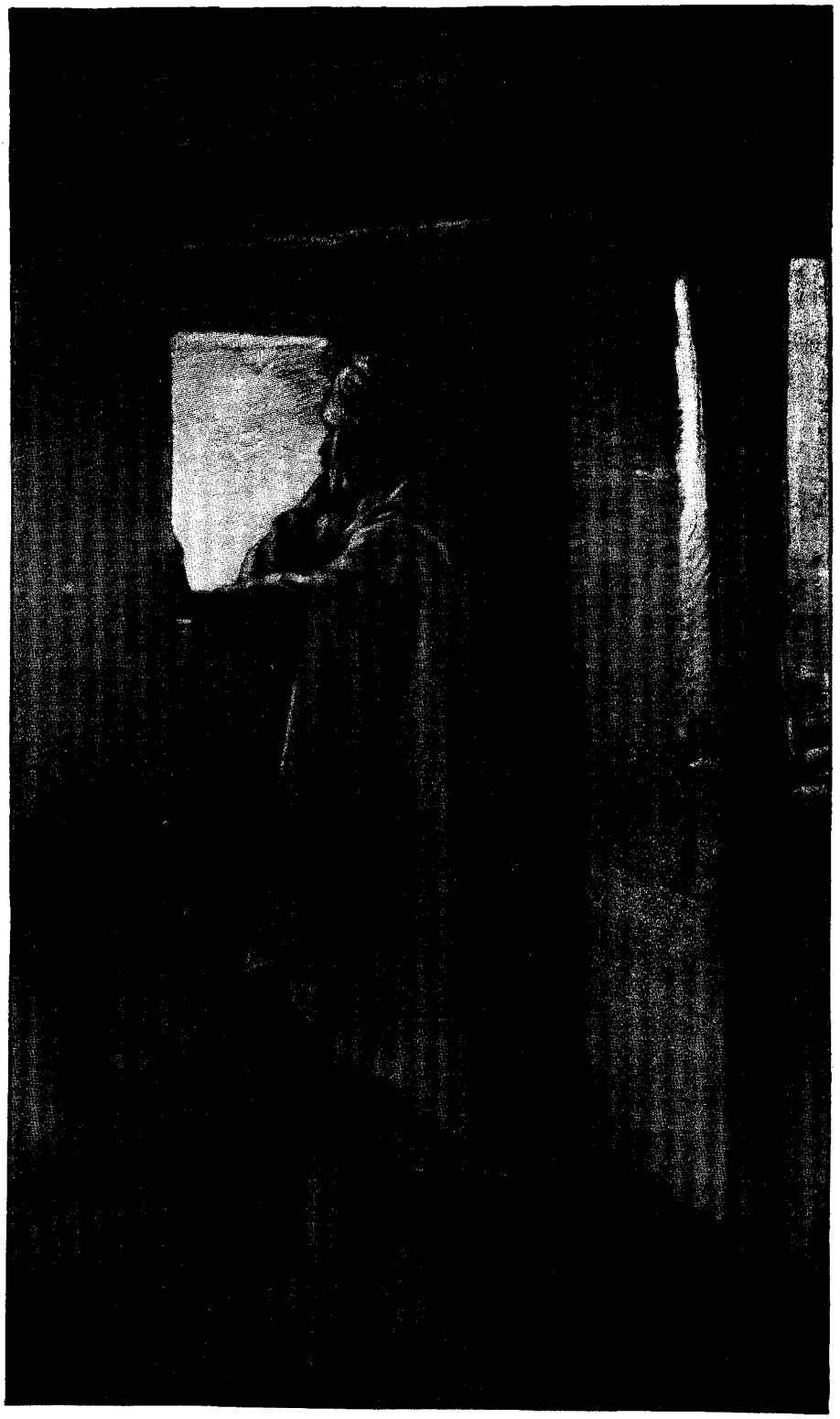

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

I studied the court faithfully from my window.—Page 134.

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dering if his Government would remember him after the newspapers had ceased to shout his wrongs. I knew enough of Turks to know they would not offer him for ransom if they had a good season, and were busy selling coffee and carpets. That is what maddens one most with an Oriental: he holds so many good cards that he never plays.

When I had been in Sanaa a week I arranged with Seyyid that if I were suspected I should go away at once, managing the shipping of our coffee from Hodeidah, while he bought in the Hinterland. I pretended to him that I was followed, and, indeed, I felt myself suspected; for I argued that, had I been counted a true Arab, I should have heard something of the town's white prisoner. But, whatever else I did or left undone, I was careful to sing loudly, night and morning, at my window, in a voice as ugly as any Indian's.

A blue night hung over the town; the sky was quite as blue as by day, but darker. A round moon had fastened itself above the great mosque, as if the Gospel light shone above it. I had looked fifty times at the little court, and had grown half disbelieving of his durance in it; but as I looked this evening, without special thought of him, I saw a movement by the house wall among the crotons, still showing red in the limpid moonlight. The night was as still as a dead man's heart.

My eyes were fastened on the court now, and I saw someone limp from the shadow, a shackle dragging at his heel. He looked up at the moon for a long moment, and then, stooping, slipped his foot from the chain. It was Macenvoy; I recognized his figure as he bent to the ground. I cleared my throat and began the evening's singing—in Gaelic. This is what I sang: "O Captain Macenvoy, mighty in the hills of the North, lonely in Sanaa, the son of the old horse-jobber of Lochfrinth is come to deliver you. How you will ever get over that wall only the God who made us knows at present, but later on, I believe, He will put some plan in your head or mine (and no irreverence meant) for the fame of His glory."

Then a strange thing happened. The voice of a holy man, nasal, strident, seemed to answer me from the street. It was an inexpressibly weak voice, and sounded as if it came from the mouth of some indigent who reads and prays daily in Arab houses for a monthly rupee.

"Alhamdalillah *hi*," the voice cried; "I can escape by way of the wall, climbing up by means of my shackle, which has a hook in the end. I hear a voice in darkness singing of my home. Where can I find its owner?"

"At the camel-jobber's over the way," I sang in excited antiphon; "come now, while house and street are empty."

"Now or never," came the voice of the holy man, and presently I saw the shadowy figure in the court throw his shackle at the wall. No physical pain has ever gripped me tighter than the agony of the moment when his shackle fell without a hold. I saw he was too weak to try again at once, but presently he threw the heavy thing, and the sharpened hook at its end caught with a strange sound. I watched him pull himself up, feeling here and there with his feet for a jut of stone to hold him, and as I watched I prayed. He stood a moment in foolhardy fatigue, a mark on the wall's top black against the blue night, and crudely apparent in the marvellous moonlight. Remembering his chain, he dislodged it and flung it into the street, where he dropped himself a moment later, nerveless and huddled as a bunch of rags.

I dared not go out to him lest I spoil all. Mine was not the strength that could watch and be still; I prayed my child prayers over again, my eyes closed tightly, and when they opened unwillingly I saw that he had stirred.

I began to sing again, in a voice as weak as his own: "The room on the housetop holds your welcome, son of the everlasting hills."

And the voice of the holy man responded in English: "Why didn't you say so before, you blighter; I've been waiting instructions."

Again I waited, and presently heard him scratching at the door. Opening it, we gripped hands without speech. His face was like a dead man's, but his smile was as near his pale lips as when he was a boy. His filthy white duck clothes were still military in effect, a long beard and hair waved about his brown collar. He had on one riding-boot only, and I guessed they had shackled him about the other, so that when the boot

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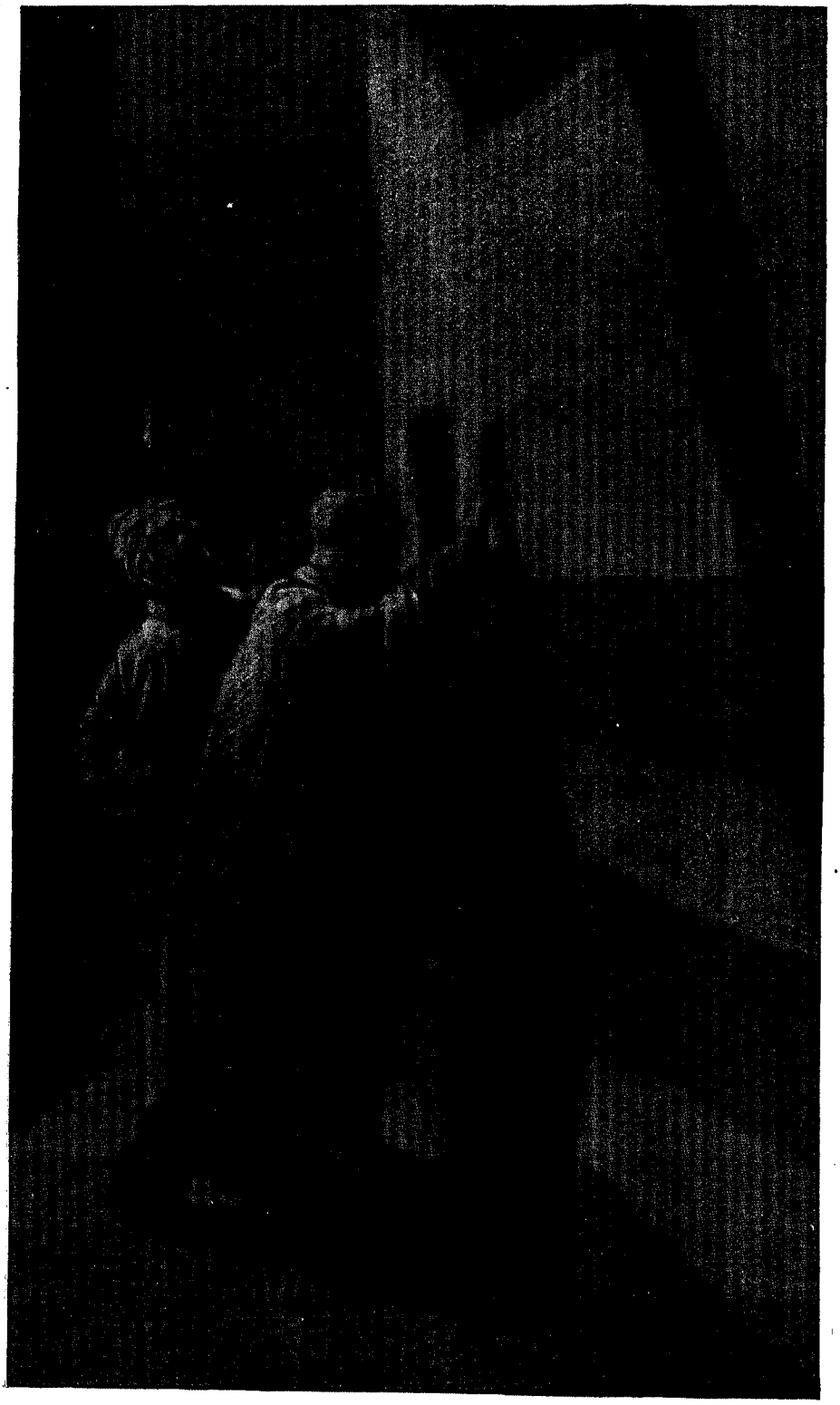

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

We came to Sandy's house, where all was dark.—Page 138.

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was off, Archie might be off as he pleased, as well.

"That would be just an Oriental, all over," I said, thinking aloud.

"We'd best be getting out of this, wherever it is," he said pleadingly. "Where is it, anyway? I've often wondered."

I told him, and he merely said, "I thought it was deuced cold here."

He rushed to my ewer and basin and washed himself as if he could not stop. And then I got a great sack, and made him see if he could pack himself away in it. I had to stop to write a note to Seyyid telling him to go examine the upland coffee, twelve miles away, in the early morning. By that time I hoped to be a day's journey toward Hodeidah.

I chose the Bussorah beast which Sandy had "lifted," and I made the captain sit in the sack I strapped to her. I drove her noisily forth from Sanaa's gate, and trembled with excitement as we climbed the hills of egress from the town.

We met no one for ten miles, and after that the six days of our journey were passed in perilous meetings and narrow escapes. I never slept without dreaming that the Bussorah's owner had sprung up on the road and claimed her, and I never woke without realization of the dangers of the day. Sometimes the captain told me of starvation and shackles.

We slipped into Hodeidah by night. I gave the captain a cloth to tie round his face, as if his teeth ached, and we let the Bussorah beast find her own master. Stealing through the town as silently as nightfall, we came to Sandy's house, where all was dark. I dared not rouse him with loud knocks, lest others be roused as well, but as I wondered what I could do, the captain whistled the Skye boat song.

The first phrase had barely left his throat when a shutter opened on well-oiled hinges, and a sobbing, silly old voice sounded above us. "Oh, mon, mon dear!" it said in broad Scotch, and looking up, we saw Sandy —in all his nocturnal beauty, including a cap—stretched forth from the window, with eyes straining through the dark. It was not long before he opened the door and thrust the emblem of home, over the door-sill, into Macenvoy's hands. We stood below him in the narrow street, and the captain reached up for the sign of his home and the token of his deliverance with a look on his face that was a fitting climax to his wild adventures. We dressed him in Arab clothes and started away for Cowasjee Dinshaw's steamer, running to Aden at daybreak. He was cramped and sore from travelling in a sack, but we knew he breathed more freely as the moments passed.

Before we took the steamer we had a late supper, or early breakfast, and Sandy set the table with home's emblem in the midst. He opened a tin of haggis, the last he had, and a bottle of "smooth" whiskey from his birthplace. As he opened his carpet-bag for the remains of our feast, he took from it a novel of Mr. Barrie's. "Thank God for leisure and a quiet mind to enjoy my favorite author," he exclaimed devoutly, going out into the dawn sonorous with the eighteenth psalm. Our light hearts said "amen" in the cool of the morning.

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THE FISHERMAN

By Eden Phillpotts

Illustrations by Claude A. Shepperson

I

He was a lad of high degree;
  She was a farmer's daughter.
He came to fish the silver ley;
Or did he come to court her?
    "Oh, angle where you will," quoth she;
      "The little trout may swim to thee;
        But never think that you'll catch me."

II

Yet where was that fair maiden born
  But felt her heart beat higher
To see a lordling look forlorn
  And beg to come anigh her?
    "Stray nearer if you must," quoth she,
      "Since 'tis an act of charity;
        But never try to speak to me."

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III

The woodland ways are sweet and green
  Under the summer weather,
And through the dingle, through the dene,
  Go boy and girl together.
    "You held my hand, because," quoth she,
    "The stepping-stones were slippery;
      But now I'm over, let it be."

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IV

A heart that burns, a breast that sighs,
  Red lips with promise laden;
A pleading voice and bright-brown eyes—
  Alas, my pretty maiden!
    "Can such a king of men," quoth she,
    "Look down to wed a girl like me?
     Then will I trust my soul to thee!"

V

She sits amid the yellow sheaves,
  That little farmer's daughter,
Or counts the scarlet cherry leaves
  Fall on the shining water.
    "Red leaves and river deep," quoth she,
    "Come hide my tear-worn heart, for he
     Hath broken and forgotten me."

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THE PASSING OF SAN JUAN HILL

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

WHEN I was a boy I thought battles were fought in waste places selected for the purpose. I argued from the fact that when our school nine wished to play ball it was forced into the suburbs to search for a vacant lot. I thought opposing armies also marched out of town until they reached some desolate spot where there were no window-panes, and where their cannon-balls would hurt no one but themselves. Even later, when I saw battles fought among villages, artillery galloping through a corn-field, garden walls breached for rifle fire, and farm-houses in flames, it always seemed as though the generals had elected to fight in such surroundings through an inexcusable striving after theatrical effect—as though they wished to furnish the war correspondents with a chance for descriptive writing. With the horrors of war as horrible as they are without any aid from these contrasts, their presence always seemed not only sinful, but bad art; as unnecessary as turning a red light on the dying gladiator.

There are so many places which are scenes set apart for battles—places that look as though Nature had condemned them for just such sacrifices. Colenso, with its bare kopjes and great stretch of veldt, is one of these, and so, also, is Spion Kop, and, in Manchuria, Nan Shan Hill. The photographs have made all of us familiar with the vast, desolate approaches to Port Arthur. These are among the waste places of the earth—barren, deserted, fit meeting-grounds only for men whose object in life for the moment is to kill men. Were you shown over one of these places, and told, "A battle was fought here," you would answer, "Why, of course!"

But down in Cuba, outside of Santiago, where the United States army fought its solitary and modest battle with Spain, you might many times pass by San Juan Hill and think of it, if you thought of it at all, as only a pretty site for a bungalow, as a place obviously intended for orchards and gardens.

On July 1st, seven years ago, when the American army came upon it out of the jungle the place wore a partial disguise. It still was an irregular ridge of smiling, sunny hills with fat, comfortable curves, and in some places a steep, straight front. But above the steepest, highest front frowned an aggressive Block-House, and on all the slopes and along the sky-line were rows of yellow trenches, and at the base a cruel cat's cradle of barbed wire. It was like the face of a pretty woman behind the bars of a visor. I find that on the day of the fight seven years ago I cabled my paper that San Juan Hill reminded the Americans of "a sunny orchard in New England." That was how it may have looked when the regulars were climbing up the steep front to capture the Block-House, and when the cavalry and Rough Riders, having taken Kettle Hill, were running down its opposite slope, past the lake, to take that crest of San Juan Hill which lies to the right of the Block-House. It may then have looked like a sunny New England orchard, but before night fell the intrenching tools had lent those sunny slopes "a fierce and terrible aspect." And after that, hour after hour, and day after day, we saw the hill eaten up by our trenches, hidden by a vast laundry of shelter tents, and torn apart by bomb-proofs, their jutting roofs of logs and broken branches weighed down by earth and stones and looking like the pit-mouths to many mines. That probably is how most of the American army last saw San Juan Hill, and that probably is how it best remembers it—as a fortified camp. That was seven years ago. When, a few weeks since, I revisited it, San Juan Hill was again a sunny, smiling farm-land, the trenches planted with vegetables, the roofs of the bomb-proofs fallen in and buried beneath

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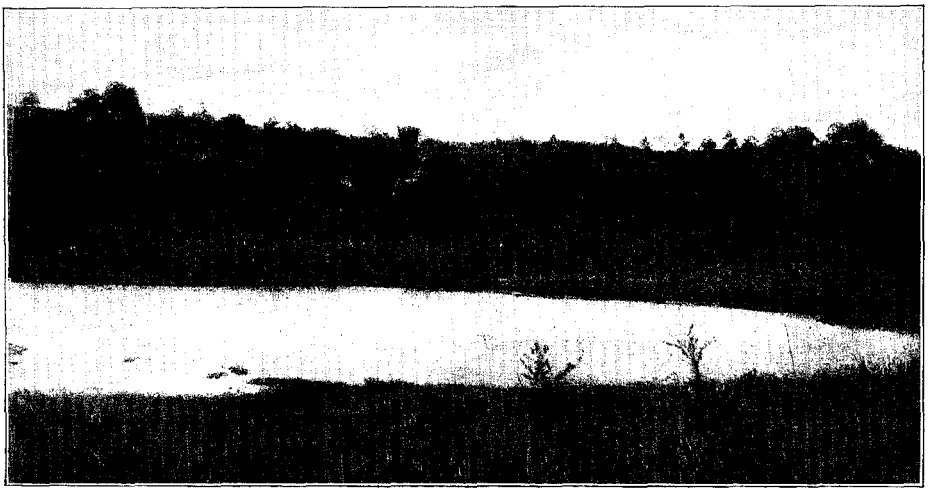
San Juan Block-House.

The white streak is the road to Santiago over which Hobson came into the American lines.

The trees below are those upon which the Rough Riders carved their names.



San Juan Block-House and lake as they appear to-day.
Taken from top of Kettle Hill by the author.

creeping vines, and the barbed-wire entanglements holding in check only the browsing cattle.

San Juan Hill is not a solitary hill, but the most prominent of a ridge of hills, with Kettle Hill a quarter of a mile away on the edge of the jungle and separated from the ridge by a tiny lake. In the local nomenclature Kettle Hill, which is the name given to it by the Rough Riders, has always been known as San Juan Hill, with an added name to distinguish it from the other San Juan Hill of greater renown.

The days we spent on those hills were so rich in incident and interest and were filled with moments of such excitement, of such pride in one's fellow-countrymen, of pity for the hurt and dying, of laughter and good-fellowship, that one supposed he might return after even twenty years and recognize every detail of the ground. But seven years have made startling and confusing changes. Now a visitor will find that it is not until after several different visits and by walking and riding foot by foot over the hills that he can straighten them out and make them fall into

San Juan Block-House and lake as they appeared seven years ago.
Taken from foot of Kettle Hill, which causes San Juan Hill to appear higher than in the photograph above.

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line as he thinks he once knew them. Immediately around San Juan Hill itself there has been some attempt made to preserve the ground as a public park. A barbed-wire fence, with a gateway, encircles the Block-House, which has been converted into a home for the care-taker of the park, and then, skirting the road to Santiago to include the tree under which the surrender was arranged, stretches to the left of the Block-House to protect a monument. This monument was erected by Americans to commemorate the battle. It is now rapidly falling to pieces, but there still is enough of it intact to show the pencilled scribblings and autographs of tourists who did not take part in the battle, but who in this public manner show that they approve of its results. The public park is less than a quarter of a mile square. Except for it no other effort has been made either by Cubans or Americans to designate the lines that once encircled and menaced Santiago, and Nature, always at her best under a tropical sun, has done all in her power to disguise and forever obliterate the scene of the army's one battle. Those features which still remain unchanged are very few. The Treaty Tree, now surrounded by a tall fence, is one, the Block-House is another. The little lake in which, even when the bullets were dropping, the men used to bathe and wash their clothes, the big iron sugar-kettle that gave a new name to Kettle Hill, and here and there a trench hardly deeper than a ploughed furrow, and nearly hidden by growing plants, are the few landmarks that remain.

Trench to right of San Juan Block-House occupied by American troops. These troops were under a constant fire, but reserved their ammunition.

San Juan stream as it appears to-day.

Of the camps of Generals Chaffee, Lawton, Bates, Sumner, and Wheeler, of Colonels Leonard Wood and Theodore Roosevelt, there are but the slightest traces. The Bloody Bend, as some call it, in the San Juan River, as some call that stream, seems to have entirely disappeared. At least, it certainly was not where it should have been, and the place the hotel guides point out to unsuspecting tourists bears not the slightest physical resemblance to that ford. In seven years, during one of which there has been in Santiago the most severe rainfall in sixty years, the San Juan stream has carried away its banks and the trees that lined them, and the trails that should mark where the ford once crossed have so altered and so many new ones have been added, that the exact location of the once famous dressing-station is now most difficult, if not impossible, to determine. To establish the sites of the old camping-grounds is but little less difficult. The headquarters of Gen-

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This is the same spot as it appears to-day.
The slight hollow to the right is all that remains of the trench.

eral Wheeler are easy to recognize for the reason that the place selected was in a hollow, and the most unhealthy spot along the five miles of intrenchments. It is about thirty yards from where the road turns to rise over the ridge to Santiago, and all the water from the hill pours into it as into a rain-barrel. It was here that Troop G, Third Cavalry, under Major Hardee, as it was Wheeler's escort, was forced to bivouac, and where one-third of its number came down with fever. The camp of Gen. Sam Sumner was some sixty yards to the right of the headquarters of General Wheeler on the high shoulder of the hill just above the camp of the engineers, who were on the side of the road opposite. The camps of Generals Chaffee, Lawton, Hawkins, Ludlow, and the positions and trenches taken and held by the different regiments under them one can place only relatively. One reason for this is that before our army attacked the hills all the underbrush and small trees that might conceal the advance of our men had been cleared away by the Spaniards, leaving the hill, except for the high crest, comparatively bare. To-day the hills are thick with young trees and enormous bushes. The alteration in the landscape is as marked as is the difference between ground cleared for golf and the same spot planted with corn and fruit-trees.

Of all the camps the one that to-day bears the strongest evidences of its occupation is that of the Rough Riders. A part of the camp of that regiment, which was situated on the ridge some hundred feet from the Santiago road, was pitched under a clump of shade trees, and to-day, even after seven years, the trunks of these trees bear the names and initials of the men who camped beneath them. *These men will remember that when they took this hill they found that the fortifications beneath the trees were partly made from the foundations of an adobe house. The red tiles from its roof still litter the ground. These tiles and the names cut in the bark of the trees determine absolutely the site of one-half of the camp, but the other half, where stood Tiffany's quick-firing gun and Parker's Gatling, has been almost obliterated. The tree under which Colonel Roosevelt pitched his tent I could not discover, and the trenches in which he used to sit with his officers and with the officers from the regi-

* Some of the names and initials on the trees are as follows: J. P. Allen; Lynch; Luke Steed; Happy Mack, Rough Riders; Russell; Ward; E. M. Lewis, C, 9th Cav.; Alex; E. K. T.; J. P. E.; W. N. D.; R. D. R.; I. W. S., 5th U. S.; J. M. B.; J. M. T., C, 9th.

The Treaty Tree, where the surrender was made.

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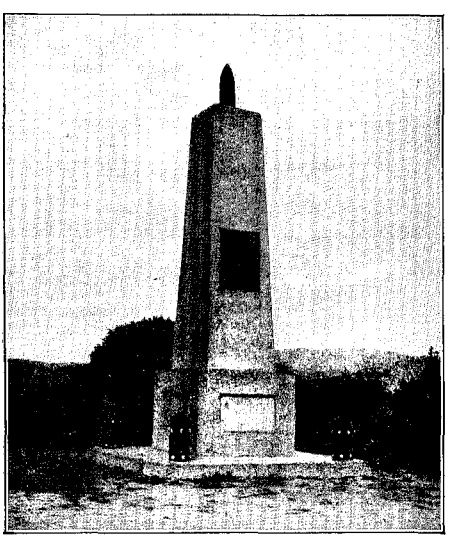
San Juan Block-House as it was and as it has been repaired.
Carlos Portuondo, the caretaker, and his goats.



Monument on San Juan Hill, to the left of the Block-House, erected by Americans.
Now cracked in many places and disfigured by pencil marks.

ments of the regular army are now levelled to make a kitchen-garden. Sometimes the present President is said to too generously give office and promotion to the friends he made in Cuba. These men he met in the trenches were then not necessarily his friends. To-day they are not necessarily his friends. They are the men the free life of the rifle-pits enabled him to know and to understand as the settled relations of home life and peace would never have permitted. At that time none of them guessed that the "amateur colonel," to whom they talked freely as to a comrade, would be their Commander-in-Chief. They did not suspect that he would become even the next Governor of New York, certainly not that in a few years he would be the President of the United States. So they showed themselves to him frankly, unconsciously. They criticised, argued, disagreed, and he became familiar with the views, character, and worth of each, and remembered. The seeds planted in those half-obliterated trenches have borne greater results than ever will the kitchen-garden. The kitchen-garden is immediately on the crest of the hill, and near it a Cuban farmer has built a shack of mud and twigs and cultivated several acres of land. On Kettle Hill there are three more such shacks, and over all the hills the new tenants have strung stout barbed-wire fences and made new trails and reared wooden gateways. It was curious to find how greatly these modern improvements confused one's recollection of the landscape, and it was interesting, also, to find how the presence on the hills of 12,000 men and the excitement of the time magnified distances and disarranged the landscape.

During the fight I walked along a portion of the Santiago road, and for seven years I always have thought of that walk as extending over immense distances. It started from the top of San Juan Hill beside the Block-House, where I had climbed to watch our artillery in action. A mistake had sent it there, and it remained exposed on the crest only about three minutes. During that brief moment the black powder it burned drew upon it the fire of every rifle in the Spanish line. To load his piece each of our men was forced to crawl to it on his stomach, rise on one elbow in order to shove in the shell and lock the breech, and then,

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still flat on the ground, wriggle below the crest. In the three minutes three men were wounded and two killed; and the guns were withdrawn. I also withdrew. I withdrew first. Indeed, all that happened after the first three seconds of those three minutes is hearsay, for I was in the Santiago road at the foot of the hill and retreating briskly. This road also was under a cross-fire, which made it stretch in either direction to an interminable distance. I remember a Government teamster driving a Studebaker wagon filled with ammunition coming up at a gallop out of this interminable distance and seeking shelter against the base of the hill. Seated beside him was a small boy, freckled and sunburned, a stowaway from one of the transports. He was grandly happy and excited, and his only fear was that he was not "under fire." From our coign of safety with our backs to the hill, the teamster and I assured him that, on that point, he need feel no morbid doubt. But until a bullet embedded itself in the blue board of the wagon he was not convinced. Then with his jack-knife he dug it out and shouted with pleasure. "I guess the folks will have to believe I was in a battle now," he said. That coign of safety ceasing to be a coign of safety caused us to move on in search of another, and I came upon Sergeant Borrowe blocking the road with his dynamite gun. He and his brother and three regulars were busily correcting a hitch in its mechanism. An officer carrying an order along the line halted his sweating horse and gazed at the strange gun with professional knowledge.

"That must be the dynamite gun I have heard so much about," he shouted. Borrowe saluted and shouted assent. The officer, greatly interested, forgot his errand.

"I'd like to see you fire it once," he said eagerly. Borrowe, delighted at the chance to exhibit his toy to a professional soldier, beamed with equal eagerness.

"In just a moment, sir," he said; "this shell seems to have jammed a bit." The officer, for the first time seeing the shell stuck in the breech, hurriedly gathered up his reins. He seemed to be losing interest. With elaborate carelessness I began to edge off down the road.

"Wait," Borrowe begged; "we'll have it out in a minute."

Blindfolded Spanish prisoners on the way to the meeting-place between the lines to be exchanged for Hobson and his men.

Same spot as it appears to-day.

It was here Hobson entered the American lines.

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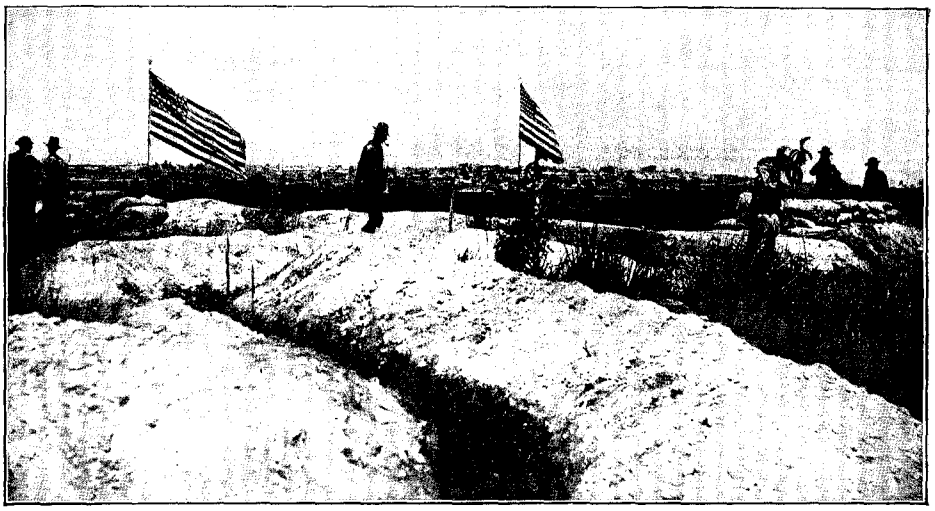
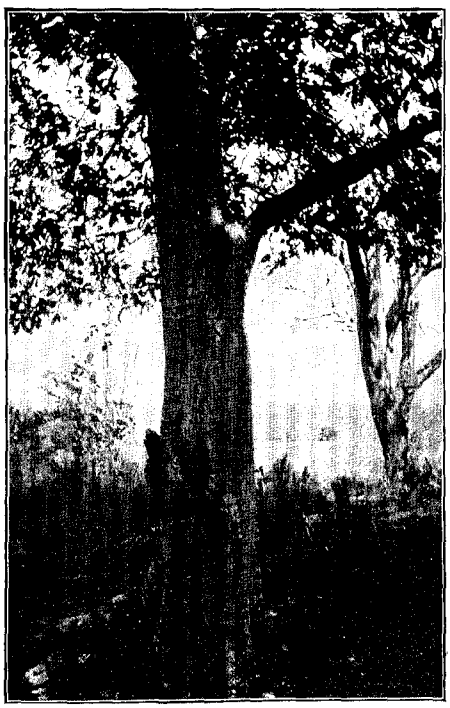


The trenches of the Rough Riders on San Juan Hill.

Sergeant Tiffany's Colt gun may be seen, to the left, under the Rough Riders' flag. The flag on the right belongs to the Tenth Colored Regulars. The Spanish Block-House seen above the trench was only three hundred yards distant.

Suddenly I heard the officer's voice raised wildly.

"What—what," he gasped, "is that man doing with that axe?"



Tree on San Juan Hill still bearing names of Rough Riders carved in the bark.

"He's helping me to get out this shell," said Borrowe.

"Good God!" said the officer. Then he remembered his errand.

Until last year, when I again met young Borrowe gayly disporting himself at a lawn-tennis tournament at Mattapoisett, I did not know whether his brother's method of removing dynamite with an axe had been entirely successful. He said it worked all right.

At the turn of the road I found Col. Leonard Wood and a group of Rough Riders, who were busily intrenching. At the same moment Stephen Crane came up with "Jimmy" Hare, the man who has made the Russian-Japanese War famous. Crane walked to the crest and stood there as sharply outlined as a semaphore, observing the enemy's lines, and instantly bringing upon himself and us the fire of many Mausers. With everyone else, Wood was crouched below the crest and shouted to Crane to lie down. Crane, still standing, as though to get out of ear-shot, moved away, and Wood again ordered him to lie down. "You're drawing the fire on these men," Wood commanded. Although the heat—it was the 1st of July in the tropics—was terrific, Crane wore a long India-rubber rain-coat and was smoking a pipe. He appeared as cool as though he were looking down from a box at a theatre. I knew that

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The kitchen-garden which now occupies the site of the Rough Riders' camp and has obliterated the trenches shown in the photograph on opposite page.

to Crane, anything that savored of a pose was hateful, so, as I did not want to see him killed, I called, "You're not impressing any one by doing that, Crane." As I hoped he would, he instantly dropped to his knees. When he crawled over to where we lay, I explained, "I knew that would fetch you," and he grinned, and said, "Oh, was that it?"

A captain of the cavalry came up to Wood and asked permission to withdraw his troop from the top of the hill to a trench forty feet below the one they were in. "They can't possibly live where they are now," he explained, "and they're doing no good there, for they can't raise their heads to fire. In that lower trench they would be out of range themselves and would be able to fire back."

"Yes," said Wood, "but all the other men in the first trench would see them withdraw, and the moral effect would be bad. They needn't attempt to return the enemy's fire, but they must not retreat."

The officer looked as though he would like to argue. He was a West Point graduate and a full-fledged captain in the regular army. To him, Wood, in spite of his volunteer rank of colonel, which that day, owing to the illness of General Young, had placed him in command of a brigade, was still a doctor. But discipline was strong in him, and though he looked many things, he rose from his knees and grimly saluted. But at that moment, without waiting for the permission of anyone, the men leaped out of the trench and ran. It looked as though they were going to run all the way to the sea, and the sight was sickening. But they

Tree on San Juan Hill still bearing names of Rough Riders carved in the bark.

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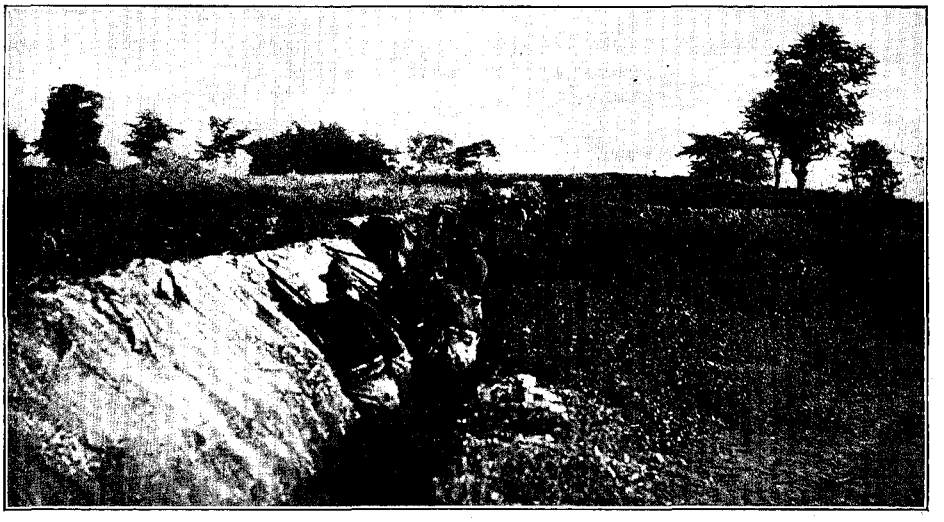

Rough Riders in the trenches.

had no intention of running to the sea. They ran only to the trench forty feet farther down and jumped into it, and instantly turning, began pumping lead at the enemy. Since five that morning Wood had been running about on his feet, his clothes stuck to him with sweat and the mud and water of forded streams, and as he rose he limped slightly. "My, but I'm tired!" he said, in a tone of the most acute surprise, and as though that fact was the only one that was weighing on his mind. He limped over to the trench in which the men were now busily firing off their rifles and waved a riding-crop he carried at the trench they had abandoned. He was standing as Crane had been standing, in silhouette against the sky-line. "Come back, boys," we heard him shouting. "The other men can't withdraw, and so you mustn't. It looks bad. Come on, get out of that!" What made it more amusing was that, although Wood had, like everyone else, discarded his coat and wore a strange uniform of gray shirt, white riding-breeches, and a cow-boy Stetson, with no insignia of rank, not even straps pinned to his shirt, still the men instantly accepted his authority. They looked at him on the crest of the hill waving his stick persuasively at the grave-like trench at his feet, and then with a shout scampered back to it.

After that, as I had a bad attack of sciatica and no place to sleep and nothing to eat, I accepted Crane's offer of a blanket and coffee at his bivouac near El Poso. On account of the sciatica I was not able to walk fast, and, although for over a mile of the way the trail was under fire, Crane and Hare each insisted on giving me an arm, and kept step with my stumblings. Whenever I protested and refused their sacrifice and pointed out the risk they were taking they smiled as at the ravings of a naughty child, and when I lay down in the road and refused to budge unless they left me, Crane called the attention of Hare to the effect of the setting sun behind the palm-trees. All these little things that one remembers to the reader seem very little indeed, but they were very vivid at the moment, and for seven years I have always thought of them as having stretched over a long extent of time and territory. Before I revisited San Juan I would have said that the distance along the road from the point where I left the artillery to where I joined Wood was three-quarters of a mile. When I paced it a few weeks ago I found the distance was about seventy-five yards. I do not urge my stupidity or my extreme terror as a proof that others would be as greatly confused, but, if only for the sake of the stupid ones, it seems a pity that the landmarks of San Juan should not be rescued from the jungle, and a few sign-posts placed upon the hills. It is true that the great battles of the Civil War and those of the present one in Manchuria, where the men killed and wounded in a day

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The same spot as it appears to-day.
The figure in the picture is standing in what remains of the trench.

outnumber all those who fought on both sides at San Juan, make that battle read like a skirmish. But the Spanish War had its results. At least it made Cuba into a republic, and so enriched or burdened us with colonies that our republic changed into something like an empire. But I do not urge that. It will never be because San Juan changed our foreign policy that people will visit the spot, and will send from it picture postal cards. The human interest alone will keep San Juan alive. The men who fought there came from every State in our country and from every class of our social life. We sent there the best of our regular army, and with them, cow-boys, clerks, bricklayers, football players, three future commanders of the greater army that followed that war, the future Governor of Cuba, future commanders of the Philippines, the commander of our forces in China, a future President of the United States. And, whether these men when they returned to their homes again became clerks and millionaires and dentists, or rose to be presidents and mounted policemen, they all remember very kindly the days they lay huddled together in the trenches on that hot and glaring sky-line. And there must be many more besides who hold the place in memory. There are few in the United States so poor in relatives and friends who did not in his or her heart send a substitute to Cuba. For these it seems as though San Juan might be better preserved, not as it is, for already its aspect is too far changed to wish for that, but as it was. The efforts already made to keep the place in memory and to honor the Americans who died there are the public park which I have mentioned, the already crumbling monument on San Juan, and one other monument at Guasimas to the regulars and Rough Riders who were killed there. To these monuments the Society of Santiago now intends to add four more, which will mark the landing-place of the army at Daquairi and the fights at Guasimas, El Caney, and San Juan Hill. The society appointed Gen. S. B. M. Young and Col. Webb Hayes a committee to visit Cuba and select proper sites for the monuments. This they have done, and President Palma, in behalf of Cuba, has promised to present the cannons which are to mark these sites. This is an excellent idea, and one which in the hands of the Society of Santiago, which is composed of the officers and men who caused the surrender of that city, will be carried to success.

But I believe even more than this might be done to preserve to the place its proper values. These values are sentimental, historical, and possibly to the military student, educational. If to-day there were erected at Daiquairi, Siboney, Guasimas, El Pozo, El Caney, and on and about San Juan a dozen iron or bronze tablets that would tell from where certain regiments advanced, what

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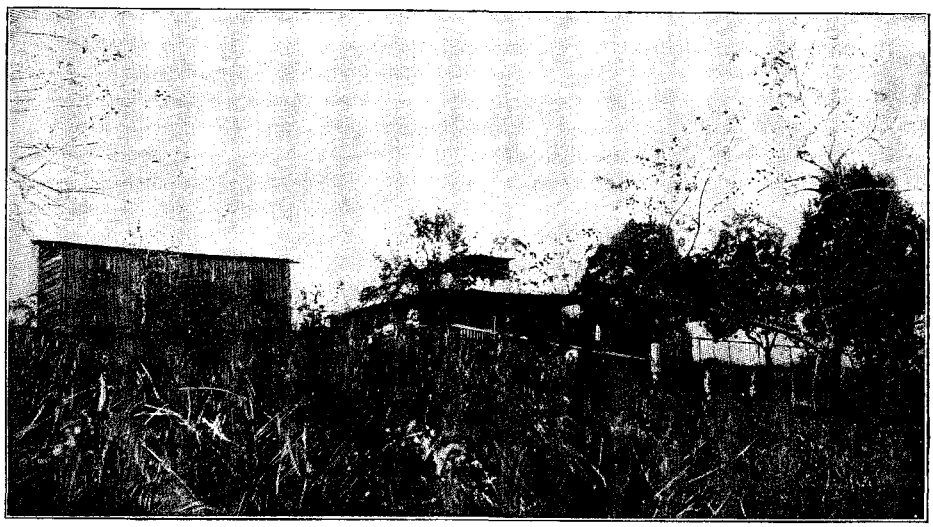

San Juan Block-House as it appears to-day to one climbing the hill.

posts they held, how many or how few were the men who held those positions, how near they were to the trenches of the enemy, and by whom these men were commanded, I am sure the place would reconstruct itself and would breathe with interest, not only for the returning volunteer, but for any casual tourist. As it is, the history of the fight and the reputation of the men who fought is now at the mercy of the caretaker of the park and the Cuban "guides" from the hotel. The caretaker speaks only Spanish, and, considering the amount of misinformation the guides disseminate, it is a pity when they are talking to Americans, they are not forced to use the same language. To-day, Carlos Portuondo is the official guardian of San Juan Hill. He is an aged Cuban, and he fought through the Ten Years' War, but during the last insurrection and the Spanish-American War he not only was not near San Juan, but was not even on the Island of Cuba. He is a charming old person, and so is his aged wife. Their chief concern in life, when I saw them, was to sell me a pair of breeches made of palm-fibre which Carlos had worn throughout the entire ten years of battle. The vicissitudes of those trousers he recited to me in great detail, and he very properly regarded them as of historic value. But of what happened at San Juan he knew nothing, and when I asked him why he held his present post and occupied the Block-House, he said, "To keep the cows out of the park." When I asked him where the Americans had camped, he pointed carefully from the back door of the Block-House to the foot of his kitchen-garden. I assured him that under no stress of terror could the entire American army have been forced into his back yard, and showed him where it had stretched along the ridge of hills for five miles. He politely but unmistakably showed that he thought I was a liar. From the Venus Hotel there are two

One of the sugar-kettles on Little San Juan Hill which Colonel Roosevelt rechristened Kettle Hill.

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guides, old Casanova and Jean Casanova, his languid and good-natured son, a youth of sixteen years. Old Casanova, like most Cubans, is not inclined to give much credit for what they did in Cuba to the Americans. After all, he says, they came only just as the Cubans themselves were about to conquer the Spaniards, and by a lucky chance received the surrender and then claimed all the credit. As other Cubans told me, "Had the Americans left us alone a few weeks longer, we would have ended the war." How they were to have taken Havana, and sunk Cervera's fleet, and why they were not among those present when our men charged San Juan, I did not inquire. Old Casanova, again like other Cubans, ranks the fighting qualities of the Spaniard much higher than those of the American. This is only human. It must be annoying to a Cuban to remember that after he had for three years fought the Spaniard, the Yankee in eight weeks received his surrender and began to ship him home. The way Casanova describes the fight at El Caney is as follows:

"The Americans thought they could capture El Caney in one day, but the brave General Toral fought so good that it was six days before the Americans could make the Spaniards surrender." The statement is correct except as regards the length of time during which the fight lasted. The Americans did make the mistake of thinking they could eat up El Caney in an hour and then march through it to San Juan. Owing to the splendid courage of Toral and his few troops our soldiers, under two of our best generals, were held in check from seven in the morning until two in the afternoon. But the difference between seven hours of one day and six days is considerable. Still, at present at San Juan that is the sort of information upon which the patriotic and puzzled American tourist is fed.

Young Casanova, the only other authority in Santiago, is not so sure of his facts as is his father, and is willing to learn. He went with me to hold my pony while I took the photographs that accompany this article, and I listened with great interest to his accounts of the battle. Finally he made a statement that was correct. "How did you happen to get that right?" I asked.

"Yesterday," he said, "I guided Colonel Hayes here, and while I guided him he explained it to me."

And so the lack of knowledge and jealousy of those who are supposed to cherish it, with the help of the tropical undergrowth, are surely destroying the identity of San Juan Hill. It is a pity. The place where so many of our men fought and fell, and still lie, should not disappear, or, if it must, it seems as though it deserved a more honorable interment than Cuban pig-pens and kitchen-gardens.

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THE GOOD-TICKET

By Lucia Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IT was the visiting superintendent who instituted the melancholy innovation. Harrington suspected his unreliable character the moment he opened the door. He did not like the way the superintendent took his hat off. There was something inexplicably irritating in the way he parted the tails of his "Prince Albert" and let himself down upon a chair. Harrington found himself unconsciously adding the superintendent's features to a series of asses' ears he had scrawled across his composition book. Visiting superintendents were connected in his mind with cataclysms—arithmetic examinations or class punishments for something the class had forgotten it had done—and he watched warily. But this visitor only hitched his chair around with his back to the class, and let the pretty vice-principal, who was also the teacher, talk to him.

There was something inexplicably irritating in the way he parted the tails of his "Prince Albert" and let himself down upon a chair.

This seemed innocent enough. Suspicion began to be soothed to sleep. The class was happily employed on its own illicit affairs. Just in front of Harrington, Teddy Cavannagh was cracking pine-nuts by his own patent method. Harrington envied him the idea. Teddy lifted the lid of his desk a little, ranged a row of pine-nuts on the rim of the desk beneath, and then thoughtfully and heavily rested his elbows on the desk top, as if in an ecstasy of study. Simultaneously the shells went off like small artillery, and less ingenious harborers of pine-nuts were frequently brought to book. Harrington, with his feet close-twined around the desk-irons, his chin almost touching the desk, was finishing the superintendent with hoofs and a tail when the sound of his own name in the high pipe of the pretty vice-principal pierced his dream. He came to with a start, but she was not addressing him; only her voice, so in the habit of being lifted to penetrate, was penetrating even when she lowered it. It was to the superintendent she had spoken. Harrington sat up. The principal was punctuating emphatic remarks by nods of her head and dabs of her pencil. Harrington knew the subject of conversation to be himself. He wondered which one of his recent escapades the principal had pitched upon; and with a shiver of excited apprehension he hoped they would devise a penalty sufficiently awful to be worthy of it. Then the vice-principal pounded the bell.

"Now, children," she said, and smiled and fluttered at the class. The superintendent hitched his chair around and rose carefully, as if he had apprehensions of cracking himself. He said that he and Miss Smith agreed that it was better to encourage obedience than to point the finger at wrong-doing. He was, he said, about to add a pleasant little incentive to the class's endeavor for good deportment.

The class yawned, and wondered if this were a new way of introducing them to an

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examination; and Harrington, who knew the meaning of the word "incentive," hoped it was a half-holiday.

The superintendent caressed his chin and explained that he meant a ticket for good deportment—a good-ticket—to be presented on the last day of each month to the best boy in the class, and he felt sure such a well-considered step would have an effect approximate to what was desired.

The class were dazed. The sequence of the superintendent's ideas bewildered them. They couldn't—not even Harrington—see the connection between their recent behavior and a good-ticket. They filed out to recess, a singularly unresponsive aggregation with seeds of ferment in their souls. They were outraged by this senseless supposition that any one of them was urgently in need of a good-ticket. What had they done to deserve such a thing? They were a moderately "bad" class. It was an arbitrary act! For the first time a poignant regret arose that the class did not include girls. They could have been depended upon to take it.

In the yard a group gathered, and the general attitude was that each individual in the following month was going to be so surpassingly wicked as to triumphantly avoid the ignominy of the good-ticket. It took a logician like Harrington to point out that, since there was to be a good-ticket, somebody would have to get it. No matter how bad they were, someone would be least worst. The way to arrange it, he explained, was to pick out one person to be awfully good. As the group apparently included everyone in the class, this remark was felt to be personal. Harrington saw the eye of Teddy Cavannagh coldly fixed upon him. Teddy was notoriously a fighter. He was Harrington's one rival.

"Who was you meaning?" said Teddy, puffing out his chest.

Harrington did not trouble to reply. He merely glanced over his shoulder. Every neck craned in the direction his eyes had taken. Harrington had remembered what the rest had forgotten. There was a member of the class the group did not include. At the moment he was engaged in saying good afternoon to the pretty principal. It was not astonishing that they had forgotten Sammy. He was a negative person, the only salient point in his character being a ridiculous desire to do as he was told. But he had been known to bring flowers to his teacher, and to covet high marks in geography.

Harrington looked at Sammy. The class looked at Sammy; and then, in silent worship at Harrington. Very little explanation was necessary, only Harrington impressed it solemnly upon their minds that the word "good-ticket" was not to be spoken to Sammy. The sentiment was unanimous that it would not encourage Sammy along his road of virtue, for though he possessed germs of morality he was no fanatic.

Never was a neophyte guarded and guided with such unremitting solicitude as this unconscious aspirant for moral honors. From the moment they saw that oblong, pink abomination, covered with scrawls and flourishes, with "Reward of Merit" glaring in the midst, they knew, each boy, that who carried it home in his hand on the

Finishing the superintendent with hoofs and a tail.—Page 154.

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last Friday would never hold up his head again. In class he would be introduced to the superintendent as the boy who got the "good-ticket." In the yard he would be followed and ragged by his whilom chums. His cast would be lost! Sammy was the one frail bulwark between them and social ruin. They cherished him. Snares that might lead his wavering steps astray were sedulously removed. There was nothing they would not do for Sammy! They did his examples for him. They prompted him

It was better to encourage obedience than to point the finger at wrong-doing.—Page 154.

in class. They purloined delicacies for his luncheon. If he wanted anything they rushed to get it. They answered him kindly when he desired to quarrel, and when, complaisant from much pampering, he became unendurable, they remembered the good-ticket and refrained from punching him.

While they enmeshed Sammy in the toils of propriety, they rose so superior to their ordinary "badness" that the pretty principal wrinkled her forehead in despair over the extraordinary problem education presented. The goodness of Sammy she passed over with the disparaging reflection that what Sammy did didn't much matter. Primarily she had inaugurated the good-ticket for the benefit of Harrington, whose salient masculine depravity had roused her missionary spirit. She felt, with proper feminine logic, that a boy whose lashes turned up at the tip could not be entirely bad at heart; but his conduct subsequent to the inauguration of the good-ticket puzzled her.

Harrington, unconscious of this aspect of the case, was elate with the success of his diplomacy, and perhaps a little unnecessarily puffed up about it. Pronounced characters like Teddy Cavannagh resented this attitude, which made nothing of the part the class had played and absurdly exalted the brain and "badness" of Harrington Symms.

Thus matters stood when a mild attack of measles removed Harrington's hand from the helm of affairs, and the class immediately perceived how much of its inspiration had been Harrington. They had been so uproariously wicked those first two weeks that they had exhausted their own invention

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In the yard a group gathered.—Page 155.

and, deprived of Harrington's imagination to draw upon, were somewhat at a loss. Also Sammy, peevish from much petting, involved himself in an altercation with a smaller boy, whom he kicked, and was subsequently kept after school by a righteously disgusted teacher. At this panic fell upon the class. They lost sight of the good of the whole, and instead of rallying to the restoration of Sammy's integrity, each for himself became promptly as insubordinate as his ingenuity permitted. They were determined that Harrington should not find them wanting. They prepared an ovation to welcome his return. They awaited him at the school-gate, half a dozen of the favored of his associates, as he came up the street that Monday morning. They hailed him from afar.

"Ha-a-ary!"

"Say, Simmy!"

They surrounded him, and he looked at them a trifle remotely. "I've been awful sick!" he proclaimed impressively.

They looked so humiliated at their own robustness that Harrington unbent, and detailed the thrilling symptoms of his disease. They listened with a vague feeling of disappointment. "But you're all right now, ain't you, Simmy?" Christy Quinn wanted to know. Harrington looked dubious. "'Cause there's something——" Christy hesitated. Cold fear flowed over Harrington. Had anything happened to Sammy?

"'Cause we thought we'd all make a sneak on old Cullom's pears this afternoon," said Christy with an effort at off-handedness. It fell flat under Harrington's cold regard. "Don't yer think it would be fun?" Christy faltered.

"I guess it would be all right for *you*," said Harrington condescendingly. "My

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Drawn by May Wilson Preston.

They prompted him in class.—Page 156.

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knees are awful wobbly yet. I guess you don't know what it is to be sick." He swaggered away across the yard with the pleasing sense of being interesting and misunderstood. The pear proposition seemed frivolous to him. When the assailants of "old Cullom's" orchard were led around by the ear that afternoon by the outraged owner of the fruit and presented to an equally outraged teacher, Harrington consoled them by assuring them that, had he been with them, they would not have been caught, a statement the more enraging from its verity. He almost wished that he had gone with them in order to show them how clumsily they had managed it; but measles had left langour in their wake. He was not well, and active worldly evil had, for the moment, lost its savor.

"I guess you don't know what it is to be sick."

It was pleasanter to sit apart in convalesence, and, occasionally reaching a metaphorical finger into the broth, by a well-planted criticism or disparagement, as in the case of the pears, stir his faction to boiling pitch. The fact that the vice-principal always aimed her punishment at the result, and never perceived the cause, increased his scorn for her acuteness. Indeed she rather singled out Harrington for small attentions, which he graciously tolerated because the vice-principal seemed the only person who at all appreciated how extremely ill he had been. But he wished her perception of good and evil was a little keener. Though there was much to be desired in Sammy's behavior, there was so much more in everyone else's that Harrington knew, to a healthy eye, the proposition was a clear one. But he had a lurking apprehension that such a foggy differentiation as the vice-principal's might become confused between Sammy's worst goodness and the class's worst badness. And not one boy in the class had courage to tell him of Sammy's defalcation.

The last week of the month dragged heavily. On the final afternoon Harrington entered the school-yard with a feeling of immense relief. The idea of seeing the good-ticket pass into Sammy's keeping put new life into him. He even flung out a little jest as to the chance of Teddy Cavannagh getting it, carefully within Teddy's hearing. Teddy, whose temper had suffered severely from Harrington's recent behavior, received the suggestion belligerently.

"Yer think yer the only bad 'un, do yer?" he shouted, and squared off from Harrington Symms.

They met. They clinched. There was a tussle—a thud. A cloud of dust arose. A crowd of boys closed in. Then a horrified voice proceeded from the school-room door.

"Boys!" The bell pealed under an emphatic hand.

Teddy rebounded like a rubber ball from his prostrate foe, and slowly, limb by limb, Harrington picked himself out of the dust. He was pale, and very shaky. He felt the vice-principal brushing the dust from his clothes. He was too dazed with rage to resent it.

"I am ashamed of you!" the vice-principal was saying. "What *can* make you behave like this!" She was looking at Teddy. She was flushed. Her voice trembled.

Harrington slouched into school with the heart of a ruffian under his tousled jacket. The day was warm. The recitation droned. Harrington's head ached monotonously where the school-yard had met it. He leaned his elbows on his desk and stared at the back of Teddy Cavannagh's head. It had an exasperating cock. Harrington's fingers itched to aim a brick at it. He revolved vague schemes of revenge. He watched the hands of the clock. As they drew near the hour of three he grew restless, excited. His eyes were on the school-room door.

At fifteen minutes of three the superintendent came in. The class straightened up with a thrill, and each glanced apprehensively at his neighbor. They watched the superintendent's back as he stood listening while the vice-principal murmured to him interminably, and suspense tightened. Just as it seemed to reach snapping-point

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They met.—Page 159.

the vice-principal turned, and patted the bell. "Now, children," she said. She was trying hard to look austere, but another expression would struggle through.

The superintendent attuned his features to severity and began to talk. He said that Miss Smith had informed him that she had been very much surprised and grieved to see that no improvement in the deportment of the class followed the announcement of the good-ticket; if anything, it had been more insubordinate than usual. She was deeply disappointed that, in her class, there should be no emulation of good and obedient behavior. However, there was, Miss Smith told him, one exception to this rule. He regarded the class impressively. Harrington glanced triumphantly in the direction of Sammy. This boy, continued the superintendent, had not at once showed a spirit of reform, but by degrees he had seemed to struggle away from the bad influences of his companions, and though his deportment had been far from exemplary, Miss Smith was convinced he had tried very, very hard, indeed. Miss Smith beamed, and Harrington grunted with disgust. He longed to tell Miss Smith that the only person who had tried "very, very hard" in Sammy's case was Harrington Symms.

"I am sure," said the superintendent, nipping the good-ticket between his fat thumb and forefinger, "that it will be a pleasant surprise to you all to see the boy whose name I am about to call receive this little reward of merit. Harrington Symms!" said the superintendent.

He felt the vice-principal brushing the dust from his clothes.—Page 159.

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The class sat astounded, appalled.

"Harrington Symms?" said the superintendent, impatiently tapping a desk with his forefinger and blinking at large upon the class. "If there is a boy of that name present let him come up and receive this ticket."

"Yes, Harrington," said the pretty principal encouragingly, "it is really yours."

Then Harrington went from white to pale purple. He rose slowly. Slowly, in a deadly breath-holding silence, he clattered down the aisle. His eyes were fixed on the second button of the superintendent's waistcoat. He breathed audibly through his short nose. He heard the sound of the pretty principal's voice, but did not know what she said. He looked down and saw the good-ticket. It was in his hand. He held it—he, Harrington! Something large and hot seemed to swell inside his head. Things and sounds drew a long way off. Vaguely he heard the sharp "ping" of the bell; then endless shuffling of feet; then a snicker. It brought him back to himself. He wheeled. He saw Teddy. The class was filing out. The tail of the line was passing him, and, walking dizzily, Harrington trod on its heels.

"Teacher's pet!"

Through the outer door he could see them, his friends, hanging in irregular ranks on either side the steps, and the expressions of their successive faces became in his vision one long derisive grin. Then from the foot of the line peered Teddy Cavannagh's face. He heard Teddy's voice.

"Aw," said Teddy, "teacher's pet!"

Harrington gasped. He saw red. Every vein in his body felt bursting. He gave an inarticulate howl. He took the steps in a plunge and landed on Teddy. Teddy was on the ground and Harrington knelt upon him. He pounded him; he punched him in the wind. He rubbed Teddy's face in the dirt of the yard with inarticulate whoops of frenzy. There were shouts of "Fair play!" The howls of the little boys augmented Teddy's. But Harrington had forgotten there was such a thing as fair play. He was no longer a boy fighting. He was fury rending the world. He hurled his roaring enemy aside and leaped to his feet, panting, crimson, unassuaged.

Across the school fence swung a clothes-line, and straight before his eyes flapped and flew the red flannel drawers of Patsy O'Halloran. With a yell Harrington flung himself upon them. He tore them from the line. He trampled them in an ecstasy of rage. He ground them under his heels into the dirt. White sheets came into his range of vision. They were high. He couldn't reach them. He snatched handfuls of mud and hurled them with mad strength, with deadly accuracy. Then, frantically brandishing his hands, with an insupportable desire to choke the life out of the atmosphere, he fled across the yard. The boys fell back before him in horror and respect. Not once looking at the ruin behind him, and still clutching in his hand the pink symbol of his depravity, he started down the street.

It was a peaceful street, falling asleep in the yellow afternoon light, a street full of sleepy sounds and deliberate progression when Harrington burst into it, butting a leisurely citizen into the gutter. The man made a futile pass at the fleeing form, as with a clatter and a wild flourish of heels it shot past him. Snatching frantically hand-

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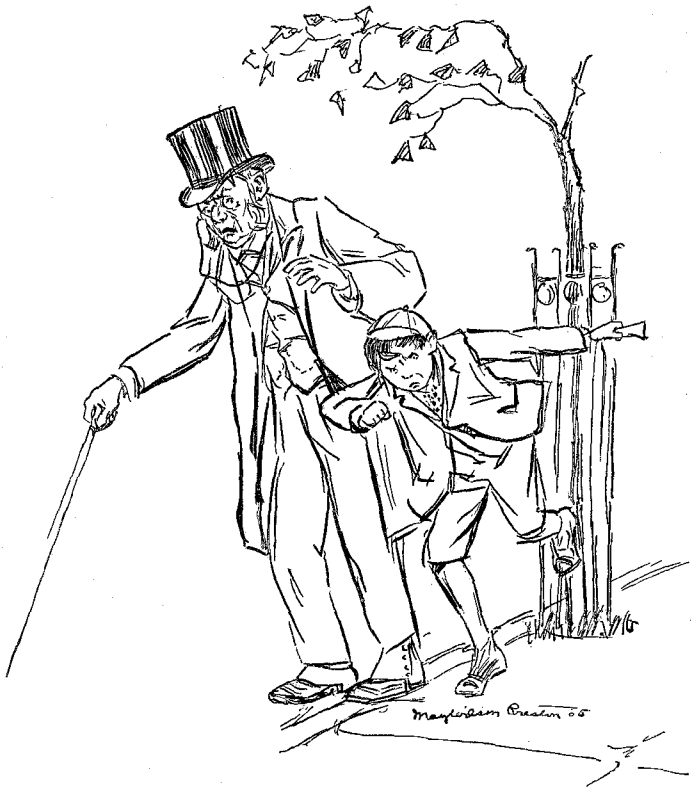

Butting a leisurely citizen into the gutter.—Page 161.

fuls of rose heads as he sped, Harrington bore down upon the startled traffic. Like a cyclone he went, unswerving, smiting what came in his path. A child's head entered his line of vision, and he smacked it. The terrier rushing joyously to meet him with a kick he sent flying. Commotion spread behind him—howls, yelps, and the heavy galloping of cows startled from grazing, the clatter of the milkman's horse abruptly departing the curb at the whirlwind of Harrington's passing. Straight before him six great cans of milk waited on the sidewalk. The sight of these harmless inanimate objects seemed to drive Harrington delirious. With a whoop and a swoop of his arm he sent them spinning in six white whirlwinds. Swoop to the other side. The frail basket stands of the green-grocer tottered. Eggs and oranges flew like leaves before the storm. A nurse-maid fled squawking across the street with a perambulator as with a final shout Harrington burst into the door of a self-contained house on the main street and cast himself, head-foremost, into the lap of a quiet woman with her hands full of crocheting. His sobs shook the chair she sat in.

She put her work down with matter-of-fact serenity and smoothed his hair with unruffled solicitude. "Well, what's the matter with Harry? What

And cast himself into the lap of a quiet woman.

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An ascending voice proclaimed: "That's him!"—Page 164.

is the matter with my dear boy?" she murmured.

His confession came out between sobs and heaves and snorts. "They—they gave me a good-ticket!" He went off into a low roar.

She took the slip of pink pasteboard from his muddy hand, smoothed it out, and read it with a sweet little flattered smile.

"Why, that's very nice! It's beautiful, Harry! What's the matter? Did they say you shouldn't have it?"

And Harrington howled afresh. If his mother did not understand he was alone, indeed. He knew his father never would. That silent man so seldom gave you an idea of what he thought. To Harrington he was a very remote person. When at dinner his mother exhibited the badge of Harrington's disgrace the boy dipped down his head and stared sceptically at his father through his straw-colored lashes.

"He seemed so distressed over it, dear," his mother was saying, "but it looks perfectly all right to me; doesn't it to you?"

Harrington's father looked at his mother for a moment without moving a muscle of his face; then at his son, and Harrington thought his left eyebrow twitched.

The bell rang violently. In the outer hall a female voice was lifted. It proceeded in an ascending scale. There was something dimly familiar in its tone that sent a creepy thrill of apprehension down Harrington's spine. The bell rang a second imperious peal. Harrington found himself harking to a combat of voices that reminded him of the time he listened outside a Fenian meeting. There was another reminder in it. And out of the rankle of his wrongs, the wreck of his prestige, the wanton injustice of the vice-principal, arose before his mind the sequence of events that had followed the presentation of the good-ticket.

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The maid appeared dubiously in the door.

"Please, Mr. Symms, there are some people—they want to see you."

"People?" said Harrington's father perplexedly. "Well, can't they wait?"

"Please," Agnes faltered, "the woman says she'll come in here if you don't go out."

The irascible scrape of his father's back-thrust chair, the emphatic closing of the dining-room door upon his father's hasty stride, struck Harrington as an unhappy portent for what would probably follow. He ceased to absorb lemon pie, and for a moment gazed bitterly into the future.

He was expecting the reappearance of Agnes with his summons. He rose to it, dauntless. Well, let them do their worst! He strode past his mother's interrogations, his nose in the air; he shut the door with a fine unconscious imitation of his father. And then he hesitated; he listened, his head hunched in his shoulders. Slowly, reluctantly, he dragged his feet along the hall toward the living-room, whence proceeded babel. The world was too foolish, too oppressive a place for a boy to inhabit!

From the threshold he surveyed the aggregation, a little surprised, a little dazed by its numbers. He thought he recognized the milkman. He was sure of Jim Cavannagh, the saloon-keeper; and the enormous red-shawled, blue-calico back immediately in front of him was the same salient figure that dominated the O'Halloran yard on a Monday morning.

From the midst of this singular concourse Harrington's father penetratingly regarded his son through his pince-nez. "Harrington," he said, and the blue-calico back turned and an ascending voice proclaimed: "That's him!"

"These people," said Harrington's father ignoring the interruption, and, with a movement of his hand indicating the aggregation that glared at his son, "are under the impression that it is you who have destroyed certain property of theirs—wantonly destroyed it. In fact, they seem to think you upset the whole street. How's that?"

"Yes, sir," said Harrington, sullenly digging his toe into the carpet. "Guess I did."

"You did?" his father repeated with an intonation that sent Harrington's soul into his boots. "And what did you do that for?"

"I—I got a good-ticket!" muttered Harrington, his breast heaving at the memory of his wrongs.

His father dropped the pince-nez and stared. A twinkle came in his eye. "Ah, I see; you got a good-ticket! And what did you do then?"

"I licked the Cavannagh kid," said Harrington, with faint relish in the memory of that moment. "I hadn't done a thing to get the old good-ticket; they just went and gave it to me! And that Cavannagh kid he said I—I wanted it—and I licked him!"

His father slapped his knee, leaning eagerly forward. "And *then?*"

"And *then*," Harrington rushed on, "*her* old clothes-line got in the way, and I was runnin'—and I—I just smashed it, and then I came home—straight home, only—only—" his eye lingered malevolently on the milkman—"things kept getting in my way."

"I see!" his father said, and exploded in a shout of immoral laughter. He shook, speechless, while Harrington stared at him in stupefaction.

"What's the value of your property, Mrs. O'Halloran?" he heard his father saying. He brought some bills out of his pocket and handed one to the "Red Shawl." "Oh, keep it, keep it!" he said, warding off her protestations. "It's worth it," he added-chuckling, presenting a second to the green-grocer. "How much was it *you* lost, Hennesy? Six gallons! O Lord! Wish I'd seen 'em go!" He took off his pince-nez, wiped his eyes, and turned to meet the lowering regard of Jim Cavannagh.

"An' what's the worth of me kid's broken head to you, Mister Symms, I want to know?" he demanded. "An' can money pay for that? An' if you won't beat yer divil of a kid for murderin' my boy, *I* will."

Harrington's father stuck his glass back in his eye and regarded the saloon-keeper with an indulgent smile.

"Well, why come to *me* about that?" he inquired. "Better go to the school. They're responsible. Why they gave the boy a good-ticket!"

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Drawn by Sarah S. Stilwell.

The Wonders of the Deep.

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PATSIE ODDIE'S BLACK NIGHT

By James B. Connolly

"To hell with them that's saved," said he;
"Here's to them that died."

'TWAS Patsie Oddie said that—that is, said it first. Many people have repeated it since, but with Patsie Oddie it was born. He said a whole lot more—enough for somebody to make a song of—but the two lines quoted above serve to sum the matter up.

It was a winter's morning he said it. Cold? Oh, but it *was* cold. Wind from the north-west and blowing hard—a sort of dry blizzard. Every vessel coming in had stories to tell of what a time they had to get home and how long it took them.

"It's been tack, tack, tack from St. Peter's Bank, till we fair chafed the jaws off the boom of her," said Crump Taylor.

"Four days and four nights from Le Have," said Tom O'Donnell. "Four days and four nights for the able *Colleen Bawn* to come three hundred miles. Four days and four nights to butt her shoulders home—and glad to get home at that."

That was the story from all of them when they came in. And they were sights coming in, too. Ice? You had to look half-way to the mast-head to see *anything but* ice. Anchors, bows, dories in the waist, cable on deck—all was solid as could be—all on deck from rail to rail and clear aft to the wheel—ice, ice, ice.

The crew of the *Delia Corrigan* were putting her stores aboard. Her skipper, Patsie Oddie, was standing on the dock and looking her over. He hummed a song as he looked. This was just after he had painted her black. She had come to him black, but in a run of bad luck he had painted her blue; and having worked off the bad luck, he had painted her black again. Now she looked beautiful—black and beautiful—and able! Let no man cast eye on the *Delia* and not praise her ableness while Patsie Oddie was by.

All at once he called out to one of his men: "Martin, let's take a walk up the street." And Martin went gladly enough.

First they had a drink, and then Patsie stepped into the shop of what all fishermen rated the best tailor in Gloucester. "Measure me for a suit of sails," was his word of greeting there. "Give me a Crump Taylor vest, a Wesley Marrs jacket and a Tom O'Donnell pair of pants, and all of the best. And mind the mains'l."

"The overcoat, Captain?"

"The overcoat? What else? Isn't she the biggest sail of all? Mind when you come to that—put plenty of duck to it, the best and finest of duck. And good stout duck, double-ought, like what gen'rally goes into a fores'l. And the best and finest of selvin' and trimmin's along the leach and the luff and in the belly of it. And let it hang low—the latest fashion, same's you made Crump Taylor. Crump steps ashore a while ago with one down to the rail. He tells me he has to sway it up every now and then to keep it off the deck. Five weeks to-day I'll want it. Mind now, the best."

"And which way do you go now, skipper?" said the tailor when he had taken the big skipper's measure.

"To the east'ard," said Patsie.

"But not to-day?" said the tailor. "Too blowy, ain't it?"

"Maybe," said Patsie, "you'd like to go skipper o' the *Delia Corrigan?* S'pose now you go on with that suit and let me go to the east'ard. And you tell me what'll be and I'll pay you now. How much?"

"Will you go as high as forty-five dollars for the suit and sixty-five for the coat, a hundred and ten dollars in all, captain?"

"Yes, and a hundred and forty-five and a hundred and sixty-five and three hundred and ten in all, if need be. The best of duck I want, mind, and double-ought in the big coat—no less. It's to be a weddin', maybe."

"Best man?" said the tailor.

"I dunno," said Patsie, "whether it'll be best man or second-best man, but that's the way of it now. Maybe I'll know more about it afore we put out. But if I don't call for it next trip, you c'n wear it yourself. Here's your money. Come along, Martin."

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Down the street he stopped at a jeweller's shop. "A diamond ring I want, and I don't know much about them."

He looked over an envelopful that the salesman emptied on to the glass case. "But I don't want any red or yellow or fancy colors—a good white one I want. Now here's one. A hundred dollars? Something better than that. This one now? A hundred and fifty? And this one? A hundred and seventy-five, is it? And here's a two hundred one, you say? But here's a better one, isn't it? It's a bigger one, anyway. Only a hundred and eighty? Like men, aren't they—the biggest not always the best? Like men, yes—and like women, too—the showiest not always the best. I'll take this one, the two hundred and fifty dollar lad. Martin, how do you like that? Would a young woman be pleased with that, d'y' think?"

"The woman, skipper, that wouldn't be pleased with that ought to be hove over the rail."

"Well, I hope we won't have to heave nobody over the rail. But pick out a little something for yourself, Martin-boy. There's something there'd go fine in your necktie when you're ashore. Hush, hush, boy—take it and don't talk. And now"—to the man behind the case—"how much all told? This little pin for myself, too."

"Two hundred and fifty, and twenty for your friend's pin, and the little thing for yourself, five dollars—I'll throw that in, captain—two hundred and seventy. And if you have a mind to change that diamond any time, we'll be willing to give you something else for it."

Patsie looked down at the floor and then up at the salesman. "I don't think I'll want to change it. I mayn't have any use for it, but whether I do or not you won't see it back here any more. Let's be moving, Martin."

He led the way out and away from Main Street and stopped on a corner. "Martin, do you wait under the lee of this house whilst I jogs on a bit. 'Tisn't long I'll be gone. Swing off when you see me headin' back and wait for me at the bottom of the hill."

Martin waited, but not for long. It seemed to him that he had taken no more than a dozen drags of his pipe when he saw his skipper coming back. Down the hill went Martin, and after him came his skipper.

Not a word said Patsie Oddie until they were on Main Street again. Then it was only, "The stores'll be aboard by now, don't you think, Martin?"

"They ought to, skipper."

"Then we'll put out." He threw a glance at the sky and then a look to the flag on the Custom House as they turned off Main Street to go down to the dock. At the head of the dock they met Wesley Marrs.

"Hullo, Patsie," said Wesley.

"Hullo, Wesley," said Patsie. "Go on to the vessel you, Martin, and tell them to make sail. I'll follow on." Then, when Martin had gone on ahead, "When'd you get in, Wesley?"

"Just shot in."

"How's it outside?"

"Plenty of the one kind," said Wesley. "Anybody that likes it no'-west ought to be pleased. Tack, tack, tack, for every blessed foot of the way. All but put into Shelburne once to give the crew a rest. Night and day, tack, tack, tack—I cal'late the rudder post's worn most out. Yes, sir. And never a let-up chopping ice—had to, to keep her from sinking under us. Fourteen days from Fortune Bay that I've run in fifty-odd hours in the *Lucy* with the wind to another quarter. Man, but I was beginning to think the baby'd be grown a man afore I'd see him again. Well, I'm off, Patsie."

"Where to?"

"Where to? Home, of course."

"Oh, home?"

"Of course—the baby and the wife. Patsie, but you ought to marry. You'll never be half a man till you marry."

"Yes? And who'll I marry?"

"Oh, some nice, fine girl. Man, but there's whole schools of girls 'd jump to marry you—whole schools, man. Heave your seine and you'd get a deck-load of 'em—or a dory-load, anyway."

"No, nor a dory-load, nor a single one caught by the gills in mistake—me that has no more learnin' than a husky out o' Greenland. Not me, Wesley, that can't read my own name unless it's wrote in plain print and that c'n only find my way about by dead reckoning. I c'n haul the log and, knowin' her course and allowin' for tides and one thing or another that's set down and the

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other things that aren't set down, but which a man knows nat'rally——"

"Yes, Patsie, and knows it better than nineteen out o' twenty that has sextants and quadrants and can run them—what do they call 'em? Summer lines?"

"Well, maybe as well as some, Wesley. But, Wesley, girls aren't lookin' for the likes o' me. Patsie Oddie'll do to handle a vessel, maybe, and he'll take her where any other man that sails the sea'll take her, and he'll bring her home again. And he's good enough to get the fish and bring them to market, to hang out in a blow, to carry sail till all's blue, and the like o' that. But his style don't go these days, Wesley. No, there may be schools o' girls swimming around somewheres, but they're divin' the twine when Patsie Oddie makes a set. Anyway, it wouldn't make any difference to me if whole rafts of 'em was to come swimming alongside and poke their heads up and say, 'Come and take me.' I'm one o' them queer kind, Wesley, that only goes after one girl. And I set for her—and didn't get her."

Wesley said nothing to that for a while. Then it was: "Well, Patsie, never mind. I didn't think when I spoke first. I'll say, though, that I don't think much of the girl that wouldn't stand watch with you if you asked her. If she wanted a man, Patsie, I'm sure I don't know where she'd get a better one—that's if it's a *man* she wanted. If she don't want a man, but only a smooth kind of arrangement that plays a banjo or c'n stand up to a pianner and sing, 'I loves yer, I loves yer,' or some other damn mess—and the same to every girl that looks his way—one of the kind that's hell ashore, but can't take in sail in a gale without washin' a couple of men over the lee-rail, one of the kind that gives this way and that to every tide that ebbs and flows, like a red-painted whistling buoy—why then maybe somebody else'd look prettier swashing around for the people to look at and make use of. Maybe," went on Wesley, "she'd take a notion to some bucko like Artie Orcutt that just lost the *Neptune*. Heard of it?"

"'Twas in the papers this morning, so they tell me. I'm not much of a hand to read papers, you know."

"Well, he lost his vessel and ten of his men and ought to lose his papers. With half a man's courage and a quarter of the seamanship any master of a vessel oughter have, he'd 've saved his vessel and all his men. He c'n thank the *Lucy Foster's* ableness and the courage of some of her crew that a soul of them got home at all. They came home with us—all but Orcutt—from Fortune Bay. He was going to get a passage over to St. Pierre and wait a while there."

"My," said Patsie, "that'll be a bad bit o' news to Delia."

"What!"

"Yes, Orcutt is the man. I think 'tis him, anyways. I know he used to hang around there when I was to sea—and a word dropped this morning—— It must be somebody; and who but him?"

Wesley looked at Patsie. "Well, if it is him, may the Lord forgive me for picking him off. I wish I'd knowed it, though maybe, after all, I couldn't managed it to leave him and take the others. Oh, well, it's all in the year's fishing. He's lucky. Maybe he'll live to teach this girl of hers what a man oughtn't be, though I don't suppose you'll care so much about it by the time she's learned the lesson. Man, but I can't believe Delia Corrigan'd throw you for Artie Orcutt. No, Patsie, I can't. But here's the Anchorage fair on our beam. What d'y' say to a little touch, hah? A pretty cold morning, Patsie."

"I don't mind, Wesley."

"What'll it be to, Patsie." Wesley raised his glass and waited for Patsie. They were leaning against the rail by that time.

"What to? Oh, to the *Neptune's* gang—the whole ten of 'em."

"Sure enough—the whole ten. Here's a shoot—but hold up. Which ten, Patsie—the ten lost or the ten saved?"

"The ten saved? To hell with the ten saved!" said Patsie. "The Lord's looked out for them that's saved"—Patsie raised his glass—"here's to them that died."

"Them that died? H-m—and yet I don't know but what you're right. They've got their share, come to think—you've got it right, Patsie. Here's to them that was lost." And Wesley gulped his liquor down.

"And which way, Patsie?" Wesley inquired after the return drink.

"To the east'ard," said Patsie.

"To the east'ard, is it? Well, I don't need to say fair wind to you, for you've got it. This wind holds, and you'll be heavin'

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trawls in that fav'rite spot of yours on Sable Island no'th-east bar in forty hours or so. I cal'late you'll keep on fishing there till some fine day you get caught. Well, good luck and drive her, Patsie, till you're back again." And Wesley swung off for his wife and baby.

"Drive her," Wesley had said, and certainly Patsie Oddie drove her that trip to the east'ard. Before a whistling gale and under four whole lower sails the *Delia* went away from Eastern Point and across the Bay of Fundy like a ghost in torment. Two or three new men, not yet in full sympathy with their skipper, began to inquire what it all meant. They could see the sense of driving a vessel like that on a passage home, but going out!

On that passage to the east'ard only the watch stayed on deck unless he had business there—the watch and the skipper—the skipper walking the quarter and dodging the seas that came after her between little lines of some song he was humming to himself. Every man on coming below after a watch spoke of the skipper and his singing, but only a word did they catch now and then to remember afterward.

"Out in the snow and the gale they rowed,
And no man saw them more,"

was what one caught.

"And a fine thing that, to be singing on a cold winter's night with a howling gale behind and the seas breaking over her quarter. Yes, a fine thing, that," said the crew, in the security of the cabin below.

And no man saw them more——

Some men lost in dories the skipper must have been talking about, and after that:

"And should it be the Lord's decree
Some day to lay me in the sea,
There'll be no woman to mourn for me—
For that, O Lord, here's thanks to Thee!"

under his breath generally, but his voice rising now and then with the wind.

Martin Carr, who happened to be at the wheel just then, made out that snatch of his skipper's song as he walked the tumbling quarter. And he kept walking the quarter, walking the quarter—and a cold night it was for a man to be walking the quarter—a word to the watch once in a while, but saying nothing mostly, except to croon the savage songs to himself.

Surely nothing peaceful was coming out of that kind of a song, thought watch after watch, bracing themselves at the wheel to meet each new blast of the no'-west wind.

In the morning he was still there walking the quarter—less mournful, perhaps, but in a savage humor. Men who had sailed with him for years did not know what to make of it. There was the incident of the big bark, a good part of whose sail had evidently been blown away and the most of what was left was tied up. Under the smallest possible canvas she was heading close up to the wind and making small way of it.

"Why the divil don't they heave her entirely!" snapped Patsie. "Look at her, will you, the size of her and the sail she's carryin', and then the size of this little one and the sail *she's* carryin'."

The men chopping ice on the bark's deck stood transfixed as they saw the little *Delia* sweep by. Under her four lowers, and going like the blizzard itself was she, with a big bearded man, wrapped to his eyes in a great coat, waving his arms and swearing across the white-topped seas at them.

"And did you never see a vessel afore?" barked Patsie. "Well, look your fill, then, and get our name while you're about it, and report us, will you?—the *Delia Corrigan*, Gloucester, and doin' her fifteen knots good, will you?"

And then, turning away to his own: "The likes o' some of 'em oughtn't be allowed a cable-length off shore. Their mothers ought to be spoke to about it. There's a fellow there ought to be going along about his business—and look at him, hove to! Waitin' for it to moderate! Lord, think of it—as fine a day as this and waitin' for it to moderate! The sun shinin' and as nice a green sea as ever a man'd want to look at! It's the like o' them that loses vessels and men—makes widows and orphans."

So much for his crew. Then a dark look ahead and beyond the green and white seas that were sweeping by the *Delia's* bow, while the bearded lips moved wrathfully. "Ten men lost, blast him! And drinkin' wine, maybe, in Saint Peer now if we c'd only see him! Yes, and he'll come back to Gloucester with a divil of a fine story to tell. 'Tis a hero he'll make himself out to be. Looked in the face o' death and escaped, he'll say—blast him!"

Sable Island, sometimes, and not too extravagantly, termed the Graveyard of the

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Atlantic, is set among shoal waters that afford the best of feeding ground for the particular kinds of fish that Gloucestermen most desire—halibut, cod, haddock, and what not—and so to its shoal waters do the fishermen come to trawl or hand-line.

Lying about east and west, a flat quarter moon in shape, is Sable Island. Two long bars, extending north-westerly and north-easterly, make of it a full deep crescent. Nowhere is the fishing so good (or so dangerous) as close in on these bars, and the closer in and the shoaler the water, the better the fishing. There are a few men alive in Gloucester who have been in close enough to see the surf break on the bare bar; but that was in soft weather and the bar to wind'ard, and they invariably got out in a hurry.

Two hundred and odd wrecks of one kind or another, steam and sail, have settled in the sands of Sable Island. Of this there is clear and indisputable record. Of how many good vessels have been driven ashore on the long bars on dark and stormy nights or in the whirls of snowstorms and swallowed up in the fine sand before ever mortal eye could make note of their disappearing hulls there is no telling.

A Gloucester fisherman needs no tabulated statement to remind him that the bones of hundreds of his kind are bleaching on the sands of Sable Island, and yet of all the men who sail the sea they are the only class that do not give it wide berth in winter. And of all the skippers who resorted to the north-east bar in winter Patsie Oddie was pre-eminent. Some there were who said he was reckless, but those that knew him best answered that 'twould be recklessness indeed if he didn't know the place; if he didn't know every knoll and gully of it that man could know, including gullies and knolls that weren't down on charts—and never would be, because the men that made the charts would never go in where Patsie Oddie had gone and sounded when the weather allowed.

It was on the Sable Island grounds—the north-east bar—that the *Delia*, after a slashing passage, let go her anchor on the morning of the second day. Twenty fathoms of water it was, shoal enough water any time, but good and shoal for that time of the year, when gales that made lee shore of the bar were frequent. The *Delia's* crew weren't worrying though—they gloried in their skipper.

Laying there close in, with the wind north-west, the *Delia* was in the lee of the north-east bar, and that first day, too, was not at all rough. And the fish were thick there, and as fine and fat as man would want to see. Fifteen thousand of halibut and ten thousand of good cod—certainly that was a great day's work. Wasn't it worth fishing close in to get a haul like that? Turning in that night they were all thinking what a fine day they had made of it, and wondering if the fellow they had seen to the east'ard—in deeper and safer water—had done so well. But they all felt sure he hadn't. "In the morning," said Martin Carr, "he'll get up his courage and come in and give us a look-over, and finding we did so well, maybe he'll anchor close in and make a set, too."

Nobody saw him in the morning, however, for it came on thick o' snow and the wind to the east'ard. Wind in that quarter would be bad, of course, if it breezed up; but it hadn't yet breezed up, and the *Delia's* crew weren't minding any mere possibility. It wasn't too bad to put the dories over, and between squalls they hauled again, heaving up the anchor, however, before leaving the vessel, so that their skipper could stand down and pick them up flying.

"We'll clear out, I'm thinkin', for to-night," said Patsie when they were all hauled. And clear out they did, which was well, too, for that night the wind increased to a bad gale, and, safe and snug below, alongside the hot stove or under the bright lamp, it did them all good to think that the no'th-east bar was not under their lee.

Even when they were jogging that night it looked bad; but they knew they might do it and live. They had to keep an eye out, of course, and stand ready to stand off in a hurry, for should it come too bad it would mean lively work to get out.

Safe away to the east'ard of them, when they had done dressing down that night, they could make out the riding light of the other vessel to anchor.

"In the mornin', whoever he is, he'll be gettin' his courage up, and maybe he'll drop down," said the *Delia's* crew.

They were in great good-humor. And well they might be, with twenty-five thou-

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sand of halibut and fifteen thousand of fine cod after two days' fishing. Yes, well they might be—halibut sixteen and eighteen cents a pound when they left Gloucester.

It was worth taking chances to get fish like that; and with a skipper who knew the bar as most men know their own kitchens, who could foretell the weather better than all the glasses in the country, who could keep run of a vessel and tell you where you were any time of the day or night out of his head—no need for him to be everlastingly digging out charts and taking sights—they were safe. Yes, sir, they were safe with this man. Fishing in twenty fathoms of water in that kind of weather looked bad—very bad—and they wouldn't care to try it with everybody in heavy weather, but with a short scope and with Patsie Oddie on the quarter—why, that was a different matter altogether.

In the morning it was so thick that they couldn't see a length ahead; so the skipper, to be safe, kept the lead going. That afternoon it cleared, and they saw to anchor, but now inside of them, their neighbor of the day before.

Patsie Oddie looked her over. "What do you call her?" he asked finally of Martin Carr.

"The *Eldorado* or the *Alhambra*—I wouldn't want to say which, they being alike as two herring."

"That's right; they do look alike, Martin. But she's the *Eldorado*—Fred Watson. But what's got into him this trip? Generally he fishes farther off. But 'tis Watson's vessel, anyway, and the blessed fool's got his dories out. He must be drunk—if he isn't foolish. But he don't drink—not gen'rally. What ails him at all? She'll be draggin' soon, if she isn't already. He don't seem to know much about that swell in there with an easterly wind—I misdoubt he ever fished in so close before—and if he don't let go his other anchor he'll soon be where a hundred anchors won't do him any good. And look at where some of his dories are now!"

Getting nervous under the strain, Oddie stood down and hailed the two men in the dory farthest from the *Eldorado*. They said they didn't know quite what to do—no signal to haul had yet been hoisted on the vessel. They guessed, though, they would hang on a while longer.

Patsie understood their feelings. No fisherman wants to be the first to cut and go for the vessel, and so lose fish and gear also. Losses of that kind have to be shared by the men equally. Not only that, but to have somebody look across the table at supper and say, "And so there were some that cut their gear and ran for it to-day, I hear?" No, men face a good bit of danger before that.

In the next of the *Eldorado's* dories they were pretty nervous, but said that as long as the others weren't cutting they weren't going to.

"That's right," said Patsie, "that's the way to feel about it. But take my advice and you'll buoy your trawls and come aboard of me. It's going to be the divil to pay on this bar to-night—and in these short days it'll soon be night."

And they, knowing Patsie Oddie's reputation, buoyed their trawls and came aboard the *Delia Corrigan*. And after that Patsie picked up three more dories out of the blinding snow and took them aboard the *Delia*. By the time Patsie had those four dories of the *Eldorado* safe, it was too rough to attempt to put the men aboard their own vessel. "But I'll stand down and hail your vessel," said Patsie.

Now all this time it never occurred to Patsie Oddie that anybody but Fred Watson was master of the *Eldorado*. In the hurry and bustle of picking up the stray dories, there had been no time to talk of anything but the work in hand. And so his immense surprise when he made out Artie Orcutt standing by the quarter rail of the *Eldorado*, and so his anger when Orcutt called out before he himself had a chance to hail. "If you're getting so blessed jealous of me, Patsie Oddie, that you can't even see me get a good haul of fish without you trying to steal it from me——"

The rest of it was lost in the wind, but there was enough in that much to make Patsie Oddie almost leap into the air. "So it's you, is it? Lord, and I'd known that, you c'n be sure I'd never tried to help you out." That was under his breath, with only a few near by to hear him. He wanted to say a whole lot more, and say it good and hard, evidently, but he didn't. All he did say to Orcutt before bearing away was, "You take my advice, Artie Orcutt, and you'll let go your second anchor." Just that and sheered off and left him.

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"And how comes it Artie Orcutt's got the *Eldorado?*" he then asked of one of the men he had picked up.

"He came aboard at Saint Peer, where we put in with Captain Watson sick of the fever. He came aboard there and took charge."

"H-m!" Oddie stroked his beard and smiled—smiled grimly. "I don't see but what he brought it on himself." But that last as though he were talking to himself.

He looked over toward the *Eldorado* again. "I can't see that we can help him anyway," he said again, and the grim smile deepened. "We might just as well go below—there's the cook's call. Have ye're supper, boys, and we'll sway up, sheet in and stand out. Whatever Orcutt does, I know I'll not hang around here this night."

With the words of their skipper to point the way, most of the *Delia's* crew agreed that, after all, it was not their funeral. Lord knows, a crew had enough to do to look out for their own vessel in that spot in bad weather. And as for Artie Orcutt—Lord, they all knew *him* and what *he'd* do if 'twas the other way about—if 'twas the *Delia* was in trouble.

But it was not Orcutt alone. There were nine others. That phase of it the crew argued out below, and that was what Patsie Oddie was wrestling with up on deck.

The lights gleamed out of forec's'le and cabin as hatches were slid and closed again, with watch after watch coming and going, but Oddie stayed there on deck. It was a bad deck to walk, too, the vessel pitching heavily and the big seas every once in a while breaking over her. But the skipper seemed to pay no attention, only stamped, stamped, stamped the quarter.

The men passed the word in the morning. "Walkin', walkin', walkin', always walkin', speakin' aloud to himself once in a while. Man, but if he's savin' it up for anybody, I wouldn't want to be that partic'lar party when he's made up his mind to unload."

And what was it his soul was wrestling with? What would any man's soul be wrestling with if he saw whereby a rival might be disposed of for good and for all? Especially when that rival was the kind of a man the woman in the case could not but realize after a great while was not the right kind—that no woman could continue to respect, let alone love.

And then? He had only to let him alone now—say no word, and there it was—destruction as certain as that wind and sea were making, as certain as the sun was rising somewhere to the east'ard.

All that, and the primal passions of Patsie Oddie for the untamed soul of Patsie Oddie to contend with. No wonder he looked like another man in the morning—that in the agony of it all he groaned—and he a strong man—groaned, yes, and pressed his hands to his eyes as one who would shut out the sight of horrid images. Only to think of Patsie Oddie groaning! Yet groan he did, and questioned his soul talking to something inside of him as if it were another man. "But it won't leave me a better man before God—and God knows, too, it won't make Delia happier. God knows it won't—it won't——"

It was light enough then for Patsie Oddie to see that the *Eldorado* was drifting, drifting, not rapidly as yet, but certainly and to sure destruction, with the ten souls aboard of her doomed as so many thousands of others had been doomed before them. And the wind was ever making, and the sea ever rising. She had both anchors out then, as Patsie Oddie saw, and he saw also when her chain parted. "Now she's draggin'," he muttered then, and waited to see what action Orcutt would take. "Why in God's name don't he do something?" and ordered the man at the wheel on the *Delia* to stand down.

Rounding to and laying the *Delia* as near to the *Eldorado* as he dared in that sea, he roared out to Orcutt: "What in God's name are you doing there, Artie Orcutt? Don't you see your one anchor can't hold her? Cut the spars out of her—both spars, man!"

Orcutt was frightened enough then, and in short order had the spars over the side. That helped her, but it couldn't save her. It was too late. She was still dragging—slowly, slowly, but sure as fate, and promising to drag more rapidly as the water grew shoaler. And it was getting shoaler all the time.

Oddie threw up his hands. "They're going! To-night will see her and them buried in the sand." He turned to his crew, standing in subdued groups about the *Delia's* deck. "I want a man to go with me in the dory. Maybe we c'n get them off."

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There were plenty ready to go. But he wanted only one. "No," he said to one, "you've got a wife," and to another, "you'll be missed, too. I want somebody nobody gives a damn about—like myself!" and took a young fellow—there is nearly one such in every crew of fishermen—that swore he hadn't mother, father, brother, sister, or a blessed soul on earth that cared whether he ever came home or was lost. And doubtless he was telling the truth, for he certainly acted up to it. A hard case he was, but a good fisherman. And courage? He had courage. He laughed—no affected cackle, but a good round laugh—when he leaped over the side and into the dory with Patsie Oddie.

"If I don't come back," he called to his bunk-mate, "you c'n have that diddy-box you've been so crazy to get—the diddy-box and all's in it. For the rest, you c'n all have a raffle and give the money to the widow's and orphan's fund, back in Gloucester."

"Malachi-boy, but you're a man after my own heart," said Oddie, as the dory lifted on to the seas and away from the shelter of the *Delia's* side. And Malachi laughed at that. There was what he lived for—where Patsie Oddie praised one must have been a man.

A dory is the safest small boat that the craft of man has yet devised for living in troubled waters. Handled properly, it will live where ships will founder. And yet, though in Patsie Oddie and Malachi Jennings there were the two men to the oars, it was too much even for the dory in that sea, and over she went before they were half-way to the *Eldorado*. The crew of the *Delia*, seeing them bob up, and for the time safely clinging to a plug-strap, whisked another dory to the rail and ready, but their skipper waved them back, and at last they could hear him calling out:

"Pay out an empty dory!" came the voice above the wind's opposition. Which they did, and speedily, and Patsie and Malachi got into it, and with great care, the two men lying in the bottom of it were hauled alongside the *Delia* and helped aboard.

"No man can row a dory this day," was Patsie's first word. "And a man with big boots and oilskins overboard in that sea—too small a chance. But put a longer line on that same dory and pay it out again." Which they did also, and in that way began to take the gang off the *Eldorado*.

Five trips of the dory were made, two of the *Eldorado's* crew coming back each trip, one crouched in the stern and the other lying flat on the bottom amidships. It was the roughest kind of a passage, and even when the dory would come alongside the *Delia* the carefullest of handling was needed to get them safely aboard.

Orcutt, of course, was the last man to come aboard. Bad as he was, he could do no less than that—stand by his vessel to the last. When he came alongside the *Delia*, he rose from the bottom of the dory, his companion having safely boarded the *Delia*, and lunged for the rail. Never a quick man on his feet, nor quick to think and act, and now trembling with anxiety, he made a mess of boarding. He had to stop long enough, too, to look up at Oddie and think what a fool of a man Oddie was altogether—a mind like a child! So, in the middle of it all, he did not get the rise of the dory to throw him into the air. He waited just that instant too long—it took nerve—and then he had to hurry, and the uprise of the dory was not there to throw him into the air and on to the *Delia's* rail. Clothes soaked in brine and heavy boots, a man is not a buoyant thing in the water, and this was a heavy sea. So Orcutt falling between dory and vessel went down—deep down—and when he came up it was where the tide swept down under the vessel's quarter.

Patsie Oddie, standing almost above him, caught the appeal of Orcutt's eyes, and then saw him go under again. "If he comes up again 'twill be clear astern," thought Oddie, "and the third time with all that gear on him he'll never come up—and if 'tisn't Providence, then what is it?" And this was a cold winter's day and Oddie himself was soaked in sea-water. "And if he don't come up," thought Oddie, "if he don't come up—Lord God, must I do more than I've done already for a man I don't like—a man that I know is no good—for a a man in my way—a man, too, that would no more go overboard for me, even on the calmest day, than he'd cut his own throat?" And there was that queer smile that Orcutt had thrown at him as he stood up in the dory—Oddie didn't forget that. And then he saw Orcutt's sou'-wester on the water and the man himself beneath it.

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No more thought of that—overboard went Oddie with all his own weight of clothes, oilskins, woollens and big boots, while quick-witted men hove the bight of the main-sheet after him. And Oddie, grappling with the smothering and frightened Orcutt, smashed him full in the face. "Blast you, Artie Orcutt, there's fun in beating you even here," and hooked on to the collar of Orcutt's oil jacket with one hand and grabbed the main-sheet just before the tide would have carried them out of reach.

Safe on the deck of the *Delia*, Orcutt offered his hand to Oddie, who didn't seem to notice, but said, "If you go below, Captain Orcutt, you'll find a change of dry clothes in my room and you c'n turn in there and rest yourself."

"But I want to thank you," said Orcutt, overwhelmed.

"Take your thanks to the divil," said Oddie to that. "'Twas for no love of you I stood by. You c'n have the best on this vessel, but my hand—no. Go below or I'll throw you below." And Orcutt went below without any delay.

It was late in the afternoon then. Even while they were hoisting that last dory over the rail Oddie had given his orders to drive out. At first all thought she would come clear, but in a little while they began to doubt, and doubt turned to misgiving, and misgiving to certainty. Sea and wind were too much for them now. In saving the *Eldorado's* crew they had waited too long—the tide was now against them also—and now it was no use. It was Oddie himself who said so at last and went aloft before it was too dark to take a look at the surf they were falling into.

He stayed aloft for about ten minutes, and when he came down all hands knew it was to be desperate work that night.

"Put her about," was his first order, and "Take a sounding, Martin," his second.

She came about in the settling blackness and started for shoal water.

"You might's well put her sidelights up," he said next. "Nobody'll get in our road to-night—nor we in anybody else's—but we'll go ship-shape. And what do you get?" he asked of Martin, when the lead came up.

"Eighteen fathom," was the word from Martin. Eighteen fathom, and this a winter gale and a winter sea, and the strongest of tides against them!

"Eighteen fathom and goin' into it straight's ever a vessel could go," said Oddie. "Wicked 'tis, but the one thing'll make me laugh when we go——"

"Sixteen fathom!" from Martin.

"Sixteen? She's sure shoaling——"

Oddie was at the wheel himself then and the *Delia* was beginning to feel the pounding. They couldn't see the sky at all, it was that black, but all around they could see the combers breaking white—so white that they made a kind of light of their own. And then it was, with the Lord knows how much wind behind them and seas masthead high and the little vessel taking it fair abeam, that the crew of the *Delia* and the crew of the *Eldorado* guessed what was running in Patsie Oddie's mind. He was to drive her across the bar! With all the sail in the *Delia* on her, to let her take the full force of it and bang her across the shoals, where soon there would not be enough water to let her set up on an even keel!

Martin Carr was heaving the lead all the time, and all noted how he made himself heard when it came to ten fathom.

"Ten fathom!" repeated the crew, and murmured it over till one got courage to ask: "Is it going to drown us you are, Captain Oddie?"

"I'm trying to save you, boys," he answered, and his voice was as tender as could be and yet be heard above a roaring gale.

"Nine and a half," and then, "Nine fathom!" came from Martin Carr, barely able to hold his place by the rail, the vessel was pitching so.

It was at eight fathoms that Artie Orcutt raised a cry of protest, and, hearing that, Oddie ordered Martin to sound no more. "Just bring the lead here, Martin," took a big bait knife he always kept on the house and with one stroke cut the lead-line off short. Then he opened the slide of the cabin companionway and hove the lead on to the cabin floor with a "There now, maybe we *are* goin' to be lost. I think myself that maybe we will, but some of ye mayn't die of fright now, anyway."

She was fair into it then, making wild work of it, with Oddie himself to the wheel, and all his great strength needed to hold her. He called one of his men to help him

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once, and he, feeling the full force of it, now and again would start to ease her up a little, but the moment a spoke went down so much as a hair's breadth Patsie Oddie's big arms would work the other way. "Maybe you think this is a place to tack ship," Oddie said once, and the wheel stayed up and she took it full force.

How Oddie ever expected to save the *Delia* nobody ever knew, beyond trying to lift her across with the sheer weight of the wind to her sails. And that would be sheer luck, such luck as had never befallen a vessel in their plight before. Other men of courage with stout vessels must have tried that, they knew, and none of them had ever got over, nor come back to tell how close they came to it.

And that was all there was to it—sheer luck—Oddie would have told them, had they asked him. And yet it was not luck altogether. True, he knew no channel across—there was no channel across—and yet he knew there were little gullies scooped out here and there on the sand-ridges. And if a man could make one now and one again, jumping over the almost dry beach, as it were, between them—who knows?—it might be done. On a black night like this nobody could see the gullies, or on any kind of a night, for that matter, but then there was that something, he did not know what to call it, inside of him that told him the things he could not hear or see or feel. And then again, let a vessel alone and she will naturally shy for the deep water. Force her with the rudder, and she will go where the rudder sends her. Oddie forced her, but only to make her take the full weight of the wind. 'Twas necessary to drive her over if ever she was to get over at all. That something inside told him when her nose was nearing the high shoals—it came to him as if her quivering planks carried the message—there it was, put her off now, and now again, now hold her that the wind may have its lifting effect, now let her go and she'll find the way. That was the way of it—bang, bang, bang, on her side mostly, with her planks smashing against the bare bottom as she drove over the sand ridges—her stem rushing through at an awful clip when she found a gully a little deeper than usual.

The great seas broached over her, and it became dangerous to remain on deck. So Oddie ordered all hands below and the slides drawn tight after them, fore and aft.

"I don't see the difference whether we're washed off up here or drowned below," said one. "Go below, just the same," said Oddie, and below they all went, while Oddie, lashing himself hard and fast, prepared for what further fury wind and sea had in store for himself and the *Delia*.

It was a sea to batter a lighthouse down. It takes shoal water for big seas, and this certainly was shoal water, with the sand off bottom swirling around deck. A noble vessel was the *Delia*, but when the sea took charge that night everything was swept clean from her decks. Dories first—her own eight and the four of the *Eldorado's* that had been picked up, twelve in all—went with one smash. Oddie allowed himself a little pang as he watched them, heard the crash. It was too dark to see them clearly, but he knew how they looked—floating off in the white combers in kindling wood. The booby-hatches went next, and after them the gurry-kids—match-wood all. Everything that wasn't bolted went. The very rails went at last, crackling from the stanchions as if they were cigar-box sides when they did go.

"'Twill be the house next," muttered Oddie. "And then her planks will come wide apart—and then——" He rolled it between his teeth. "Well, then we'll all go together. But"—he locked his jaws again—"drive her you must, Patsie Oddie," and bang, bang, smash, bang, and smash again he held her to it.

And in the morning she came clear—still an awful sea on and wind to tear the heart out of the ocean itself, but clear water—beautiful, clear water. By the morning light he saw what he could not see in the dark night, that her port anchor was gone from her bow—scraped off against the bottom—and that her decks were covered with the sand off the bottom also, but she herself—his darling *Delia*—was all right. There was nothing gone that couldn't be replaced—maybe a bit loose in the seams, perhaps, but, Lord, Gloucester was full of good calkers—and now they had the beautiful clear water. God be praised! And, after all, if never a woman in all the world smiled on him again, 'twas worth while saving men's lives.

Oddie drew the slide back from the cabin

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companionway. "Set the watch," he called, and the first on watch, Martin Carr, came up and took the wheel from him.

"Gloucester," said Oddie; "you know the course, Martin. And be easy on her. 'Tisn't in nature for a vessel not to loosen a bit after last night, but there'll be nothing the pumps won't clear. I know that by the heave of her under me. She is all right, Martin—a great vessel. We owe our lives to her ableness this night, but pump her out" and went below to draw off his boots. His legs were so swollen that he had to split the leather from knee to heel to get them off, and when he turned them upside down sand ran out of the legs of them. "A wild night," he said, and looked curiously at the sand—a wild night it was—"and I'm tired. Since leaving Gloucester I've not seen my bunk. Call me in two hours," and turned in on the floor and fell instantly asleep.

After a storm it should be good to see the fine green water rippling again under the sun, but to Patsie Oddie it brought no sense of joy. He only glowered and glowered as down the coast he sailed the *Delia*. Even the sight of Cape Sable, which generally brings a smile to the faces of fishermen homeward bound, had no effect on him. He drove her on, and even seemed to welcome the cold nor'-wester that met him when he straightened out for what in a fair wind, and his vessel tight, would have been one long last riotous leg.

He smashed into that nor'-wester, and it smashed into him. Tack, tack, tack—the *Delia* did not have her own way all the time. Four days and four nights it was, with the able *Delia* gradually encasing herself in ice. Only the ice seemed to please Patsie Oddie. The day he left Gloucester it had been just like that on incoming vessels. And that was a bitter day, and it was a bitter day again when he was coming back—and not with cold alone. Ice, ice, ice—"Let her ice up," and from Cape Sable to his anchorage in Gloucester Harbor he kept her going.

The *Delia* was no sooner tied to the dock than away went the crew of the *Eldorado*. Away also went the *Delia's* crew as soon as they had tidied things up and the skipper had given the word.

Patsie himself did not hurry. There was nothing for him to hurry for. So he cleaned up, changed his clothes, locked the cabin of the *Delia*, and went slowly up the dock.

He was hailed on the way by any number of people—fishermen, dealers, lumpers, idlers. Those who knew him tendered congratulations or shook hands, slapped him on the shoulder—he had done a fine thing. Some there were who stood in awe of him, only looked at him, examined face and figure for further indications of the daring of the man. The whole waterfront was talking over it. Rapidly the whole town was learning it.

Patsie nodded, shook hands, said "How is it here?" and "Thank you kindly," and went on his way to the owner's store. He reckoned up his trip, ordered a few things immediately needed on the vessel, and said: "That's all I'm thinkin' for now," and went up the street. On the way he passed Delia Corrigan's house. He didn't mean to, but he couldn't help it—he looked up for sign of her as he got abreast of the windows. There she was, cold as it was, window raised and calling to him. He waited to make sure, and she again said, "Won't you come in?"

Patsie went up the steps and into the snug living-room, where Delia was waiting—a rosy, wholesome-looking young woman, now bravely trying to smile.

"Home again, Patsie?"

"Home again, Delia—yes."

"And a fine thing you did."

"No fine thing that I can see to it. There were men on a vessel that might have been lost and I took them off and gave them a passage home."

"Patsie——"

"Yes?"

"You left me in a hurry that morning, Patsie. You shouldn't have rushed out so. After you were gone Captain Marrs stepped in to tell me about his rescue of Captain Orcutt and part of his crew. And then he began to tell me other things—about you. He's a good friend of yours, Patsie. It was good to listen to him, though I knew it all before—and more. Don't fear that all the good things you did aren't known to me. But after a time I began to see what it was he meant, and without letting him finish I ran out to see you. But you were gone. I could

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just see your vessel by the point in all that gale. You put to sea in all that gale, Patsie?"

"Put to sea? Yes, and lucky I did, maybe, for I was no more than in time to bring back the man you want—and he'd never seen Gloucester again if I hadn't."

"Who was that?"

"Who was that? Why, Delia!"

"Who was that?"

"Who? Why, who but Artie Orcutt."

"Captain Orcutt? No, Patsie—it wasn't Orcutt. He did come back in your vessel—the man I want—but it wasn't Orcutt."

"Not Orcutt? Not Orcutt?"

"No, not Orcutt. Oh, Patsie, but it is hard on a woman! Oh, if you only knew what a hard man you are to make understand! I suppose I have to do it—you're that backward yourself. It's hard on me, Patsie, but you'll go no more to sea in a gale and me here shaking with fear for you. You did bring back the man I want, Patsie. Over Sable Island bar he went in the *Delia*, but it wasn't Orcutt."

Patsie, trembling, stared at her. "Not Orcutt, Delia?"

"Patsie, I've said it a dozen times. It wasn't Orcutt, and yet 'twas somebody in your vessel. Oh, why did you mistake me that morning, Patsie? Would I be a woman and not have a word of pity for a man that came so nigh being lost as Captain Orcutt would have been but for Wesley Marrs? And you are such a backward man, Patsie. Don't you hear me, Patsie? Then look at me, dear—look at me—it wasn't—and who can it be. Who was it, Patsie, that drove the *Delia* over Sable Island bar, himself to the wheel?"

"Oh!" gasped Patsie; "Delia mavourneen, mavourneen, mavourneen!"

He drew back a step, got another look at her face, and clasped her again. "And 'twas me all the time, asthore?"

"You all the time, and if you hadn't been in such a hurry I'd have told you that morning——"

"Oh, Delia, Delia," and from his beard she caught the murmur—"and the black, black night I put in on Sable Island bar. Oh, the black, black night I almost left him and his men to die. Oh, Delia, Delia, there was hate and murder in my heart that night."

"Never mind that now, Patsie—never mind that now. Oh, Patsie!"

"What's it, alanna?"

"Oh, Patsie—Patsie—but the strength of you!"

THE ANCIENT LEGEND

By Arthur Davison Ficke

I KNOW it all is true. For I have seen
The light upon the Ægean's purple waves;
And I have heard the silence of the caves
Where wreathed sarcophagi in darkness lean;
And I have smelt the breath that from the green
Slopes of Hymettus all my sense enslaves;
And in Dodona's whispering forest-naves
Felt the dim Presences that hold demesne.

And now I know 'tis more than an old song
Wrought by a poet of his sweet desire.
For Pan still wanders the slow stream along,
Bacchantes dance round every midnight fire;
And from the hills where purple shadows throng
Steals the low music of a vanished lyre.

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EXIT THE PRINCE

By Carter Goodloe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

THE ambassadress looked at the table critically, stepped back a little, and then sank into a low chair with a sigh of satisfaction at her handiwork. It was her greatest hobby—this decorating her drawing-rooms with the flowers her servants brought her in great baskets from the flower market. As she looked around on the results of her morning's work she had reason to feel proud of her taste and skill.

The ambassadress herself was not the least lovely thing to be seen. She was young and extremely pretty, with a beauty akin to that of the roses and lilies she had been arranging with such eager care. Her gray eyes were wide and dark, her white skin very fine, and the brown of her hair quite golden in certain lights. She was largely responsible for the statement so frequently made in her hearing, that American women are the prettiest on earth.

She was looking particularly well on this afternoon as she sat in her low chair gazing around upon her decorative efforts and inhaling the flower-scented air that stirred the silk curtains at the long, open windows. Gradually her interest in her surroundings waned and she seemed to be lost in some pleasant meditation which made a fugitive smile play about the curved, red lips and a sparkle come into the lowered eyes.

Two servants entered noiselessly with tea-service, biscuits, and punch, and arranged an elaborately appointed tea-table in one corner of the long drawing-room. It was the ambassadress's afternoon at home.

Suddenly a step on the stone corridor and a figure at the open window aroused her. She sprang up and went eagerly forward.

"George!" she said with a pleased little laugh. "George! How delightful that you could get off so soon. I was sure that pokey foreign secretary would keep you half the afternoon!" She leaned her bronze head against the stalwart shoulder and slipped her hand in the strong one beside hers. The ambassadress could be most properly dignified and indifferent on occasion. With her husband she was nothing if not *câline* and appealing. And the ambassador adored her so. Like most big-brained, strong men he fancied that entire reliance on him, that complete confidence in his powers.

There had been a good many to prophesy trouble when George Finding, at fifty-two, after a life devoted to his profession, and in which women had been conspicuous by their absence, married a beautiful girl of twenty-four. But he was a fearless man and had entered on the delicately difficult task of matrimony with the same courage that he would have displayed in undertaking some complicated diplomatic mission. When the President had made him ambassador perhaps the chief pleasure he took in his new dignity lay in the fact that his young wife would enjoy this novel and brilliant outlook on life. She did enjoy it to the utmost, and she bore her honors very well. She interested herself keenly in her husband's career and successes, and he, in turn, was never too busy or absorbed to be interested in her affairs—in her social triumphs, in the devotion of the young secretaries to her, and in her artistic enthusiasms and her girl friendships. Perhaps the ambassador found his wife's girl friends and their frequent visits a little trying—he sometimes acknowledged it to himself, never to her. In spite of her youth, Gordon had seemed mature to him because she was congenial—or *vice versa;* but her friends impressed the gray-haired diplomat as being regrettably young.

As he looked down at his wife beside him he suddenly wondered how this new friend—whom he had never seen and who was to have arrived at noon—would impress him. He slipped an arm around his wife's shoulder.

"I was sorry, dear, not to have been able to be here when Miss Dalmy arrived. I suppose she *is* here?" he added tentatively, a fugitive hope that he might be spared another day of his wife's undivided society prompting the question.

"Oh, yes! For a wonder the train was on time. I went for her myself in the

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landau, and I think she enjoyed the drive home." The ambassadress laughed musically. She still delighted in the sumptuousness and privileges of the ambassadorial carriage. "She is in her room now dressing. I think she will be down directly. I told her to put on her prettiest gown."

Mrs. Finding began rearranging the tall vase of lilies and gardenias with which she had appeared so satisfied a few moments before. The ambassador leaned thoughtfully against the grand piano watching the graceful girl with her flowers, a slow, amused smile dawning about his lips.

"What is it now, Gordon?" he said at length, in his deep, pleasant voice.

She looked up quickly, blushing and laughing a little, and then she left her flowers and went back quickly to her husband's side.

"If you are going to make fun of me I won't tell you," she said severely; "but if you are sympathetic and helpful and nice and good——"

"Don't make any more conditions," interrupted the ambassador weakly; "my unworthiness overwhelms me. Now—why is Miss Dalmy to put on her prettiest gown?"

The girl laughed, crossed the room, and sank on a low settee, followed by her husband.

"I have been thinking," began the ambassadress briskly, leaning forward and clasping her hands over her knee, "that the relations between Russia and America are scarcely as cordial as they should be." She gave a sidewise, upward glance of her dark gray eyes at her husband, while a smile dimpled about her mouth.

"It is quite true," said the ambassador gravely, after a moment's hesitation. "It is a source of infinite regret to both the President and His Imperial Majesty the Czar. Of course it was that you were smiling over as I came in?"

"Yes, and of how these relations could be made closer and—and warmer," replied his wife.

"I see," went on the ambassador, still gravely and interestedly; "and it is to be accomplished by Miss Dalmy's prettiest gown."

"Yes," assented Gordon, and she leaned her head on the broad shoulder. "You see, dear," she went on hurriedly, "he is quite the cleverest and most eligible young diplomat here, and I have simply set my heart on Marie's having him. And why shouldn't she? Even if he is a prince—really it is rather staggering when one remembers that he is a real prince!—he is none too good for her. She is a beauty—you will see in a few moments—and heaven only knows how many hundred thousand her father left her, and she hasn't any relatives to bother with and she is the dearest, sweetest girl you ever knew. And then her voice! She sings like a bird. Why shouldn't a prince fall in love with her?" demanded Mrs. Finding indignantly, raising her head and looking at her husband.

"Why not, indeed?" echoed Mr. Finding hastily. "From your description I doubt if he will find it possible not to succumb at once. I only wonder you don't tremble to place me within the magic circle of her charms."

Gordon pressed his arm. "Oh, *you!*" she laughed; "but it is nice of you not to dampen my enthusiasm."

"Thank you," said the ambassador feelingly. "And now that I perceive I have passed examination number one, I would like to respectfully inquire how I am—how we are, I should say—to be helpful? Falling in love, has always seemed to me to be so eminently a personal affair!"

Mrs. Finding looked at her husband pityingly. "Why, George, we can just *make* that match—at least *I* can," she corrected herself. "Perhaps it would be better for you to leave the whole thing to me. Men are such bunglers at times—even a famous diplomat is not to be trusted with such affairs. I have a theory that all the really great treaties have been secretly engineered by women. At any rate, I think I can carry this thing through all right."

"And what will be your plan of campaign?" inquired the ambassador deferentially.

"Oh, it will be easy," Mrs. Finding replied optimistically, if a trifle vaguely. "I consider Prince Sumarakoff simply one of the nicest young men that I know; he is fond of coming here, and I shall encourage his doing so; I can easily arrange that he shall see a great deal of Marie. The climate is a great help. In the tropics what have two attractive young people better to do than fall in love with each other?" She unclasped her hands and leaned back.

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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

It was her greatest hobby.—Page 177.

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"After all," she said meditatively, "I think I will give you a share in the plot: you are to take care of Donskoi and keep him out of the way!"

"Don't you think Donskoi cares for—er—closer relations with America?"

The ambassadress frowned slightly. "It has sometimes struck me, George, that Count Donskoi keeps a rather strict watch over Prince Sumarakoff. I don't think many ministers exercise such surveillance over their secretaries."

"Well, you know, there are very few princely secretaries. Even in continental Europe princes are precious, and Sumarakoff may have been intrusted to Donskoi's special care to be returned in good order. In fact, now that I think of it, I believe de Raslorf told me something of the sort. They were friends in Berlin, and Sumarakoff spent a great deal of money and otherwise kept his august papa in much tribulation of spirit over him. He was hustled into the diplomatic corps and sent off as——"

There was a slight stir at the portières, and a tall, thin, dark man came rapidly into the room and advanced to the ambassador and his wife, who had risen precipitately. An extremely persuasive smile lighted up his otherwise rather sinister features. He kissed the beautiful hand extended to him, with the greatest gallantry.

"I am on my way to the Countess de Raslorf's by appointment, but I could not resist the pleasure of stopping and paying my respects to Madame Finding," he said, in English which had almost no trace of foreign accent.

"Count Donskoi is always welcome," said the ambassadress with a charming smile. She turned rather hurriedly to the tea-table, however. "Lemon, of course? I hope you are not in such a hurry that you cannot wait to see my newly arrived friend—Ah! here she is now. How fortunate!"

A very beautiful young woman stood in the doorway. She hesitated for a second and then walked slowly and gracefully forward. She was tall and straight and extremely fair, with a fairness quite un-American. As Finding followed his wife across the room toward her, he wondered from what north-country ancestors she had inherited that pale golden hair and marvellously white skin. Her manner was entirely American, however, and she met his phrases of welcome with a cordiality which reminded him that Gordon had said Miss Dalmy was from New Orleans.

Count Donskoi seemed as much struck by the young girl's beauty as the ambassador, and bowed low before her when Mrs. Finding presented him to her.

"Miss Dalmy speaks French as well as you do, Count, so you can have your choice of languages," said Mrs. Finding, turning away to receive the minister from Guatemala, who was just entering the drawing-room.

Apparently Count Donskoi's appointment at the Austrian Legation could wait, for he found a secluded, flower-bedecked corner for Miss Dalmy, and took a chair beside the young girl with the evident intention of staying.

"I ought to be able to speak your own language, Count," said Miss Dalmy, seating herself; "I am half Russian myself."

Count Donskoi was plainly surprised. "Madame Finding told me many interesting things about her long-expected friend"—he smiled a little—"but she never told me that."

"She probably has no idea of it herself," said Miss Dalmy quietly. "I never have occasion to speak of it. You see, both my father and my mother died when I was a little baby, and I was brought up with my mother's people, who were all Americans, so that I never think of myself as anything but *une Américaine pure et simple.*"

Count Donskoi looked at her attentively and admiringly. "That is very interesting," he said. "Are you going to the dinner-dance at the Spanish Legation, Thursday?"

In the intervals of receiving her guests the ambassadress caught uneasy glimpses of Count Donskoi and Miss Dalmy in their flowery corner deep in interested conversation. She was relieved, she scarcely knew why, when he at length left the girl's side and approached her to make his adieus. A few moments later, to her great satisfaction, Prince Sumarakoff was announced. She skilfully extricated herself from a group of American tourists who had completely surrounded her and cut her off from the rest of her guests, and went forward to meet him.

"I am so glad you have come," she said in a low tone, and smiling at the good-look-

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ing young man standing before her. "I was feeling a little like a beleaguered castle surrounded by the enemy's army. I will try not to let you fall into their hands, but if they once know you are a prince I fear there will be no escaping them! Follow me," she went on gayly, skirting the crowd adroitly and bringing the young prince in safety to the flowery corner where Miss Dalmy still sat.

"And I shall expect you to be the best of friends," declared Mrs. Finding at the conclusion of her introduction. "You are both friends of mine, so you must be friends of each other. That is capable of mathematical demonstration, I believe," she said impressively, smiling at the two as she turned away to go back to her importunate tourists.

Apparently they found no difficulty in proving the ambassadress's proposition.

Two weeks later Miss Dalmy wrote to an old Ogontz chum:

I have met a very dangerously fascinating man here. He is a Russian prince and one of the handsomest men I ever saw. He is clever, too, for his chief, Count Donskoi, relies greatly on him, and indeed, gives him so much of the important legation work to do that his time for social duties is decidedly limited. He says he has never been so busy as lately. But in spite of that we have seen a great deal of him—he gives the most beautiful, *recherché* little dinners and luncheons to his friends! He and I seem to be peculiarly sympathetic. Perhaps it is because I am half Russian myself. Are you astonished? I am sure you are. My father was a Russian. To tell you the truth, I have always been a little ashamed of my foreign blood, and never spoke of it because I wanted my friends to think me an American. But now I glory in it! It is a bond between the prince and myself. I must tell him about my poor papa some day. We have so many things to talk of when we meet, and it is such a shadowy, unimportant fact to me, that I never think of it. At first I supposed he was an admirer of Gordon's (she has half the young secretaries and some of the chiefs, too, at her feet), and I was really piqued; but now I believe he comes to the Embassy to see me. I shall have to be careful, or I shall fall hopelessly in love with an unattainable Russian prince!

The same evening, after having smoked an incredible number of cigars in solitary meditation, Prince Sumarakoff drew some note-paper from a drawer of his desk and wrote to an old friend, the second secretary of the Russian Embassy at Paris:

I have met a dangerously fascinating girl here. She is an "American Queen," as they say, and one of the most beautiful creatures I have ever seen. She is clever, too, and sings like an angel. Besides which, de Raslorf (he knows everything) tells me she has some nine hundred thousand American dollars in her own right. But I swear, Boris, this has nothing to do with my infatuation. And indeed, there is no necessity, for my august parent, although a tyrant, is generous with his roubles. She is visiting the ambassadress, who I thought was the most beautiful American I had ever seen until I met her friend. In spite of her seeming to be an unattainable piece of perfection, I sometimes think she cares for my unworthy self. What is a poor devil to think when he sees her eyes light up and her fair cheeks color as I bow before her? I wish I dared tell her to-morrow that I adore her; but it is too soon. I am sure she has no idea that I love her—yet. I shall have to wait a while, but it is hard. I can't even see her as often as I long to, for Donskoi seems suddenly possessed with the energy of a fiend and works me like a *droschki* horse, and then the Findings keep open house, so that there is always a mob of people around her.

From which it will be perceived that the ambassadress, in spite of her intentions and manœuvres, had not been able to command the prince's time to her entire satisfaction. When two weeks more of dinners and luncheons and teas and horseback rides had passed without a proposal, she decided that it was time to actively interfere in the interest of her two friends.

The ambassador had just settled himself in the library with an interesting book when his wife came to that conclusion. She found her husband without any difficulty, and, seating herself on the arm of his chair, she told him of her intention.

"They are in love—desperately, hopelessly, head-over-heels in love—but they haven't a fair chance here. There are too many people about and the life is too conventional for romance, and then Donskoi is really becoming insufferable! He haunts the house, and he works Sumarakoff to death with his old reports and things. The poor boy told me he was up until two o'clock last night finishing some papers that Donskoi insisted on having this morning. And when he is here he makes himself obnoxious. The other afternoon I sent Marie and Sumarakoff into the garden to clip a basket of gardenias, and before I could detain Donskoi he had followed them and stayed with them until the last gardenia was cut! You don't attend to your duty of keeping Donskoi out of the way at all," she said severely.

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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"Donskoi had followed them."—Page 180.

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"It is very hard work," pleaded the ambassador, "and not strictly in my line. You see, with you there was no competition——" The ambassadress gave her husband such a terrible look that he was rendered speechless, and then she clasped her hands over her knees in her favorite attitude when thinking.

"I shall take them down to Cuernavaca for Holy Week," she declared meditatively, "with only a small party that I can control. You will not be able to go, dear, I know, and I am sorry; but perhaps, after all, it is for the best—you can keep an eye on Donskoi here. They shall have the week of their lives, and Donskoi will learn that even a wily old Russian diplomat is not a match for an American woman."

Mrs. Finding did not know Count Donskoi very well.

Three days later Mrs. Finding started with her party. Beside Miss Dalmy there was the Comtesse Hélène d'Irénée de Chatran, the wife of the French minister, a much older woman than the American ambassadress, Prince Sumarakoff and two young attachés, devoted slaves of Mrs. Finding. She destined one of these diplomatic pawns for the Countess's constant escort, the other for her own, so that the prince might give his undivided attention to Miss Dalmy. This, it is unnecessary to say, he did with an untiring and undivided zeal which would have caused his rapid promotion had the energy so applied been turned into diplomatic channels. With delicacy and skill Mrs. Finding contrived that the prince and Miss Dalmy, while feeling thoroughly chaperoned, should yet see each other in a way that had not been possible before.

The days and nights in Cuernavaca were long delights to the two. Mrs. Finding was a kind as well as an astute friend when she brought her protégés to the beautiful old city. What more lovely setting for a girl's romance could she have found? Love seemed to be in the warm, fragrant air; lurked under the great palms in the very courtyard of the hotel; in the dim, bedraped churches, thronged with worshippers in Holy Week; called from the throbbing guitars and *jaranas* in the alameda all the long, vibrant evenings, and above all, seemed to have its very being in the tangled wilderness of fragrant blossoms, in the flower-laden paths and cool, sequestered corners of the Borda Gardens. It was there that the prince and Miss Dalmy loved most to linger, and he determined it should be there he would tell her his love and ask her to marry him.

The moon, riding high in the heavens, was drenching the lovely old gardens in a silver radiance when the two wandered down one of the blossom-bordered, deserted paths to a little summer-house perched high up in an angle of the wall. All the world was at church listening to the Good Friday service, and it had been easy enough to slip away unnoticed in the thronged, dimly lit Cathedral. The prince had guided her, half-reluctant, half-consenting, through the shifting, genuflecting crowds, out into the dusky streets filled with hurrying, penitent figures, past the great doorway guarding the entrance to the gardens, and so into that fragrant, abandoned paradise. They were alone and intensely happy.

Far below their airy resting-place a pleasant *campagna* stretched away, bathed in the white moonlight. Miss Dalmy pushed back the lace mantilla she had thrown about her in the Cathedral, and leaning over the broad ledge of the Moorish arch, gazed out at the beautiful scene. The "white wonder" of her face so revealed, the exquisite, unaccustomed intimacy of their fragrant solitude, went to the prince's head like wine. He leaned forward a little:

"Will you sing me something?" he asked in a hushed tone.

For an instant the girl hesitated; then, resting her head lightly against the stone arch and half turning from the young man, she began to sing:

Hush! hush, my heart, thy tender, pleading cry;
Hide from the world thy bliss and all thy woe,
Let not thy grief breathe forth the faintest sigh,
Nor smile nor tear thy anguished longing show.

Wait! wait, my heart, nor seek that thou hast not!
'Tis not for thee—the happiness of earth.
To love but be not loved is thy sad lot,
To feel deep love and dare not own its birth.

O Love! some call thee cruel, some most sweet!
O Death! some long for thee and some do fear!
If sweet and cruel Love I cannot greet,
I long for fearful Death as friend most dear.

The golden thread of voice floated out over the moonlit gardens to a tall, dark man who was making his way up the shadowy, flower-tangled pathway.

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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"Do not sing of Death when Love is here before you."—Page 183.

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The prince leaned nearer the singer and took one of her white, slender hands in both of his and kissed it.

"Do not sing of Death when Love is here before you praying to be taken to your heart," he said passionately. The girl turned a little toward him and a faint, happy smile curved her lips.

"If I could only tell you—if I could only find words to tell you how utterly dear——" exactly what the prince was going to tell her she never knew, for at that moment a thin, dark man emerged from the shadowed pathway and stood before them. The prince sprang to his feet.

"Donskoi!" he exclaimed in a bewildered tone. "What brings you here?"

Count Donskoi cleared his throat.

"Despatches from His Imperial Majesty, Prince. I shall be obliged, much as I regret it, to ask your instant attention to the same. Miss Dalmy will doubtless pardon this intrusion, when she knows that large diplomatic interests are involved." For an instant Count Donskoi's persuasive smile overspread his countenance. "I have come on a special train that I might have the benefit of an immediate consultation with Prince Sumarakoff. Shall we walk back to the hotel or shall I call a carriage?"

Miss Dalmy preferred to walk, and together the three took their almost silent way back to the hotel. At the entrance Count Donskoi and the prince took their leave. The latter bowed low over the young girl's hand.

"I will see you in the morning," he said in a troubled whisper. But Miss Dalmy, watching them as they crossed in the brilliant light of the plaza and disappeared into the rim of darkness beyond, knew, by some heart-breaking intuition, that she had seen the last of Prince Sumarakoff.

"And now, what is the meaning of this?" curtly inquired the prince, when he and Count Donskoi found themselves in the former's apartments.

Donskoi cleared his throat again. The prince, with an impatient gesture, motioned him to a seat, but remained standing himself.

"Will you kindly explain your intrusion of this evening and as briefly as possible?" he reiterated in no pleasant tone.

"Prince Sumarakoff surely cannot doubt my statement that despatches from His Imperial Majesty——"

"Let me see them."

Count Donskoi took from a mass of papers in a heavy leather wallet, one which bore many official-looking seals and handed it to the prince. As the young man read his instant recall to his country, he turned pale with anger and excitement.

"Donskoi, this is some of your infernal work! What does it mean?" he burst out.

Count Donskoi lit a cigarette.

"My dear Prince," he said soothingly, "you certainly cannot have forgotten that when you were sent out here to me it was with the understanding that I was not only to be your official chief but your private mentor. The—er—anxieties which you had previously occasioned your father suggested this course to him. He and I are old friends—I have tried to do my best."

"And you call this your best? Getting me recalled just when—just when I am most anxious to remain!"

"Gratitude is seldom the reward of disinterestedness," said the count sententiously.

"I don't call it disinterestedness; I call it a most unwarrantable—a most impertinent intrusion on my private affairs," cried the young man hotly.

"Prince," said Donskoi quietly, "the affairs of a man like yourself—the heir to a princely title, to vast estates, to enormous wealth—can never be truly private. They are of interest and vital importance to a great many beside himself. When such a man is about to compromise his station in life, his whole future, is it an 'intrusion' for an old friend to step forward and try to prevent it?"

"What do you mean?" once more demanded the prince, pacing up and down the room in his excitement.

Count Donskoi threw away the end of the cigarette he had been smoking and lit a fresh one. If it were possible to connect such an adjective with the *rusé diplomat*, one would have said he was nervous.

"If I am not greatly mistaken you were about to offer your hand, fortune, and title this evening to Miss Dalmy when—happily—I interrupted you." He waited an instant for the young man to speak, but getting no reply, he proceeded, gazing thoughtfully out of the window instead of at the prince. He missed the rare pleasure of

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"I tried to save you as much as I could."—Page 185.

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seeing Sumarakoff blush—the first time since he was a small boy and had been caught by his father's major-domo undermining an almond cake freshly baked for a great dinner-party. "I say 'happily,' because, beautiful and wealthy as she is, Miss Dalmy can never be a wife for Prince Sumarakoff," resumed Count Donskoi. An exclamation from the prince made him continue hastily:

"When I first noticed your *penchant* for the young lady, the intimacy between you, I conceived it to be my duty—under the circumstances—to discover if there could be any reasonable objection to such a—er—connection. The investigation was most easy to conduct, the results such as I feared. Miss Dalmy herself gave me the first clew. Shall I give you the details of the report my men have sent me, or are you content with my statement of the fact that Miss Dalmy is no match for Prince Sumarakoff?"

"Miss Dalmy is fit to be the wife of the greatest! How dare you say she is no match for Prince Sumarakoff?" cried the young man.

For an instant an expression of pity, of sympathy, flitted across Count Donskoi's usually impassive countenance, but he did not hesitate.

"Prince Sumarakoff can never marry the daughter of one of his father's liberated serfs," he said quietly.

The prince took a step forward and then sank into a chair beside his writing-table, his face white and set.

"It is some hideous lie! Tell me everything!" he muttered.

Count Donskoi drew another paper from his leather wallet and ran his eye over it.

"This is the story," he said gravely. "In 1862 Nicholas Dalmy, a young serf about twenty-five years of age, belonging to the Smolensk estates of Prince Alexis Sumarakoff, having been previously liberated by the edict of '61, left Russia and came to America. He went to New Orleans and, being of unusual brightness and capability, quickly learned the language and obtained employment. During '63 and '64 he made large sums of money by daringly running the cotton blockade, and so laid the foundations of a fortune which he increased to enormous proportions during the following twenty years. It appears that he not only amassed a fortune, but he devoted much time to educating and improving himself, so that he became a distinguished-looking and cultivated man. Late in life—in the year 1880, to be exact—he married a young American girl, a native of New Orleans. She was very beautiful and well connected, but poor. Her family, it appears, knowing nothing of Dalmy's antecedents or history, were greatly pleased at the brilliant match she was making. A daughter, Marie, was born to the couple in 1881, and a year later both parents were carried off by yellow fever. The child grew up with her mother's people, knowing nothing of her father's relatives, rich, petted, accomplished, beautiful, but no less truly the daughter of Prince Sumarakoff's freed serf."

Count Donskoi continued to gaze thoughtfully out the window after he had ceased to speak, and for a long while there was silence in the room. A strangled sob aroused him. He got up and went over to the writing-table where Sumarakoff sat, his miserable face hidden in his folded arms. As he looked down on the wretched young prince the expression of pity and sympathy flitted once again and more lingeringly across his dark face.

"I tried to save you as much as I could—to prevent you from seeing too much of her until I could be sure. I cabled and telegraphed and hurried my men, so that you would not be exposed an hour longer than necessary to the danger of being with her. I am sorry not to have been able to do better than I have. It is very hard, I know—she is most beautiful, most lovely, all that a man could love and respect and admire. To an American, what I have told you would mean less than nothing. That it should be an insurmountable obstacle to marriage is the unhappy fortune of Prince Sumarakoff."

The young man rose from his chair and turned a haggard face to Donskoi.

"I should like to be alone," he said simply.

The older man bowed. At the door he paused an instant.

"Everything is in readiness. We leave at six in the morning," he said tentatively.

The prince hesitated an instant and then made an infinitely weary gesture of assent. With another fugitive look of pity at the white young face, Count Donskoi bowed once more and passed from the room.

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DAN CONROY'S TRIUMPH

By Edward W. Townsend

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THORNTON OAKLEY

FRANK CONROY'S teachers in the lower grades of the public schools early reported that he had a natural aptitude for mathematics which should be given scope. Dan, the father, heard of this, and though "natural aptitude" and "scope" were terms he did not understand, he understood later when the principal of the high school said the boy ought to have a chance in some profession. So Dan left his work an hour early one day, and waited before the schoolhouse to learn at first hand what future for his son this special gift might suggest. Small, but sturdy and erect, his clothes daubed with the soil of the street trench in which he had worked, a battered dinner bucket in his hand, Dan intercepted the principal with a respectful, "I beg your pardon, sir, but could I have a word with you about my boy?"

"Another complaint," thought the principal wearily, and asked, "What is your boy's name?"

"Frank Conroy, sir," answered the laborer; and the principal, noting the manliness looking out of the other's clear, honest gray eyes, knew that if it were a complaint he was to listen to it would be a reasonable one. "He tells me that you are saying that he has a fine head for figures; something uncommon, sir, I think you were saying," added Conroy.

They had a long talk, in which Dan received the impression that his son's mathematical mind was a gift from the principal, but this, though there seemed something odd about it, did not perplex the old man so much as to learn that mathematics was the foundation science upon which eminence in many industrial professions or callings was built. That to design a towering building, span a river with a bridge, or push a tunnel under the same river required a knowledge of mathematics, filled the workman's mind with wonder and delight; wonder, because he had thought such things were devised by some mystery-wisdom allied to magic; delight, because it suddenly made him exultant with a new ambition. Was not his son a mathematician!

"And could my boy, if he sticks to this job of studying figures, get to be one of those mechanical engineers you tell of?" Dan asked. "Even my son?" he added, his glance falling on his own rough clothes and his battered dinner bucket.

The principal answered with an encouraging smile, "There is no royal monopoly of knowledge, any more than there is a royal road to it."

"I thank you, sir," said Dan, and he was as uplifted as if he held a warrant for his boy's greatness in his hands—as in truth he did. He walked home through a fairyland which became no less fairy-like when his way led him into a poor neighborhood where two rooms of a tenement were home to him and his one motherless child.

Dan Conroy had always liked best to labor where he could see the results of engineering skill, see the very men who planned the great works upon which he toiled in the humblest capacity. They were to him the greatest of men, greater, even, than those for whom he also worked, the political bosses. The engineer's craft had for him the pleasure-giving quality which the sculptor's, even the musician's art, has for many; but that the skill he so much admired was acquirable by study, was a mental accomplishment, not a gift, had not until now entered his mind. Suddenly a vision was revealed to him: his own boy might become one of these masters; and the vision grew in brightness until the room where he now prepared the evening meal seemed suffused with the light which illumined his mental prospect. He was happily crooning an Old-Country ballad when Frank entered the room and smiled at his father a moment before he vigorously announced: "I'm going to leave school, dad. I've got a job!"

"Sure, then, there's two of them," said

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the father, setting down the teapot on the oilcloth-covered table. "I've a job for you as well."

"Not so good as mine," exclaimed the youth. "I'm going into a shipping department where I'll have a chance to be a shipping clerk, some day. What do you think of that?"

"Well, it's a nice gentlemanly job, Frankie, but I have a better one."

"Better than a shipping clerk? It must be a good one!"

"It is so, lad; you're to be a boss."

"A precinct boss?"

"Better nor that," responded Dan, enjoying the youngster's look of wonder.

"A district boss? I'll have to be twenty years older."

"Better nor that, too."

"Oh, you're joking, dad. There's only one man bigger than a district boss; and there's too many after that job for me to hope for it, even when I'm grown up."

"Well, my boy, I'll be fooling you no longer; it's no kind of a political boss at all. You're to be a boss of works. You'll be one of these here bosses what builds bridges and ships, and things the likes of those. That's what you'll be, for the schoolmaster told me the way of it."

Frank flushed and stared; this hint of a dream to come true was too wonderful to be met with quick speech. The young man had the elder's veneration for the engineer's profession; it was an inheritance, endowing with activity brain cells which solved so quickly for him the perplexities of mathematics; love of a skill in the father turned into an aptitude for that skill in the son. But Frank was a practical youth, and though he sometimes dreamed, yet he acknowledged conditions, and the one he now felt incumbent upon him was to leave school and earn his bread.

"It's engineers, Frankie, who build things; and engineers get their trade from arithmetic, as the schoolmaster was telling me. And he says to me that if I keep you in the high school for your two years more you can get into the school they have for those things. What's this he calls them?"

"Polytechnics."

"'Twas the very word he was using, but I disremembered. That would be four years more, again."

"But, dad, I can't let you support me six more years, and me bringing in no wages. I'm sixteen now, and you've already kept me in school two years more than the law makes you."

"'Tis not the law of the land, but the law of a father's love I'm obeying, lad. I want to see you the boss of works. I want to see you telling others what to do, and not always be told, like me. I want to see the big men come to you and say, 'Can we have a bridge here, Mr. Conroy?' and 'What will it cost?' says they. And 'Will we put the electric power on the cars, Mr. Conroy?' says they to you, and you tells them what's what. Ah, my boy, that's the kind of a boss you'll be; and to see you doing those grand things, making travel cheap, making work easy, making great things where there was little things, changing the city this way and that, like a fairy in one of those stories your mother used to tell you—and you'd open your eyes big at hearing them—that's what I want to see you doing. Have you no word for the new fairy story I'm telling you? You had as many as a lawyer when your mother told you tales no better, and not so true."

And the story came to the life of the boy as it came to the laborer in his vision. They lived in what many would call poverty, but were content with their manner of living, for the vision did not fade. Their poor rooms, meals, clothes, were never deplored; they were the signs of a willing sacrifice to the great purpose of both their lives. Instead of ever a despondent thought, Dan Conroy thanked fortune that his small political service was rewarded with the certainty of daily toil on city work. He noted with secret pleasure the respect in which even young engineers were held by the mighty contractors; listened in silent enjoyment to the wonder-tales fellow-laborers repeated about the big wages earned by engineers.

Frank was an enthusiastic student, stood high in his class, and places for such as he were waiting for more pupils than the polytechnic graduated. His professional rise was faster than merit alone would have made it, but no faster than his abilities warranted. He was employed by a company having large municipal contracts, and a district boss who kept a friendly eye on faithful Dan Conroy's boy may have hastened the young man's promotion. In a

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few years he finished his shop experience and passed from the charge of small contracts to the superintendency of important works.

Dan fretted that he never was employed as a laborer where he could see his boy as a boss, but Frank looked differently at this whole matter; he tried to dissuade his father from going on with any daily toil. When he rented a little house in a convenient suburb, where they had a woman to do the household duties they formerly shared, he said: "You needn't work any more, father; my salary is as much in a month as we used to have in a year, and I want you to enjoy leisure and rest."

"Leisure, is it? Doesn't that mean the same as idleness? I've never learned how to be idle. I never could. I like best to get tired and then come home and hear you tell what you're doing—where you're bossing. I'd like a job on the same work with you."

Dan paused after this speech and looked at his son inquiringly. He had made the same suggestion many times, hoping to hear Frank say he would get him a day laborer's place where he could see his son boss, but the son had never given a favorable response. Dan wondered, but would not ask. Some of the anticipated joy in his son's success was not realized; not even when Frank sold the patent-right to an invention for such a wonderful sum that he bought the new home and gave the deed for it to his father—who would rather have had one day's work under his boy.

As years passed, Frank was more often away from home, sometimes for weeks when directing work at a distance. Then he would send his father papers telling of constructions "in charge of the celebrated engineer, Frank Conroy, of New York." This was more unreal than to hear his son tell of his occupations, and the longing dwelt sleeplessly in the old man's heart to see his boy, his love and pride, as others saw him; commanding, respected, obeyed. "There'll not be many more years for me at a day's work," he sighed, "and unless I see the lad bossing a job I'll never believe in my heart that it's all real. I'll speak to him when next he has a contract near by, and ask him to let me work under him for a bit, until I satisfy my eyes. Then I'll be willing to give up work—though what I'll do without work, sure I don't know."

When Frank next returned from an absence of many weeks in the West he took his father's hands in greeting and held them, and he said, "Dear dad, congratulate me."

"Sure, my boy, I do that every day, as regular as I pray for you."

"Congratulate me on this: I'm going to be married."

There was a hitch in the old man's voice as he replied: "God bless you—and her. I know she's a good girl, Frank, for you had a good mother, and the sons of such turn to good women."

"The dearest and best woman in the world is Mary Holden."

Dan looked at his son, standing a head taller, a fine man of thirty, handsome, strong, but only a lad in the father's eyes, and gasped before he asked slowly, "Not the president's daughter?"

"Yes," answered the younger man with a laugh, "daughter of Mr. Holden, president of the company. Young Holden was a classmate of mine at the Tech, and invited me to the house, first, two or three years ago, and then I met Mary. The president came to see the finish of the work out West, and Miss Holden was with him. I returned on their private car with them, and when we arrived we were engaged."

He gave his father a hug, pushed him into a chair, and said with a pretended frown, "Now, dad, I've a lecture for you: you made a good job of bringing me up, considering the raw material you had to work with, but I failed to bring you up properly. I want you to stop work and be a gentleman, such a gentleman as Miss Holden should have for a father-in-law."

"She'd be ashamed to have her father-in-law a working man?" Dan asked quietly.

"It's not that, dad, but you must think of me."

"You are not ashamed of me, Frank?"

"Ashamed of you! I'd be ashamed of myself if I were," the young man responded heartily. "I've been dull in trying to make myself understood. Listen: I want Mary to respect me, as well as care for me. I've told her all about you; how you struggled long and hard to give me an education; how you saw the way to make something of me, and did it. She knows all that, for I've boasted of it—boasted of it for you, dad. But now, after all you've done for me, what would she think if she knew that you still worked hard when I'm

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Dan Conroy.

able to give you leisure and comfort? Don't you see the difference between my being ashamed of you and being eager to do all that I should for you?"

"Ye-es, lad, I suppose there's a difference, but it amounts to the same in the end, so far as I'm concerned."

"It amounts to my wanting you to stop work."

"Stop work, my boy? What would I do if I stopped work? It's all there is for me to do in the world—work!"

"If you must work, dad, I've a plan which will keep you busy, but not as a day laborer. The Holdens have a place in the country where I'll be much of the time after I'm married, and I've my eye on a little farm near by, which I'll buy for you and where you can dig as much as you like and be your own boss."

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"'Tis a great proposal, Frank, but I must have time to think it over."

This response was a subterfuge to gain time for the execution of a long-cherished plan: Frank was to be in charge of the substitution of a new bridge for an old one over a river not far from their home, and Dan knew that he could obtain employment there from a foreman under whom he had often worked. In fear of offending his son, Dan thought of going to the bridge as a mere onlooker, but the alternative was dismissed as not affording him the pleasure he longed for. What can the sightseer know of the relation—the subtile causes of hate and fear, of love and respect—between master and man? He wanted to observe his son from the viewpoint he had always had of the directing genius of work; to be a laborer among laborers under him, and hear and feel his fellows' estimate of his son; to know at last, from the one familiar, humble post he had always held, that the man in charge of all, himself included, was his boy. Only in that way could he quench his thirst for a seeing, feeling knowledge of Frank's greatness. His son's very manner might change if he knew his father was a sightseer. The only way was to be one of those Frank ruled.

His plan was easily carried out; the foreman was glad to employ as faithful and intelligent a man as Dan; so each morning early he left his home in his sedate frock suit, well brushed, looking like a prosperous man of business. Changing to his laborer's clothes in a tool-house, Dan worked steadily, proudly waiting for the daily visit of the engineer in charge—his son! It was as he thought; nothing his imagination summoned had given him a true picture of the importance of his boy. Here was no mere boss who ordered laborers and directed details of the work, but a master who dealt with the superintendent and foremen. Dan had no trouble in keeping his son ignorant of his presence; indeed, he would have had to force himself on his notice had he wished to be discovered, for Frank's eyes were on the work, not the workmen, and his speech was with the men in charge under him. At times Dan was near enough to hear his boy directing the very superintendent, a personage Dan never could have approached, yet there was Frank giving him orders! This was so far beyond his imaginings that the father could not wholly realize it at once, but day after day gloried more in heart and mind as Frank's real position became apparent to him—a boss of bosses!

"If ever I took that farm without seeing this," he would say to himself, "I would have died without knowing half the truth. My boy the boss of the boss! And the gentle words he uses; not an oath, but a polite, 'I'll have it done this way, if you please, Mr. Jones,' and 'See that this change is made before I'm here to-morrow noon, if you please.' Not a word of back talk from Mr. Jones, who could discharge the man who hires me. 'Tis wonderful!"

Mr. Jones had noticed the intelligence with which Dan performed the simple tasks given to him, and that he was a strong, sober man, and so asked for him with others who were to do some quick, precise work at the moment the new bridge, floated to its destined berth, settled down on the nicely adjusted bearings.

A number of officials of the contracting company and of the railroad which used the bridge were to be present when the creation of engineer Frank Conroy should be pronounced finished and ready for its appointed service. Dan's duty that morning was to hold suspended by a line a heavy bolt which, at a signal, was to be dropped into place. He was instructed to watch for the signal and lower at the moment, not sooner or later, or the tide would have altered an alignment the bolt was to secure, and another tide would have to be waited for to complete the work. Dan was proud of the assignment to such an important duty; to him it seemed as if he was to help emphasize the nicety of his son's mathematical skill. As he toiled and sweated among the greasy iron, and helped rig the line he was to handle at the critical moment, he felt that this was the climax of his own life's hard work, and rejoiced that it was to be identified with his son.

There was delay; a strong wind affected the tide, and the signalman called to Dan that he could rest his burden, but the old man would not do so. His arms were strong, his nerves steady, and he would hold the weight, for if the tide was at fault it might change unexpectedly, and he must be ready. But he could look about a little and see what was going on. At the

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Yet there was Frank giving him orders!—Page 190.

shore end near him he saw a party of ladies and gentlemen leave a private car and approach the span. The first to step on to the bridge was his son, and with him was a beautiful girl. She was looking at Frank as if attending while he explained the work, but Dan saw that in her eyes was only love and trust; no interest in facts of tides and weights and strains and adjustments. Only the interest of love. Dan remembered a woman looking into his eyes that way once, when Frank's mother was young and pretty, and he wished that she could see their son now, gallantly helping this girl up the plank connecting the shore track with the slowly lowering bridge, leading the party of great folks, the hero of the day!

"Steady there with that bolt line," called the signalman as Dan, in sudden panic,

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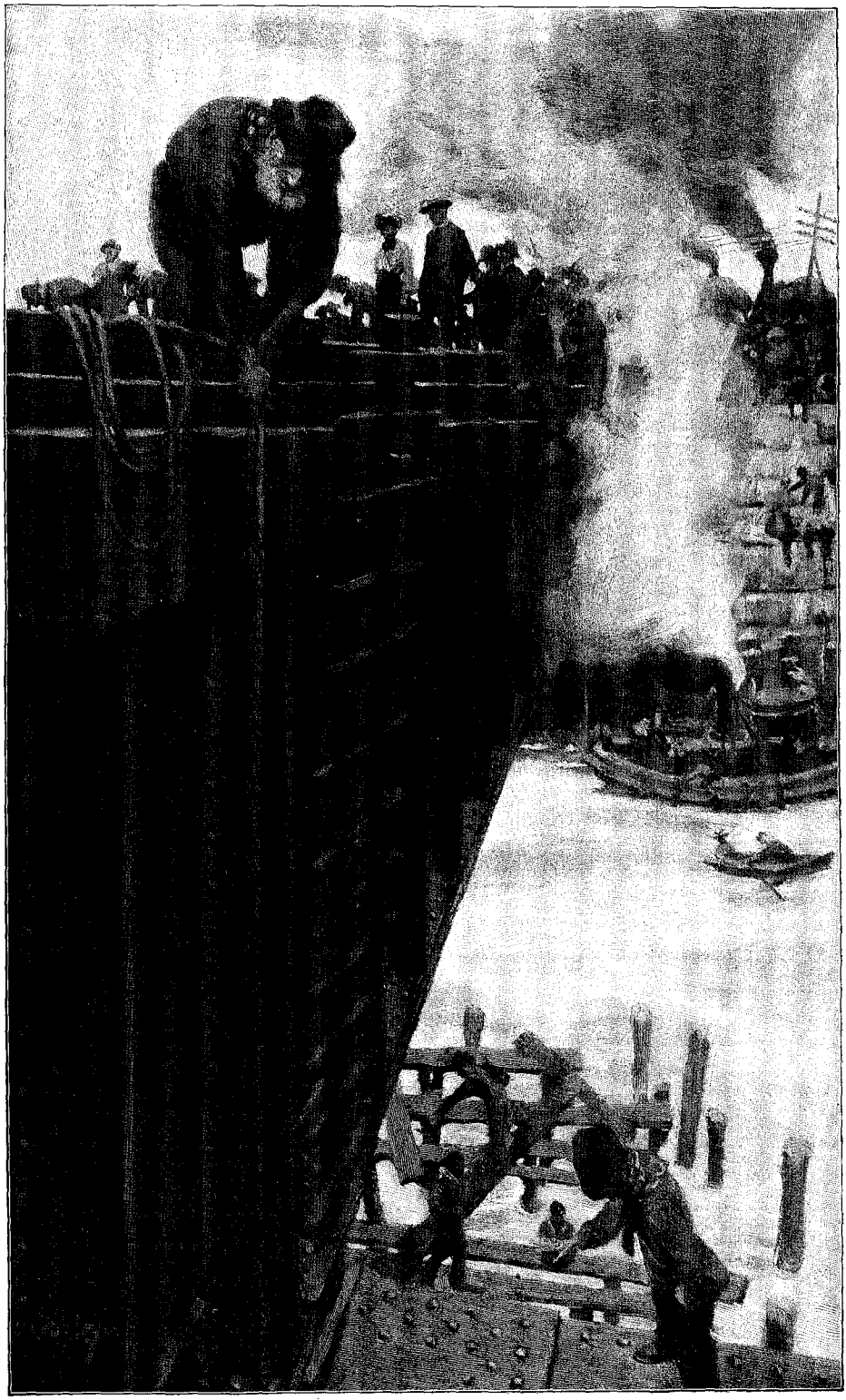

Drawn by Thornton Oakley.

He lowered the rope, steadily, quickly.—Page 193.

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turned his face away from the approaching party upon discovering their intention to cross the bridge. This would bring them so close to him that he would be recognized unless he were quick in getting away when the bolt was placed. He had not counted on this; he thought he would have finished his task and slipped away long before the visitors would cross, but the delay owing to the tide variation had brought them near his post earlier than he had expected. Soon they came so close that while he watched the signalman he could also, out of the corner of an eye, see Frank and Miss Holden. They stopped and Frank called back to those behind that a certain bolt must drop into place before they could proceed. Dan heard him say to the girl by his side: "That workman has something to do before I can say that this is a success. I hope he has a steady eye and hand, for a nice point in the operation depends on him."

Dan's bent head and soft hat concealed his face, and he was glad of it, for this unexpected occurrence, and the strain of his burden, were twisting his face into unlovely snarls. The suspense was affecting others; the visitors, the spectators on land and water, were silent, and, as they watched the slow movements of the mighty mass of steel, every action of a workman caused a start of nervousness. The signalman's hand rose; when it fell Dan must quickly, steadily, lower the bolt. His head began to swim a little with the excitement and the physical strain, and he prayed that his eyes might not fill, and obscure his sight. He saw nothing now but the raised hand, though he heard, mistily, the girl saying, "How exciting it is, Frank! But I know everything will be perfect, because you did it all."

"I'm only the boss," Frank answered, laughing, but a little nervously, as it sounded to Dan. "Everything now depends on the workmen."

Dan saw the signalman's hand wave, then fall, and with it he lowered the rope, steadily, quickly, and the great bolt slipped noiselessly into the well-oiled eyes; the bridge trembled, steadied, and then settled as true and firm on its piers as if it were an arching rock. There was a mad whistling by tugs and locomotives, cheers by the crowds, and the party back of Frank clapped their hands and cried, "Conroy! Bravo, Conroy!"

Frank smilingly lifted his hat, then gave his hand to Miss Holden to help her over an open space. Dan, the words "Bravo, Conroy!" ringing in his ears above all the din, slowly straightened up and tried to move away, but for the first time in his life that he could remember he felt faint, and his knees trembled. Miss Holden was first to notice his plight, and exclaimed, "See, Frank, that poor man who fastened the bridge is suffering!"

Dan turned his back and staggered a few paces, but Frank sprang to his side, caught him, and then for the first time saw his face.

"Father!"

"Go on, my boy. Go on, and no one will know me," whispered Dan huskily.

The young man flushed scarlet. His father's face was covered with grease and sweat, and drawn with strain and excitement. "Pass along," the old man pleaded; "I couldn't help coming to see you as a boss, but I didn't think you would see me. Go on!"

Frank turned to Miss Holden, stretched out his hand to her, and as she stepped to his side, said, "Mary, this is my father—my dear old dad."

The girl started, but not from embarrassment, and without a shadow of hesitation bent forward toward Dan, gathered up his cramped, moist, blackened hands in hers, supple, untried, white gloved, saying, "I would have known him, Frank, for no one but your father could have just such eyes."

Instinctive chivalry prompted Dan's reply: "I saw you looking into my boy's eyes a bit ago, and I pray to God you'll never see anything in them but love."

Mary Holden smiled, though her eyes filled with quick tears, and she said, "Frank, your father must come to the car and hear them congratulate you."

"Indeed he must," assented Frank. "Wash up, dad, and come to the car for lunch."

Dan's knees were all right, now. He hurried to the tool-house, where, after a lively splashing in a bucket of water, he put on his "walking clothes," as he called them, thankful that he wore such fine garments to and from work, and was soon seated at Miss Holden's side listening to compliments to his boy.

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"Isn't Frank splendid?" asked Miss Holden of Dan, when the hero had modestly responded to the speeches.

"He is so," whispered Dan. "He's the finest boss ever I saw. Oh, but I'm glad I saw him boss a job."

Miss Holden looked at the old man with a new expression. "I did not mean that," she said, "I mean how splendid it was in him to have you here to help him finish the work. That was fine!"

"It was so," answered Dan simply. "It has made the day my triumph, as well as his, miss."

A SECOND-HAND PARADISE

By Mary Bronson Hartt

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

THE sundew was having a bad quarter of an hour. Its sticky red feelers had long ago curled up tight with injury, and still Rebecca prodded it savagely with one little brown forefinger. Stretched prone upon the stony soil of Maine, Rebecca looked as she felt, the wretchedest little girl in seven counties. When one has been for a fortnight the playfellow of a resourceful Harvard man, it hurts to be tumbled back into just an ordinary little girl whom nobody wants.

Lifting her head, Rebecca could still catch glimpses of her recalcitrant knight in the very act of desertion. His white tennis-cap and Miss Polly's bright head bobbed cheerily in and out of sight as their owners descended the rough path that led to the Checkley Rocks. And Seth had promised honor bright to go a-fishing with Rebecca!

From the bottom of her rebellious little soul Rebecca wished that Miss Polly had stayed in Portland. Till she came to the Neck Rebecca had been, as Seth put it, "the only sail on the horizon." He was a Harvard sophomore, six feet two and broad in proportion, and she was small for eight and three-quarters. Yet Seth had taken notice of Rebecca. He had showed her Spouting Cave and the cranberry patch; had taught her to braid sweet-grass; had carried her "picky-back" over barnacles and slippery kelp to explore the sea marvels of the anemone pools at low tide. Between petting and bullying he had reduced her to adoring subjection. And then, just as the wild roses were rioting over the Neck, Miss Polly came, in all the radiance of young ladyhood, and Rebecca's little candle was snuffed out.

For a moment she thought weakly of running home to mother. But young as she was—she lacked a quarter to nine—Rebecca had learned to keep her troubles to herself, lest they get on mother's invalid nerves. Gulping down a particularly bitter tear, she renewed her assault upon the sundew.

It is a poor-spirited worm which, trodden, will not turn. But there was nothing poor-spirited about Rebecca. Her tortured self-love shortly goaded her into action. Seth should notice her again. She'd do something desperate. She'd—she'd get lost! *Then* she guessed he'd feel sorry. Her short memory went back to a summer when Cousin Tom got stranded in a tidal river and didn't come home till morning. She knew what would happen if she disappeared. Search parties would scour the Neck; all night long torches would go flashing about the dim woods and wagons would creak along the roads, the drivers hallooing into the dark. Rebecca had a feeling for the dramatic. Assuredly she would get lost.

Nerved by the vengeful thought, Rebecca scrambled to her feet and set off precipitately—nowhere in particular. The footpath into which she strayed led through a fragrant tangle of sweetbrier, sweetfern, and glossy bay, into a sandy road which climbed a low hill and seemed to stop in the sky. That road would do as well as any; Rebecca addressed herself to the ascent.

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She wore a light jacket, meant for the breezy rocks. Here, where the heat quivered dizzily over the white sand, it oppressed her. But she did not take it off. When one is miserable, one may as well be as miserable as possible.

At the top of the hill was a parting of the ways. Rebecca firmly chose the road that led away from home and the sea, and pursued it doggedly.

Now, indeed, she was in a strange country. Tall elderberry thickets hemmed in the road, which went meandering, houseless, into the far distance. Rebecca's eyes, which were big and solemn for her little brown face, went roving nervously over the unfamiliar world. In practice she didn't know that she liked being lost; it gave one such an empty feeling inside. Crickets shrilled insistently in the hedges. It was an infinitely lonesome sound. But if Rebecca's heart misgave her, her little legs carried her valiantly on her way.

Of a sudden from the thicket there flashed out a great scarlet butterfly. Rebecca knew him instantly for a Red Admiral, for Cousin Tom had one in a glass box. Now Red Admirals are rare, and more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold. Rebecca snatched her broad hat from her head and gravely gave him chase. The butterfly did as butterflies do. Coolly contemptuous of his weak-armed, thin-legged pursuer, he skimmed nonchalantly from bush to bush, evading the leghorn by a hundredth part of an inch. After him panted Rebecca, stern determination expressed in every line of her tense little body, and in the straightened bow of her resolute mouth.

Presently, rising from the top of an elder bush, the Admiral circled easily for a moment, and then sailed carelessly over the hedge. Clapping her hat on her head, Rebecca prepared to follow him. But behind the thicket was a high rail fence. Rebecca was hot and blown, and she didn't like rail fences. She hesitated. The Admiral brushed her cheek with a brilliant wing, just to show her how easy it would be to catch him. Rebecca straightway mounted the wobbling rails, and dropped in a weak huddle on the other side. Then as she straightened herself, the Red Admiral was forgotten in the amazing sight which met her eyes.

From her feet the ground fell away rapidly in a long, grassy slope. Below, in a delicious hollow, lay a little blue pond, holding in its midst a bit of an island shaded by one gigantic weeping willow. The high bluff and the thick elder hedge screened the whole from the highway.

The pride of the discoverer swelled the little heart of Rebecca Theodora. Not Columbus, not Balboa, ever tasted purer joy than this. Her very own! A really, truly secret! All the woes of her short life were outweighed by this one moment's bliss.

All the Crusoe blood in Rebecca's veins tingled as she contemplated that island. Her feet twitched to tread its enchanted soil. But how to get there? Rebecca worked her way down the slope through thistles and embattled mulleins till she stood upon the very brink of her new possession. On the dark surface of the pond floated two water-soaked logs, one widely crotched. That one looked quite capable of bearing passengers. Two or three slender poles, floating along with the logs, suggested that this Columbus, too, had had an Amerigo Vespucci. But Rebecca saw them only as potential paddles. Fishing one out, she carefully coaxed the crotched log inshore and essayed to board it. Forked as it was, it made a fairly seaworthy craft. But Rebecca knew nothing of the principle of the catamaran. The log rolled so alarmingly at the first touch that she was glad to cast herself bodily ashore. Plainly, standing on that log was out of the question.

Rebecca pondered. If one sat astride the thing it might be safer. But that would necessitate dipping one's feet in the water. Crouching down, she laboriously unbuttoned one little shoe and pulled off a short black stocking. But the notion of hazarding her pink toes in that gloomy water, peopled by who knew what fearsome creatures, gave her pause. With a big sigh she abandoned all hope of reaching the island that afternoon, drew on the discarded shoe and stocking, and set about reconnoitering the margin of the pond.

A poet might have found flaws in Rebecca's watery paradise. Floating on the far side of the island was something which looked rather like an abandoned mortar-box, and by peering down into the brown depths of the pond one might see dim shapes of wheels, and the glint of something not unlike a tomato-can. But Rebecca wrapped

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these untoward objects in romance as an oyster veils intrusive sand particles in iridescent pearl. Only the lengthening of the shadows, telling of supper-time near at hand, drove her from the water's edge.

Considering that she was irrevocably lost, Rebecca had surprisingly little difficulty in finding her way back to the hotel. Indeed it was not until she beheld the faithless Seth perched on the veranda rail that she so much as remembered she was lost. Her soul was set on weightier matters than the avenging of petty snubs. While day lasted she went about in a blissful waking dream, which merged itself at bedtime into the long, long dream of happy night.

Next morning, bright and early, Rebecca stole away to the hollow, this time armed with a pair of diminutive rubber boots. The forked log lay accommodatingly inshore. Rebecca grasped a pole, and with her heart in her mouth bestrode the careening craft, one shining rubber boot dipped in the water on each side. One bold shove and the shore was left behind. It was but a few feet from the mainland to the island. But to this unskilled mariner it seemed no small voyage. Rebecca's strokes were feeble; her pole slipped on the slimy stones; and every now and then a sudden drop in the bottom level threatened to precipitate her bodily into the pond.

Disembarkation was no less serious. The first pressure of her foot on the shore sent the log off into deep water, and it was only by dint of grasping the long grass with both hands and crawling off on all fours, that she finally effected a landing.

The island proved to be worth all the pains of the voyage. It was large enough to accommodate a whole family of shipwrecked mariners. Its limited coastline ran out into fascinating little capes and bays, which set Rebecca to work at once devising names for them. A stiff breeze swept the pond into crisp little ripples which clucked and cooed enchantingly against the grassy shore. The big willow let the sunlight sift down brokenly through its drooping branches, and its great looping roots made a series of tempting armchairs all about its foot. Rebecca dropped into one of these and let her imagination have its way.

No thought of sharing her discovery crossed Rebecca's mind. Unsocial little body that she was, she had little in common with the rollicking children at the Cammock, and she had no desire to have them invade the seclusion of her island. There was only one person in the world whom she would have liked to take into the secret—Mr. Seth. But that was obviously impossible in view of his late disloyalty. So her plans were laid for solitary occupation.

First she must devise a place to store treasure. Otherwise where was the use of a desert island? Did not the Swiss Family Robinson gather together the salvage of the wreck, to wit: five kegs of gunpowder, as much sailcloth and cordage as they could load upon the raft, such supply of provisions as had not been spoiled by the sea, and many other things which they foresaw would be of use? Assuredly there must be properties.

Rebecca had brought with her, to begin with, a little bag of beach treasure—scallop-shells of many colors, gold and silver jingle shells, and a handful of clam-shells. By dint of much scouring with sea-sand and one's own long-suffering thumb, these clam-shells could be made to yield faint tints of pink, or green, or silvery gray. Clam-shells, moreover, make trusty spades. Here under the biggest and highest arched of the willow roots might be hollowed out a cave the size of one's two fists, or maybe even as big as one's head. That was obviously the first duty of Rebecca. She and the sharp little clam-shell went valiantly to work. Before the sun stood overhead the "cave" was an accomplished fact. Lined with the reddest of the scallop-shells it made a royal hiding place, if a small one. Rebecca felt that at last she had something to live for.

From that day forward she carried on a dual existence, a perfunctory one at the Cammock, where one must dine and sup and be bathed and put to bed; and another real one on her enchanted island. Day by day she carried there such things as she held dearest: a china dog with one leg and an eighth of a tail, two empty pill bottles, several strings of leathery whelk's eggs which rattled when one shook them, a store of paper lace in a wooden box with a lid that opened and shut, and other things too numerous to mention. Among them she lived a life as mythical as a dryad's and as happy.

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Rebecca could still catch glimpses of her recalcitrant knight in the very act of desertion.—Page 194.

No one suspected her secret. She went about with a face as non-committal as a sphinx. Her mother supposed her safe with Seth Grosvenor, of whose defection she had not been informed. And dissimulation which stopped on the righteous side of lying kept Rebecca's daily pilgrimages from the knowledge of the other children at the hotel.

A week passed, and the little secret remained safe. Then something happened to make the solitude of desert islands seem rather less desirable. Rebecca was busy under the willow one morning, when a great white horse, turned loose in the hollow, came ambling down to the pond to drink. Rebecca had seen him once or twice afar off. But to-day he splashed bodily into the water, placing the trembling little adventuress between the devil and the deep sea. If there was anything Rebecca dreaded, it was a wild horse. She scarcely breathed till the great beast had stopped his noisy guzzling and taken himself off. It was with acute misgivings that she made the home voyage and left the haunted hollow. She feared she should never have the courage to enter it again alone.

Up to that time Rebecca had turned a cold shoulder on all Seth's attempts at reconciliation. Masculine bungler that he was, Seth regarded her as a superior sort of toy to amuse oneself with when it pleased one, and to be put by when the fancy suited. He liked her because she was shy and quaint and exquisitely teasable. But he hadn't a suspicion how much real woman there was tucked away in her little personality. Underestimating her affection, he underestimated her resentment—to his cost.

That night the whim seized him to take his sulking playmate by storm. Coming quietly behind her with his bicycle, he swung her suddenly to his handle-bars, mounted, and was spinning down the road with her before she could open her mouth to protest. Like all women, Rebecca worshipped a masterful man. So though she turned her head away, and pretended to be deaf to Seth's extravagant protestations of remorse, she was soon laughing in spite of herself and the field was lost.

The sun was just dipping into a bank of cloud when Seth turned the wheel homeward, and, as fate would have it, chose the road which led by the secret hollow. Rebecca's heart was large toward penitent Mr. Seth. Besides, there was the dreadful wild horse. Rebecca told him all. Sworn to eternal secrecy, he was even permitted to enter her paradise.

The hollow lay in deep shadow, save for the tremulous crimson of the water, lit by the glowing sky. At the top of the bluff the two sat down and made up their differences most handsomely. Not till the pond glowed

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But to this unskilled mariner it seemed no small voyage.—Page 196.

blue-black, with one faint star-trail across it, did they leave the place. They rode homeward through the summer dusk, heavy with the moist fragrance of night woods, and vocal with the eerie cries of night-waking birds, Rebecca drowsily, but supremely happy.

Alas! the very next morning came a Portland aunt, and carried her off to the city to buy her the wardrobe her mother was too ill to plan. For a mortal week she was dragged about from shop to dressmaker, from dressmaker to fussy milliner, until her heart was sick, and her body aweary of this wicked world. As if one cared for finery when one's soul dwelt apart upon a desert island!

Rebecca breathed deep of the calm salt breeze as they rumbled along in the old open barge, back to the beloved Neck. Even the familiar scent of a pole-cat, wafted through the woods, carried comfort

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to her homesick soul. Scarcely waiting to kiss mother and greet old friends, she scampered off to the pond in the hollow.

Behold! two bicycles leaned against the elder-thicket. With a sudden fear at her heart Rebecca pushed through the bushes and mounted the fence. It was too true! Her secret playground had been invaded. A broad-shouldered youth in tweeds was helping a graceful girl to balance herself on Rebecca's rolling log. Rebecca rubbed her eyes and looked again. Surely it could not be! Yes, it *was*, Seth Grosvenor, and that odious Polly Porter!

Poor outraged Rebecca crouched among the low bushes, her cheeks burning, her little heart hot within her, and watched the profanation of her paradise. Miss Polly had much ado to keep her balance on the log. She shrieked prettily and clutched Seth's arm when the log rolled, and then laughed musically at her own cowardice. Rebecca's breath came in cruel little gasps. Verily her gods had fallen! Seth's faithful vows of fealty and friendship, his pledge of secrecy deep as death, not yet a sennight cold upon his lips—where now were they? Where now Rebecca's free-given loyalty and trust? All sacrificed to make Miss Polly's holiday! Oh, bitter, bitter day! In the ecstasy of her wretchedness Rebecca very nearly let a sob escape her.

Seth's strong poling brought the log-boat swiftly to the island's edge. He

Sworn to eternal secrecy, he was even permitted to enter her paradise.—Page 197.

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sprang easily ashore and fairly lifted Miss Polly to the bank. From her hiding-place Rebecca saw them saunter round the big willow and come upon her shell-paved cave and all her precious castaway's tackle. She saw Seth stoop and pick up her sacred properties one by one, and hold them out to Miss Polly and *laugh*. Rebecca clenched her small fists in a fury of jealous rage.

Suddenly a determined light came into her eyes. As the intruders sank down luxuriously at the far side of the willow, she rose, and crept stealthily down to the opposite side of the pond. The broad willow trunk hid her effectually from Seth and Miss Polly. Both logs lay afloat on this side of the island, and Seth had carelessly dropped his pole alongside them in the water. Rebecca fished out a sapling from the half dozen floating near shore, and with it decoyed to land all the remaining paddles. These stranded, she carefully enticed the log boats to the shore, and with infinite pains ran one end of each securely aground.

Then she hesitated, half relenting. From behind the big willow came a rippling laugh. "Queer little creature, isn't she?" gurgled Miss Polly. That settled it. With the expression of an avenging goddess, the "queer little creature" turned on her heel and left her foes marooned on the tupenny island.

At the top of the slope she looked back. Miss Polly and Seth were still oblivious of all but each other's eyes. With a bursting heart Rebecca turned and left the place. So felt Eve, driven from the Garden. Only Eve didn't leave Adam behind her paying marked attentions to another woman.

No comfort awaited her at the Cammock. Mother had gone to bed with a headache. When tea-time came Rebecca had to master her feelings and go down to the big dining-room alone. Seth's empty place mutely reproached her. "Serves him right!" she muttered fiercely, and defiantly attacked her supper. But fried cunners had lost their savor and steamed clams their charm. Rebecca told herself it was resentment that choked her. But the truth was a vague anxiety was beginning to penetrate the red mists of her wrath. For the first time she began to wonder how her victims were to escape from the snare she had set. "Serves him right!" she said again under her breath.

All the same she didn't finish her supper. She stationed herself on the veranda where she could see Seth when he came. He was so big, surely so tiny an island could not hold him long. He was so wise, before this he should have found some way out of the dilemma. No doubt he had, and by this time was supping merrily at the Atlantic House, where Miss Polly stayed. He didn't deserve to be worried about, but it made one feel very queer to have him stay away.

Sunset glowed and paled, and a gray mist came up out of the sea; and still Seth did not come. Charades were going at the Checkley, and Cammock people, with shawls and lanterns, began to stroll off up the road by twos and threes. By eight o'clock the veranda was deserted save for a handful of night-fearing old ladies and Rebecca.

Rebecca curled herself up in a big rustic rocker, and watched and listened, a cold fear beginning to tug at her heart.

Half an hour passed, and then a bicycle came spinning out of the dusk; a lad flung himself off at the Cammock steps and called out breathlessly, "Is my sister—is Polly Porter here?"

"Why, no," answered a voice from the dark veranda. "She hasn't been here. What's the matter?"

"She went off with Seth Grosvenor early this afternoon," said the boy, with a queer catch in his voice, "and they haven't turned up yet. Guess I'll just ride round the Neck and see what has become of them."

"Where did they go?" someone asked as he mounted. "Don't know," he called back over his shoulder, and vanished into the mist.

Rebecca's soul died within her. Something fearful must have happened. At the other end of the veranda three old ladies began to croak dismally together. All the bugaboo stories of the Neck, the harrowing tales of accident by sea and land, were rehearsed in the darkness. Every word reached Rebecca's shrinking ear with pitiless distinctness. With these gloomy forebodings chimed in the melancholy chant of tree-frogs and the lonesome wash of the out-going tide. Rebecca's little body chilled and stiffened with dread. Her eyes ached with straining through the dark. It seemed hours before the slow, painful creaking of wheels broke the stillness, and the old Scarboro barge drew up before the door.

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She shrieked prettily and clutched Seth's arm when the log rolled.—Page 199.

"Any news from Polly Porter?" chorused the croakers.

"Na-a-aw," came the driver's drawling answer. "N' I d'know's we'll *git* any to-night, nuther. I've druv over nigh abaout the hull Neck an' I ain't seen nothin'. Like's not they've gone off in some dory or ruther an' got carried aout to sea. Mis' Porter, daoun't th' Atlantic's abaout crazy. If we only knowed a little suthin' which way the durn fools went we might stan' some chanst o' doin' suthin' in the dark. But the way it is I cal'late we won't find 'em 'fore mornin'. Giddup!" And the barge creaked away.

Poor Rebecca! Foreboding seemed turned to certainty. Her excited fancy conjured up a thousand ghastly images: Seth lying drowned at the bottom of her pond; Seth devoured by the wild horse; Seth fearfully hurt in trying to get ashore. And she, Rebecca Theodora, had done it, and she should have to live and remember it. It is noticeable that of Miss Polly Porter she thought not at all.

With desire unspeakable she longed to

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confess. Had mother been well she might have carried the heavy tale to her. As for the old ladies on the veranda, they were strangers. She looked down the dark road and tried to fancy she could go and seek the lost. But the thought of lonesome woods and pole-cats and hoot-owls was too awful.

By rights she should have gone to bed. Indeed she was on honor so to do. But when one is hopelessly depraved, what matters a shade or two deeper dye? She sat on, rigid, with chattering teeth, awaiting the worst.

It was quite ten o'clock when Rebecca at last saw another bicycle coming slowly out of the mist. The rider wheeled unsteadily up to the steps and dismounted with the air of an exhausted man. It was, it truly was, *Seth*.

Rebecca's heart turned quite over in her breast. Its sick thumping slowly ceased. Her tense muscles relaxed, and a trembling seized her from head to foot.

A chorus of questions broke out about Seth. "Well, where *have* you been?" "Where's Polly Porter?" "What sort of prank have you been up to now?"

Rebecca saw Seth stride into the bar of light from the hallway. He was hatless; his clothes were smeared with green and smutched with mud. He left wet footprints on the veranda floor. His face was not amiable. Shaking his hands petulantly above his head, he cried: "*Been?* I've been in a pond, and I've had a puncture and a girl with a sprained ankle on my hands. That's all. Now let me be! I'm starved, and I'm frozen, and I'm wet through. I shan't say another word to-night." Rebecca heard him stump into the house.

Her legs, when she found them, were as weak and shaky as if she had had a fever. She crept upstairs and took refuge in the blessed relief of tears.

Conscience awoke her at dawn with the cold conviction of guilt. She wondered whether Seth suspected who had got him into the scrape. Would he tax her with it at breakfast? Rebecca could fairly hear his big voice resounding through the Cammock, publishing her guilt to the very rafters. The thought was unbearable. Better confess at once and face the consequences. She got up and dressed, and with the uneasiest anticipations, slipped downstairs.

On the veranda sat Seth, fresh from an early dip, radiating good-nature like a great Newfoundland puppy. He wouldn't look like that when he knew. Rebecca tried to steal away. But Seth caught sight of her scared eyes peering round the door-post. Swooping down upon her, he caught her high in the air. Rebecca visibly shook.

"Why, little un, what's the matter?" Seth demanded gustily. But Rebecca only trembled the more and held down her eyes.

Seth dropped into a chair and set her firmly on his knee. "Now, then," he said briskly, "You don't take me for a ghost, do you?"

Rebecca tried to wriggle away, but Seth held her tight. "Out with it!" he cried in his awfullest voice. Seth was beginning to suspect. Now or never; Rebecca took her courage in both hands and plumped out the truth. "It was me that stole the log." There! it was out at last.

"What! *You*" Seth thundered with knit brows. "Those great logs? You couldn't."

Rebecca deposed and swore she did.

Seth put her quickly off his knee. "You little viper!" he exclaimed heartily. And he strode up and down the veranda looking very black indeed. Rebecca shook in her little shoes, but she was glad she had told.

After a turn or two Seth came back, his brow smoothed, and drew her to him, not ungently. "You got me into a nice fix," he said, studying her curiously. "I should really like to know what possessed you."

Rebecca drew a long breath. "You promised honor bright never to tell a living soul about my island," she sputtered.

"By George!" quoth Seth heartily. "So I did. Now, I *am* sorry. Do you know, I forgot all about it. Poor little Crusoe!" He smiled and held out his arms.

Rebecca went gladly and wept on his shoulder. Seth patted her soothingly. "You had a handsome revenge," said he, with a rueful look. "You should have stayed to see. That confounded island was so small that I couldn't get room for a run and a leap, or I could have jumped ashore. I never was any good at a standing broad jump. Well, then I went to sea on an empty mortar-box you left me. But it had a hole in it, and the first I knew it was spouting like a geyser and going down. So then I tried swimming. But I barked my shins on a sunken grocery cart or the like, and had to give up. I'm too long to swim in that puddle. Last of

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Rebecca curled herself up in a big rocker.—Page 200.

all, I tried walking ashore. But it was no go; that outrageous little pond was over my head in spots. You pretty nearly drowned me, you little villain! *Then* think how you'd have felt!"

Rebecca knew. She had felt. She shivered.

"Well," Seth went on, "by scrambling over snags and treading water in deep places I finally came to land. But how to get out? Rebecca, the unromantic fact is, your pond isn't natural. It has masonry sides, and rough masonry at that, all covered with slime. So there I stood, up to my neck in water, clawing at the bank and trying to swarm that slippery wall. And all the time Polly was shrieking with laughter and praying for a kodak. Oh, it was edifying, I assure you.

"As if that wasn't enough, when I had hauled myself out and shoved off a log and got Polly safe to land, she managed to turn her ankle getting up the bank. Then the fat *was* in the fire. I got her over the fence somehow, set her on her wheel, got on mine and trundled her off toward home.

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"You're welcome to your old second-hand island."

Goodness knows we were late enough then! But half a mile from the Atlantic House, 'pop!' went my front tire, and the rest of the way I had to walk the two wheels. Now don't you think you punished me enough? And if I forgive you, oughtn't you to forgive me?"

Rebecca gave him a bear's hug by way of answer. "But you'll never take Miss Polly there any more, will you?" she begged.

Seth frowned. "Why, little girl, you don't want to keep poor Miss Polly out of paradise, do you?"

Rebecca nodded vigorously. Yes, she did.

"Now, look here, little un," said Seth, slowly. "If you'll promise not to give it away, I'll tell you a great, big secret. I know you don't forget to keep *your* word."

Rebecca promised.

"Well," said Seth, dropping his voice impressively, "Miss Polly and I are engaged. By and by we mean to be married. Isn't that nice?"

Rebecca's heart contracted. She *despised* Miss Polly.

Obtuse that he was, Seth saw her brow cloud with amazement. "Aren't you pleased?" he demanded. "It's customary to congratulate people."

Rebecca said she didn't know how.

"Oh, well, we'll consider it done," said Seth magnanimously. "Now, then, Miss Polly and I like that pond because we can talk over our plans there quite by ourselves. You won't mind if we go there, will you? It's the only place on this confounded Neck where there are no busybodies to spy upon us."

Rebecca hardened her heart and shook her head. Miss Polly had taken Seth, it seemed, but the mischief was in it if she should take her island.

"Hang it all, Rebecca!" burst out Seth, his patience gone. "You've no corner on that island. The fact is I knew that pond before you were born. It belonged to the old Prospect House, that burned. Polly and I went there a lot last summer. I didn't like to say so before, because you seemed so mightily pleased with your discovery. But if you're going to be obstinate——Hello! Where are you going?"

Rebecca, chin in air, was marching off. She called back in her grown-uppest manner, without looking round: "You're welcome to your old second-hand island. I have no further use for it." And before Seth could speak she disappeared into the hallway.

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Not stopping for breakfast, Rebecca snatched a hat and went to paradise. Most of the way she ran. Paddling over to her island, she gathered up all her treasures and one by one sunk them relentlessly in the depths of the pond. Even the china dog with one leg and three-eighths of a tail was not spared. She filled up the precious treasure-cave, and cast its bright shell-pavement into the water, obliterating the last trace of her brief occupancy. Thus did Rebecca abolish paradise. And when she had done these things she sat herself down and wept bitterly.

A PILGRIM IN BEULAH

By Georg Schock

THE fields were full of late clover too sparse to be cut or of corn-shocks with pumpkin-vines sprawling between. The great fat pumpkins looked almost bright enough to send out a light of their own. They were a part of the fall day, like the asters in the fence-corners and the gray-edged clouds that idled across the sky. A poplar, that maiden lady among trees, standing beside the road all alone, was so ruffled by the wind that its leaves stood straight up and appeared to be made of silver, and the mourning veil of a solitary walker blew out like a pirate flag.

She caught it, pulled it into place, and tramped on steadily. She was a strong old woman. There was not much gray in the hair under her bonnet-ruche and her cheeks matched the frosted blackberry leaves along the fence. She was dressed like any well-to-do Berks County matron out for a day, but the basket in her hand was at odds with her clothes, for it was one of the brightly-flowered affairs made of aloe-fibres that tourists bring from the Texas border. When one saw the basket one did not wonder that its owner kept looking about as though she had not lately come that way.

But she advanced as purposefully as a bird returning to its nest, and when the road ran up a hill she walked faster. At the top she stood still, looking as the bird might on finding the important tree cut down. As she was a Dutchwoman her face was unruffled and she did not exclaim, but her thoughts were almost distinct enough to sound like a voice in the wide spaces of the fields. She went on after a minute. A little way beyond was a farm-house, a fine place with all the trees in the yard whitewashed up to the first fork and lines of oyster-shells around the flower-beds. Here she stopped again and stared.

A small girl came around the corner of the house. "Who lives here?" the stranger asked. The child hung her head, peeped out from her pink sun-bonnet, and scuttled back like a little animal getting to cover. The stranger continued to look about until another woman appeared and stood before her with a watchful and neutral aspect; then she repeated, "Who lives here?"

"Ephraim Shultz's family."

"What Shultz?"

"Isaac Shultz vas his father."

"Isaac Shultz." The stranger seemed to be trying to remember something. Suddenly her face lighted up and she stepped forward. "Katie Dunkleberger!" she exclaimed joyfully. The other woman was not responsive. "Don't you know me, Katie? I used to live here. Don't you remember Magdalena Heil?"

They exchanged a long look; then the second woman smiled and put out her hand over the fence. "Vell, I declare!" she said. "Come right in. Vere did you come from?"

In the parlor with her bonnet off the visitor observed the gilt paper, the organ, and the framed wax wreath on the wall. "I guess it looks stranche to you," the hostess said. "How long since you left?"

"Fifty years last May."

The two women gazed at each other again. Between the past that they had in common and the present their lives had not been unlike, but they did not know it, and the sight of each other's altered faces made

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them realize that the common past was very long ago. When Magdalena spoke her words were ordinary but her voice was solemn. "You're right it's stranche. When I come to the top of the hill ant the big woods wasn't here I didn't know right where I was. Ant the house was nothing but logs when we had it. It had no porch ant no paint."

"That's so," said Mrs. Shultz cheerfully. "Isaac had the veather-boards put to it ven ve come here first. Ve vasn't married yet ven you vent off. He vas chust going vith me then."

"How is Isaac getting along?"

"I buried him vill be sixteen years the 30th of next month. That's his wreath in the frame."

"Ant you live here yet?"

"Yes, vith my son Ephraim. He is my only child. He married late, but he has a nice vife ant he gets along. They vent to the city to-day ant I keep the children."

The stranger looked out of one window and then another, as though trying to harmonize what she saw with some mental picture widely different. Mrs. Shultz became impatient for the due return of information. "How have you been?" she said at last, as a start.

"Good."

"Ven did you come?"

"Last night."

"Vere do you live now, Magdalena?"

"I live West. I guess you don't know about it. I forgot how long it is since I left," said the stranger as though she were acknowledging the duty of speech. "Well, Henry ant I we went off to farm, ant first we went to Ohio ant it didn't go right, so we went along until we got away out ant then we stayed. Las Cruces is the post-office."

"That's a funny name. Do you farm?"

"All the boys farm but one. Henry lives with me on the old place ant William is near by, ant Maggie ant Mary they are married ant live near too. Only Chon is an enchineer ant he has a chob at Chihuahua."

"Does your Henry live yet?"

Magdalena's eyes reddened as she shook her head, and there was a sympathetic silence in which the other old eyes filled too. "Yes," Mrs. Shultz sighed—the monosyllable by which the Dutch soul expresses patient wonder at the decrees of Providence. She was the first to break the sad quiet. "Vill you stay here now?"

"If I like it. I stay at the tavern a little, anyhow, ant go around ant see the folks."

"Yes, it ain'd many to see no more. They are mostly all up in the graveyard. Magdalena, hadn't you a baby already before you vent off?"

"The baby died."

"Then I guess you find him up there too. Vell, he has lots of company."

The light through the green blinds was as cool as a sea-cave and the room was almost as still. From outside came the odor of apples fallen from an old, old apple-tree, the throaty comments of a hen pecking about, and children's voices. These two women, accustomed to long, busy, silent hours, felt no need of much speech even after fifty years. In the pauses their thoughts moved slowly.

"What's become with Elmira Miller?" asked Magdalena.

"They buried her it's twenty-five years already. Her son he lives down the road a little."

"How is Sallie Leinbach?"

"She vent off," said Mrs. Shultz, her pleasant face growing severe. "Her folks never said anything, ant they are all dead now."

Magdalena tried again. "Does Lizzie Keller live yet?"

"Lizzie Keller? I don'd know such a name."

"Ach, yes, Katie, Lizzie Keller that used to go to school. She was always such a good reader. She had red hair ant she lived down on the creek."

Mrs. Shultz nodded in a deliberative manner. "Yes, I know now," she said. "She got married ant moved to the city soon after you left, ant they say she got so stylish."

"I didn't think right how long it is since I vas here," Magdalena repeated sadly.

Suddenly there was an outbreak in the yard. A large white dog dashed by the window, barking the bark that means, "I assume that you are respectable until I see that you are not"; three little boys followed, running in a business-like way; the small girl pursued them, her bonnet-strings flapping behind her; they all disappeared around the house and presently were heard the notes of a hand-organ. It was old, but in the country silence it sounded loud and gay.

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The two women went out on the porch, which served as a box for the performance. The children were in a row along the fence, one boy on the gate and the little girl looking anxiously through the pickets, and the dog was quiet for the moment, observing, though he evidently had much more to say. Out in the dust the organ-grinder worked away at his tune; he played three times, and then looked up at the porch pleadingly. Mrs. Shultz regarded him with calm interest and seemed to have no idea of personal responsibility; the eldest boy opened the gate and the dog squeezed through ahead of him; Magdalena began to hunt for her pocket. "I guess I give him a little something," she murmured. When she put the pennies into his hand over the fence the young fellow smiled beautifully and spoke in a hesitating way. "He says dare he have a drink," said Magdalena.

"Go fetch the dipper," Mrs. Shultz ordered the youngest boy. The children found it hard to decide whether to stay where they were and keep their eyes upon the musician or to follow their brother, who in his capacity of Ganymede might do something unusual and noteworthy. Those who remained heard their grandmother ask, "Could you make out vat he said?"

"Yes. Henry used to have such Mexicans to work for him. They were fine with the stock ant they talked something like this fellow. It wasn't chust like it, but if you could get along with them you could make this out, too."

"Can you talk it?"

"Chust a few words."

The small boy's courage gave out at the lastmoment, so the eldest one had to give the dipper to the Italian. He drank gratefully, then he looked up at Magdalena, who had understood him, the organ clicked as he changed the tune, and the comfortable Dutch yard filled with the old air of longing and farewell.

Sconto col sangue mio
L'amor che posi in te!

He shrugged his shoulders to ease the strap and started down the road, still playing

Non ti scordar di me!
Leonora, addio!

The four little heads turned to stare after him, the dog, who had been silent until now, perhaps under the weight of some canine emotion, barked amiably, and the women moved as though they had been still for a long time. "He is a strancher here, too, I guess," said Mrs. Shultz, smiling.

Magdalena made no comment. "I better start now," she said.

"No, you ain'd going yet, here ven you chust come. You stay ant eat dinner. I make it right avay. Vere do you vant to go, anyhow?"

"Up the road a little."

"To see some of the folks?"

"I thought I'd go in the graveyard," Magdalena said as though she were uncovering a deep reserve.

Mrs. Shultz gave her a gentle, comprehending look. "Vell, you stay ant eat, ain'd? Then you can go," she said softly.

Though the dinner was good and her friend begged her to come back she was glad to start away by herself. The fields did not take what fell to them and return their fruits more unquestioningly than Magdalena Heil accepted the incidents of every passing day; but even the fields may be puzzled by the cruelty of the sun, the denial of the rain. It was a three-mile walk to the church, and when she had gone half-way she sat on a warm rock to rest. She had been there for some minutes before she noticed the organ-grinder stretched in the shade of a wild-cherry tree and watching her with friendly, dog-like eyes. She beckoned to him. "Are you hungry?" she asked. He nodded and smiled, and she took her own lunch out of the gay basket. "Might sit down here ant eat it," she said. It was a proof of her loneliness that she liked the presence of this gentle alien who could not tell her anything that would disappoint her.

He laid the heavy organ on the grass, sat down, and opened the package eagerly. Though visibly surprised to find himself admitted to so much acquaintance, he accepted it with the grace of his gallant and flexible people; his look was an invitation, and she said, "I did eat, chust go on," in answer to it. She asked questions and he explained, in Italian and soft English and free gestures, that he was getting over a fever. "Ver' sick," he said. "Hospital long time; then not can make road. Now I go ting-a-ling to get money; an' soon I go home—to Naple'."

She nodded; her face was maternal. "How much must you have?" she asked,

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and then she pointed to a ring on his brown hand. "I guess you're married."

The young fellow shook his head, smiling and conscious. "Pretties' girl in Naple'!" he exclaimed joyfully. "An' she expec' me!"

"You are awful stranche here," remarked Magdalena, getting out her purse. "You take this to help along a little." The size of the gift made him forget his English; he could only say, "*Graz', Signora, graz'!*" and look at her with eyes full of facile devotion. He watched for a sign that she wished to be rid of him, but she made none, so he stayed where he was, looking into the sky with the happiest thoughts shining in his face—of a bay incredibly blue and a mountain-top with smoke above it, long warm hours of doing nothing in the sun, and the prettiest girl in Naple'. Magdalena, reminded of Henry's lean Mexicans, had her vision too: a plain where the winds played with the dust, cotton-woods thick with mistletoe, and a river with quicksands and a thread of water. These two had wandered together from distant places; their bodies were side by side; but in a moment of leisure their souls flew gently apart, each to its home.

Magdalena soon said good-bye and hurried away. In this day of new things she expected the sight of the old stone church like the unaltered face of a friend, and she grew more and more eager. Far down the road she could see the graveyard, a patch of green spotted with white. "It's fuller than what I thought," she said to herself, "ant much bigger." Then she turned the corner. The old building was gone. A flourishing red brick structure stood under the same trees.

She pushed open the gate and went in, bewildered; for the first few minutes she did not think at all. It seemed as though the changes had gone down into the nature of things and that there was no real welcome for her anywhere. She had a picture in her mind of the slope under a young cedar where she had left the baby lying, but in this strange place she did not know where to turn for him.

She tried. She decided to look under every cedar, and went from one to the other startling the grasshoppers in the dry grass. In the new part of the cemetery were some of her schoolmates, their ages—they had been old—and their marriages set forth above them, and she got the news of several in this way. Among the old graves marked with sandstone she found her father and mother. The inscriptions were almost gone, little lichens grew in the corners of the stones and the mounds were rough with clover. As she stood beside them a few tears came and she thought, "They were young to go," with compassion because they had been summoned away so early, as though they had been her children and had missed something—not something important, but a pleasure.

There were many young trees, but not one sheltered a small brown stone. When she remembered that the cedar would be grown old and large she felt as though she had entered on a new stretch of possibilities and searched again with energy; then she began to wander about, hoping to chance upon it. The afternoon was nearly gone when she sat down on the church steps, her mouth quivering. She felt as though the child had run away and might get into danger before she could find him. "He favored Henry so," she thought, "ant I don't know what Henry would say to it now that he is lost."

A tepid wind that promised rain was blowing and clouds were creeping up over the thrifty fields which had done their duty for the year. The country was as peaceful as a clean and satisfied soul, promising no wide outlook and no exigency of flood or fire. Some children went down the road on their way from school; a spring-wagon jogged by; a couple of field-hands passed with their corn-knives over their shoulders. "Soon they are all at home," she thought, "ant it takes me four days to get home, ant I daresn't start until I find the baby." Magdalena suddenly hated this well-tilled Beulah.

A carriage stopped in front of the church and the driver climbed out and pushed open the gate. He was a very old man with a fleece of white hair hanging over his collar, he walked feebly, shuffling his feet, and his eyes dwelt upon the church, as though he knew it well and loved it. His good-evening to Magdelana was kindly, but she was so absorbed in looking at him that she did not answer at once. "I guess you don't know me, Mr. Breidegam," she said in a tremulous voice. "You married me ant my husband when we were all young."

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When she had told him who she was he was glad to see her and wanted to know all about Henry and their children. "It's not often you meet such an old friend when you are as far along as we are," he said after she had finished. "You don't find many here that you left."

"No," she answered sadly. "No. It's not like it was."

"That's the way when we get old," he said. "The folks drop off and we have to get along with the children as long as we are here."

"We thought sure we'd get back soon if only to see the folks," she said. "We talked about it every year, ant every year we let it go. 'It's such good farm-land selling,' Henry would say. 'I grudche the cash for the tickets.' Or I'd want to wait for the children to get bigger. It was always something. But we expected to come, ant I used to think about Katie Dunkleberger ant Lizzie Keller so much, ant I wanted to show 'em the babies ant all. Still we didn't get to do it. Then the children were getting married, ant Henry died, ant I had no heart for it. Till here this summer I thought I chust had to come, ant now I am so stranche I don't feel at home at all. The place is that altered ant the folks are nearly all of 'em dead or gone away; ant Katie Dunkleberger was real kind, but she didn't know me at first ant she said too how stranche I was; ant there was such a Dago come along with an organ, ant I could see she thought I was chust about as outlandish as he; ant he made me think about my home, ant I felt that homesick ——" Magdalena sobbed.

The minister's face expressed both dignity and loneliness; it was clear that he knew the utter isolation of the old. "Won't you go back soon?" he asked gently.

She wiped her eyes and tried to stop crying. "I come to see the baby," she said, "ant I can't find him."

"What baby?" the old man asked, looking a little alarmed.

"My first. He died before we left. You buried him, Mr. Breidegam. I guess you don't remember, it's so long already. I used to think so much about him when we first moved away, ant I always wanted to get back to look after him; but the others coming ant all, I didn't feel so bad after while. Then here last spring my youngest son's wife had a boy looks so much like mine I thought I chust had to see him, ant I come all this way ant I hunted all over the graveyard ant I can't find the place!"

"Come," he said. "We'll look again. I think we can find him." His manner was that of a gentle master, and she followed hopefully. "The ground sloped," she said, "ant there was a cedar-tree over it. It was such a little place."

While they hunted he kept talking: "I suppose you were surprised to see the new church. It's ten years now since it was built. It's a fine church. I don't preach any more, but I like to come over and look at it sometimes. The graveyard is bigger, too; they took in two fields, and it's crowding up again. They have levelled it in some places and a good many trees had to come down to make room. Look here!" He indicated a stump so lately cut that the wood was all pinkish yellow. Within a few feet of it was a patch of myrtle quite covering the ground with its strong green leaves and nearly burying a little worn brown stone.

She threw herself down and dragged at the vines until they came away in a mat, all tangled with dry grass and weeds; she rubbed hard at the stone with her handkerchief; she could make out "*Sohn*" and "*l Jahr*" and "*H—inr— Heil.*"

"Thank you," she said.

He said good-by and the carriage went crawling down the road without a look from her for she was on her knees again almost before he had turned away. The stems hurt her hands, but she plunged them into the green drift and pulled out every weed and twig; she felt among the roots for pebbles; she rubbed the stone as though it were a mirror and pruned the vines away from its foot. When everything was neat she sat beside it for a while.

At last she got up and left the graveyard and started down the road. The clouds were heavy; in the west streaks of salmon-color contended with the gray and a few drops fell. The fields, growing vague in the twilight, looked as though they were resting after labor. Magdalena Heil, tramping along on her tired feet, felt in her own self the peace of work completed. The harvest was past; the summer was ended; she also could go home.

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THE HOUSE OF MIRTH

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY A. B. WENZELL

BOOK II—(Continued)

IV

THE blinds of Mrs. Peniston's drawing-room were drawn down against the oppressive June sun, and in the sultry twilight the faces of her assembled relatives took on a fitting shadow of bereavement.

They were all there: Van Alstynes, Stepneys and Melsons—even a stray Peniston or two, indicating, by a greater latitude in dress and manner, the fact of remoter relationship and more settled hopes. The Peniston side was, in fact, secure in the knowledge that the bulk of Mr. Peniston's property "went back"; while the direct connection hung suspended on the disposal of his widow's private fortune and on the uncertainty of its extent. Jack Stepney, in his new character as the richest nephew, tacitly took the lead, emphasizing his importance by the deeper gloss of his mourning and the subdued authority of his manner; while his wife's bored attitude and frivolous gown proclaimed the heiress's disregard of the insignificant interests at stake. Old Ned Van Alstyne, seated next to her in a coat that made affliction dapper, twirled his white moustache to conceal the eager twitch of his lips; and Grace Stepney, red-nosed and smelling of crape, whispered emotionally to Mrs. Herbert Melson: "I couldn't *bear* to see the Niagara anywhere else!"

A rustle of weeds and quick turning of heads hailed the opening of the door, and Lily Bart appeared, tall and noble in her black dress, with Gerty Farish at her side. The women's faces, as she paused interrogatively on the threshold, were a study in hesitation. One or two made faint motions of recognition, which might have been subdued either by the solemnity of the scene, or by the doubt as to how far the others meant to go; Mrs. Jack Stepney gave a careless nod, and Grace Stepney, with a sepulchral gesture, indicated a seat at her side. But Lily, ignoring the invitation, as well as Jack Stepney's official attempt to direct her, moved across the room with her smooth free gait, and seated herself in a chair which seemed to have been purposely placed apart from the others.

It was the first time that she had faced her family since her return from Europe, two weeks earlier; but if she perceived any uncertainty in their welcome, it served only to add a tinge of irony to the usual composure of her bearing. The shock of dismay with which, on the dock, she had heard from Gerty Farish of Mrs. Peniston's sudden death, had been mitigated, almost at once, by the irrepressible thought that now, at last, she would be able to pay her debts. She had looked forward with considerable uneasiness to her first encounter with her aunt. Mrs. Peniston had vehemently opposed her niece's departure with the Dorsets, and had marked her continued disapproval by not writing during her niece's absence. The certainty that she had heard of the rupture with the Dorsets made the prospect of the meeting more formidable; and how should Lily have repressed a quick sense of relief at the thought that, instead of undergoing the anticipated ordeal, she had only to enter gracefully on a long-assured inheritance? It had been, in the consecrated phrase, "always understood" that Mrs. Peniston was to provide handsomely for her niece; and in the latter's mind the understanding had long since crystallized into fact.

"She gets everything, of course—I don't see what we're here for," Mrs. Jack Stepney remarked with careless loudness to Ned Van Alstyne; and the latter's deprecating murmur—"Julia was always a just woman"—might have been interpreted as signifying either acquiescence or doubt.

"Well, it's only about four hundred thousand," Mrs. Stepney rejoined with a yawn; and Grace Stepney, in the silence produced by the lawyer's preliminary cough, was heard to sob out: "They won't find a

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towel missing—I went over them with her the very day——"

Lily, oppressed by the close atmosphere, and the stifling odour of fresh mourning, felt her attention straying as Mrs. Peniston's lawyer, solemnly erect behind the Buhl table at the end of the room, began to rattle through the preamble of the will.

"It's like being in church," she reflected, wondering vaguely where Gwen Stepney had got such an awful hat. Then she noticed how stout Jack had grown—he would soon be almost as plethoric as Herbert Melson, who sat a few feet off, breathing puffily as he leaned his black-gloved hands on his stick.

"I wonder why rich people always grow fat—I suppose it's because there's nothing to worry them. If I inherit, I shall have to be careful of my figure," she mused, while the lawyer droned on through a labyrinth of legacies. The servants came first, then a few charitable institutions, then several remoter Melsons and Stepneys, who stirred consciously as their names rang out, and then subsided into a state of impassiveness befitting the solemnity of the occasion. Ned Van Alstyne, Jack Stepney, and a cousin or two followed, each coupled with the mention of a few thousands: Lily wondered that Grace Stepney was not among them. Then she heard her own name—"to my niece Lily Bart ten thousand dollars—" and after that the lawyer again lost himself in a coil of unintelligible periods, from which the concluding phrase flashed out with startling distinctness: "and the residue of my estate to my dear cousin and namesake, Grace Julia Stepney."

There was a subdued gasp of surprise, a rapid turning of heads, and a surging of sable figures toward the corner in which Miss Stepney wailed out her sense of unworthiness through the crumpled ball of a black-edged handkerchief.

Lily stood apart from the general movement, feeling herself for the first time utterly alone. No one looked at her, no one seemed aware of her presence; she was probing the very depths of insignificance. And under her sense of the collective indifference came the acuter pang of hopes deceived. Disinherited—she had been disinherited—and for Grace Stepney! She met Gerty's lamentable eyes, fixed on her in a despairing effort at consolation, and the look brought her to herself. There was something to be done before she left the house: to be done with all the nobility she knew how to put into such gestures. She advanced to the group about Miss Stepney, and holding out her hand said simply: "Dear Grace, I am so glad."

The other ladies had fallen back at her approach, and a space created itself about her. It widened as she turned to go, and no one advanced to fill it up. She paused a moment, glancing about her, calmly taking the measure of her situation. She heard some one ask a question about the date of the will; she caught a fragment of the lawyer's answer—something about a sudden summons, and an "earlier instrument." Then the tide of dispersal began to drift past her; Mrs. Jack Stepney and Mrs. Herbert Melson stood on the doorstep awaiting their motor; a sympathizing group escorted Grace Stepney to the cab it was felt to be fitting that she should take, though she lived but a street or two away; and Miss Bart and Gerty found themselves almost alone in the purple drawing-room, which more than ever, in its stuffy dimness, resembled a well-kept family vault, in which the last corpse had just been decently deposited.

In Gerty Farish's sitting-room, whither a hansom had carried the two friends, Lily dropped into a chair with a faint sound of laughter: it struck her as a humorous coincidence that her aunt's legacy should so nearly represent the amount of her debt to Trenor. The need of paying that debt had reasserted itself with increased urgency since her return to America, and she spoke her first thought in saying to the anxiously hovering Gerty: "I wonder when the legacies will be paid."

But Miss Farish could not pause over the legacies; she broke into a larger indignation. "Oh, Lily, it's unjust; it's cruel—Grace Stepney must *feel* she has no right to all that money!"

"Any one who knew how to please Aunt Julia has a right to her money," Miss Bart rejoined philosophically.

"But she was devoted to you—she led every one to think——" Gerty checked herself in evident embarrassment, and Miss Bart turned to her with a direct look. "Gerty, be honest: this will was made only six weeks ago. She had heard of my break with the Dorsets?"

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"Every one heard, of course, that there had been some disagreement—some misunderstanding——"

"Did she hear that Bertha turned me off the yacht?"

"Lily!"

"That was what happened, you know. She said I was trying to marry George Dorset. She did it to make him think she was jealous. Isn't that what she told Gwen Stepney?"

"I don't know—I don't listen to such horrors."

"I *must* listen to them—I must know where I stand." She paused, and again sounded a faint note of derision. "Did you notice the women? They were afraid to snub me while they thought I was going to get the money—afterward they scuttled off as if I had the plague." Gerty remained silent, and she continued: "I stayed on to see what would happen. They took their cue from Gwen Stepney and Lulu Melson I saw them watching to see what Gwen would do.—Gerty, I must know just what is being said of me."

"I tell you I don't listen——"

"One hears such things without listening." She rose and laid her resolute hands on Miss Farish's shoulders. "Gerty, are people going to cut me?"

"Your *friends*, Lily—how can you think it?"

"Who are one's friends at such a time? Who but you, you poor trustful darling? And heaven knows what *you* suspect me of!" She kissed Gerty with a whimsical murmur. "You'd never let it make any difference—but then you're fond of criminals, Gerty! How about the irreclaimable ones, though? For I'm absolutely impenitent, you know."

She drew herself up to the full height of her slender majesty, towering like some dark angel of defiance above the troubled Gerty, who could only falter out: "Lily, Lily—how can you laugh about such things?"

"So as not to weep, perhaps. But no—I'm not of the tearful order. I discovered early that crying makes my nose red, and the knowledge has helped me through several painful episodes." She took a restless turn about the room, and then, reseating herself, lifted the bright mockery of her eyes to Gerty's anxious countenance.

"I shouldn't have minded, you know, if I'd got the money—" and at Miss Farish's protesting "Oh!" she repeated calmly: "Not a straw, my dear; for, in the first place, they wouldn't have quite dared to ignore me; and if they had, it wouldn't have mattered, because I should have been independent of them. But now—!" The irony faded from her eyes, and she bent a clouded face upon her friend.

"How can you talk so, Lily? Of course the money ought to have been yours, but after all that makes no difference. The important thing——" Gerty paused, and then continued firmly: "The important thing is that you should clear yourself—should tell your friends the whole truth."

"The whole truth?" Miss Bart laughed. "What is truth? Where a woman is concerned it's the story that's easiest to believe. In this case it's a great deal easier to believe Bertha Dorset's story than mine, because she has a big house and an opera box, and it's convenient to be on good terms with her."

Miss Farish still fixed her with an anxious gaze. "But what *is* your story, Lily? I don't believe any one knows it yet."

"My story?—I don't believe I know it myself. You see I never thought of preparing a version in advance, as Bertha did—and if I had, I don't think I should take the trouble to use it now."

But Gerty continued with her quiet reasonableness: "I don't want a version prepared in advance—I want you to tell me exactly what happened from the beginning."

"From the beginning?" Miss Bart gently mimicked her. "Dear Gerty, how little imagination you good people have! Why, the beginning was in my cradle, I suppose—in the way I was brought up, and the things I was taught to care for. Or no—I won't blame anybody for my faults: I'll say it was in my blood, that I got it from some wicked pleasure-loving ancestress, who reacted against the homely virtues of New Amsterdam, and wanted to be back at the court of the Charleses!" And as Miss Farish continued to press her with troubled eyes, she went on impatiently: "You asked me just now for the truth—well, the truth about any girl is that once she's talked about she's done for; and the more she explains her case the worse it looks.—My good Gerty, you don't happen to have a cigarette about you?"

In her stuffy room at the hotel to which she had gone on landing, Lily Bart that

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evening reviewed her situation. It was the last week in June, and none of her friends were in town. The few relatives who had stayed on, or returned, for the reading of Mrs. Peniston's will, had taken flight again that afternoon to Newport or Long Island; and not one of them had made any proffer of hospitality to Lily. For the first time in her life she found herself utterly alone except for Gerty Farish. Even at the actual moment of her break with the Dorsets she had not had so keen a sense of its consequences, for the Duchess of Beltshire, hearing of the catastrophe from Lord Hubert, had instantly offered her protection, and under her sheltering wing Lily had made an almost triumphant progress to London. There she had been sorely tempted to linger on in a society which asked of her only to amuse and charm it, without enquiring too curiously how her gift for doing so had been acquired; but Selden, before they parted, had pressed on her the urgent need of returning at once to her aunt, and Lord Hubert, when he presently reappeared in London, abounded in the same counsel. Lily did not need to be told that the Duchess's championship was not the best road to social rehabilitation, and as she was besides aware that her noble defender might at any moment drop her in favour of a new *protégée*, she reluctantly decided to return to America. But she had not been ten minutes on her native shore before she realized that she had delayed too long to regain it. The Dorsets, the Stepneys, the Brys—all the actors and witnesses in the miserable drama—had preceded her with their version of the case; and, even had she seen the least chance of gaining a hearing for her own, some obscure disdain and reluctance would have restrained her. She knew it was not by explanations and counter-charges that she could ever hope to recover her lost standing; but even had she felt the least trust in their efficacy, she would still have been held back by the feeling which had kept her from defending herself to Gerty Farish—a feeling that was half pride and half humiliation. For though she knew she had been ruthlessly sacrificed to Bertha Dorset's determination to win back her husband, and though her own relation to Dorset had been that of the merest good-fellowship, yet she had been perfectly aware from the outset that her part in the affair was, as Carry Fisher had brutally put it, to distract Dorset's attention from his wife. That was what she was "there for": it was the price she had chosen to pay for three months of luxury and freedom from care. Her habit of resolutely facing the facts, in her rare moments of introspection, did not now allow her to put any false gloss on the situation. She had suffered for the very faithfulness with which she had carried out her part of the tacit compact, but the part was not a handsome one at best, and she saw it now in all the ugliness of failure.

She saw, too, in the same uncompromising light, the train of consequences resulting from that failure; and these became clearer to her with every day of her weary lingering in town. She stayed on partly for the comfort of Gerty Farish's nearness, and partly for lack of knowing where to go. She understood well enough the nature of the task before her. She must set out to regain, little by little, the position she had lost; and the first step in the tedious task was to find out, as soon as possible, on how many of her friends she could count. Her hopes were mainly centred on Mrs. Trenor, who had treasures of easy-going tolerance for those who were amusing or useful to her, and in the noisy rush of whose existence the still small voice of detraction was slow to make itself heard. But Judy, though she must have been apprised of Miss Bart's return, had not even recognized it by the formal note of condolence which her friend's bereavement demanded. Any advance on Lily's side might have been perilous: there was nothing to do but to trust to the happy chance of an accidental meeting, and Lily knew that, even so late in the season, there was always a hope of running across her friends in their frequent passages through town.

To this end she assiduously showed herself at the restaurants they frequented, where, attended by the troubled Gerty, she lunched luxuriously, as she said, on her expectations.

"My dear Gerty, you wouldn't have me let the head-waiter see that I've nothing to live on but Aunt Julia's legacy? Think of Grace Stepney's satisfaction if she came in and found us lunching on cold mutton and tea! What sweet shall we have today, dear —*Coupe Jacques* or *Pêches à la Melba?*"

She dropped the *menu* abruptly, with a quick heightening of colour, and Gerty, fol-

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lowing her glance, was aware of the advance, from an inner room, of a party headed by Mrs. Trenor and Carry Fisher. It was impossible for these ladies and their companions—among whom Lily had at once distinguished both Trenor and Rosedale—not to pass, in going out, the table at which the two girls were seated; and Gerty's sense of the fact betrayed itself in the helpless trepidation of her manner. Miss Bart, on the contrary, borne forward on the wave of her bouyant grace, and neither shrinking from her friends nor appearing to lie in wait for them, gave to the encounter the touch of naturalness which she could impart to the most strained situations. Such embarrassment as was shown was on Mrs. Trenor's side, and manifested itself in the mingling of exaggerated warmth with imperceptible reservations. Her loudly affirmed pleasure at seeing Miss Bart took the form of a nebulous generalization, which included neither enquiries as to her future nor the expression of a definite wish to see her again. Lily, well-versed in the language of these omissions, knew that they were equally intelligible to the other members of the party: even Rosedale, flushed as he was with the importance of keeping such company, at once took the temperature of Mrs. Trenor's cordiality, and reflected it in his off-hand greeting of Miss Bart. Trenor, red and uncomfortable, had cut short his salutations on the pretext of a word to say to the head waiter; and the rest of the group soon melted away in Mrs. Trenor's wake.

It was over in a moment—the waiter, *menu* in hand, still hung on the result of the choice between *Coupe Jacques* and *Pêches à la Melba*—but Miss Bart, in the interval, had taken the measure of her fate. Where Judy Trenor led, all her world would follow; and Lily had the doomed sense of the castaway who has signalled in vain to fleeing sails.

In a flash she remembered Mrs. Trenor's complaints of Carry Fisher's rapacity, and saw that they denoted an unexpected acquaintance with her husband's private affairs. In the large tumultuous disorder of the life at Bellomont, where no one seemed to have time to observe any one else, and private aims and personal interests were swept along unheeded in the rush of collective activities, Lily had fancied herself sheltered from inconvenient scrutiny; but if Judy knew when Mrs. Fisher borrowed money of her husband, was she likely to ignore the same transaction on Lily's part? If she was careless of his affections she was plainly jealous of his pocket; and in that fact Lily read the explanation of her rebuff. The immediate result of these conclusions was the passionate resolve to pay back her debt to Trenor. That obligation discharged, she would have but a thousand dollars of Mrs. Peniston's legacy left, and nothing to live on but her own small income, which was considerably less than Gerty Farish's wretched pittance; but this consideration gave way to the imperative claim of her wounded pride. She must be quits with the Trenors first; after that she would take thought for the future.

In her ignorance of legal procrastinations she had supposed that her legacy would be paid over within a few days of the reading of her aunt's will; and after an interval of anxious suspense, she wrote to enquire the cause of the delay. There was another interval before Mrs. Peniston's lawyer, who was also one of the executors, replied to the effect that, some questions having arisen relative to the interpretation of the will, he and his fellow-executors had decided not to pay the legacies till the close of the twelvemonth legally allotted for their settlement. Bewildered and indignant, Lily resolved to try the effect of a personal appeal; but she returned from her expedition with a sense of the powerlessness of beauty and charm against the unfeeling processes of the law. It seemed intolerable to live on for another year under the weight of her debt; and in her extremity she decided to turn to Miss Stepney, who still lingered in town, immersed in the delectable duty of "going over" her benefactress's effects. It was bitter enough for Lily to ask a favour of Grace Stepney, but the alternative was bitterer still; and one morning she presented herself at Mrs. Peniston's, where Grace, for the facilitation of her pious task, had taken up a provisional abode.

The strangeness of entering as a suppliant the house where she had so long commanded, increased Lily's desire to shorten the ordeal; and when Miss Stepney entered the darkened drawing-room, rustling with the best quality of crape, her visitor went straight to the point: would she be willing to advance the amount of the expected legacy?

Grace, in reply, wept and wondered at

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the request, bemoaned the inexorableness of the law, and was astonished that Lily had not realized the exact similarity of their positions. Did she think that only the payment of the legacies had been delayed? Why, Miss Stepney herself had not received a penny of her inheritance, and was paying rent—yes, actually!—for the privilege of living in a house that belonged to her. She was sure it was not what poor dear cousin Julia would have wished—she had told the executors so to their faces; but they were inaccessible to reason, and there was nothing to do but to wait. Let Lily take example by her, and be patient—let them both remember how beautifully patient cousin Julia had always been.

Lily made a movement which showed her imperfect assimilation of this example. "But you will have everything, Grace—it would be easy for you to borrow ten times the amount I am asking for."

"Borrow—easy for me to borrow?" Grace Stepney rose up before her in sable wrath. "Do you imagine for a moment that I would raise money on my expectations from cousin Julia, when I know so well her unspeakable horror of every transaction of the sort? Why, Lily, if you must know the truth, it was the idea of your being in debt that brought on her illness—you remember she had a slight attack before you sailed. Oh, I don't know the particulars, of course—I don't *want* to know them—but there were rumours about your affair that made her most unhappy—no one could be with her without seeing that. I can't help it if you are offended by my telling you this now—if I can do anything to make you realize the folly of your course, and how deeply *she* disapproved of it, I shall feel it is the truest way of making up to you for her loss."

V

IT seemed to Lily, as Mrs. Peniston's door closed on her, that she was taking a final leave of her old life. The future stretched before her dull and bare as the deserted length of Fifth Avenue, and opportunities showed as meagrely as the few cabs trailing in quest of fares that did not come. The completeness of the analogy was, however, disturbed as she reached the sidewalk by the rapid approach of a hansom which pulled up at sight of her.

From beneath its luggage-laden top, she caught the wave of a signalling hand; and the next moment Mrs. Fisher, springing to the street, had folded her in a demonstrative embrace.

"My dear, you don't mean to say you're still in town? When I saw you the other day at Sherry's I didn't have time to ask——" she broke off, and added with a burst of frankness: "The truth is I was *horrid*, Lily, and I've wanted to tell you so ever since."

"Oh——" Miss Bart protested, drawing back from her penitent clasp; but Mrs. Fisher went on with her usual directness: "Look here, Lily, don't let's beat about the bush: half the trouble in life is caused by pretending there isn't any. That's not my way, and I can only say I'm thoroughly ashamed of myself for following the other women's lead. But we'll talk of that by and bye—tell me now where you're staying and what your plans are. I don't suppose you're keeping house in there with Grace Stepney, eh?—and it struck me you might be rather at loose ends."

In Lily's present mood there was no resisting the honest friendliness of this appeal, and she said with a smile: "I *am* at loose ends for the moment, but Gerty Farish is still in town, and she's good enough to let me be with her whenever she has time."

Mrs. Fisher made a slight grimace. "H'm—that's a temperate joy. Oh, I know—Gerty's a trump, and worth all the rest of us put together; but *à la longue* you're used to a little higher seasoning, aren't you, dear? And besides, I suppose she'll be off herself before long—the first of August, you say? Well, look here, you can't spend your summer in town; we'll talk of that later too. But meanwhile, what do you say to putting a few things in a trunk and coming down with me to the Sam Gormers' tonight?"

And as Lily stared at the breathless suddenness of the suggestion, she continued with her easy laugh: "You don't know them and they don't know you; but that don't make a rap of difference. They've taken the Van Alstyne place at Roslyn, and I've got *carte blanche* to bring my friends down there—the more the merrier. They do things awfully well, and there's to be rather a jolly party there this week——" she broke

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off, checked by an undefinable change in Miss Bart's expression. "Oh, I don't mean *your* particular set, you know: rather a different crowd, but very good fun. The fact is, the Gormers have struck out on a line of their own: what they want is to have a good time, and to have it in their own way. They gave the other thing a few months' trial, under my distinguished auspices, and they were really doing extremely well—getting on a good deal faster than the Brys, just because they didn't care as much—but suddenly they decided that the whole business bored them, and that what they wanted was a crowd they could really feel at home with. Rather original of them, don't you think so? Mattie Gormer *has* got aspirations still; women always have; but she's awfully easy-going, and Sam won't be bothered, and they both like to be the most important people in sight, so they've started a sort of continuous performance of their own, a kind of social Coney Island, where everybody is welcome who can make noise enough and doesn't put on airs. *I* think it's awfully good fun myself—some of the artistic set, you know, any pretty actress that's going, and so on. This week, for instance, they have Audrey Anstell, who made such a hit last spring in 'The Winning of Winny'; and Paul Morpeth—he's painting Mattie Gormer—and the Dick Bellingers, and Kate Corby—well, every one you can think of who's jolly and makes a row. Now don't stand there with your nose in the air, my dear—it will be a good deal better than a broiling Sunday in town, and you'll find clever people as well as noisy ones—Morpeth, who admires Mattie enormously, always brings one or two of his set."

Mrs. Fisher drew Lily toward the hansom with friendly authority. "Jump in now, there's a dear, and we'll drive round to your hotel and have your things packed, and then we'll have tea, and the two maids can meet us at the train."

It was a good deal better than a broiling Sunday in town—of that no doubt remained to Lily as, reclining in the shade of a leafy verandah, she looked seaward across a stretch of greensward picturesquely dotted with groups of ladies in lace raiment and men in tennis flannels. The huge Van Alstyne house and its rambling dependencies were packed to their fullest capacity with the Gormers' week-end guests, who now, in the radiance of the Sunday forenoon, were dispersing themselves over the grounds in quest of the various distractions the place afforded: distractions ranging from tennis-courts to shooting-galleries, from bridge and whiskey within doors to motors and steam-launches without. Lily had the odd sense of having been caught up into the crowd as carelessly as a passenger is gathered in by an express train. The blonde and genial Mrs. Gormer might, indeed, have figured the conductor, calmly assigning seats to the rush of travellers, while Carry Fisher represented the porter pushing their bags into place, giving them their numbers for the dining-car, and warning them when their station was at hand. The train, meanwhile, had scarcely slackened speed—life whizzed on with a deafening rattle and roar, in which one traveller at least found a welcome refuge from the sound of her own thoughts.

The Gormer *milieu* represented a social out-skirt which Lily had always fastidiously avoided; but it struck her, now that she was in it, as only a flamboyant copy of her own world, a caricature approximating the real thing as the "society play" approaches the manners of the drawing-room. The people about her were doing the same things as the Trenors, the Van Osl urghs and the Dorsets: the difference lay in a hundred shades of aspect and manner, from the pattern of the men's waistcoats to the inflexion of the women's voices. Everything was pitched in a higher key, and there was more of each thing: more noise, more colour, more champagne, more familiarity—but also greater good-nature, less rivalry, and a fresher capacity for enjoyment.

Miss Bart's arrival had been welcomed with an uncritical friendliness that first irritated her pride and then brought her to a sharp sense of her own situation—of the place in life which, for the moment, she must accept and make the best of. These people knew her story—of that her first long talk with Carry Fisher had left no doubt: she was publicly branded as the heroine of a "queer" episode—but instead of shrinking from her as her own friends had done, they received her without question into the easy promiscuity of their lives. They swallowed her past as easily as they did Miss Anstell's, and with no apparent sense of any difference in the size of the mouthful: all they

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asked was that she should—in her own way, for they recognized a diversity of gifts—contribute as much to the general amusement as that graceful actress, whose talents, when off the stage, were of the most varied order. Lily felt at once that any tendency to be "stuck-up," to mark a sense of differences and distinctions, would be fatal to her continuance in the Gormer set. To be taken in on such terms—and into such a world!—was hard enough to the lingering pride in her; but she realized, with a pang of self-contempt, that to be excluded from it would, after all, be harder still. For, almost at once, she had felt the insidious charm of slipping back into a life where every material difficulty was smoothed away. The sudden escape from a stifling hotel in a dusty deserted city to the space and luxury of a great country-house fanned by sea breezes, had produced a state of moral lassitude agreeable enough after the nervous tension and physical discomfort of the past weeks. For the moment she must yield to the refreshment her senses craved—after that she would reconsider her situation, and take counsel with her dignity. Her enjoyment of her surroundings was, indeed, tinged by the unpleasant consideration that she was accepting the hospitality and courting the approval of people she had disdained under other conditions. But she was growing less sensitive on such points: a hard glaze of indifference was fast forming over her delicacies and susceptibilities, and each concession to expediency hardened the surface a little more.

On the Monday, when the party disbanded with uproarious adieux, the return to town threw into stronger relief the charms of the life she was leaving. The other guests were dispersing to take up the same existence in a different setting: some at Newport, some at Bar Harbour, some in the elaborate rusticity of an Adirondack camp. Even Gerty Farish, who welcomed Lily's return with tender solicitude, would soon be preparing to join the aunt with whom she spent her summers on Lake George: only Lily herself remained without plan or purpose, stranded in a backwater of the great current of pleasure. But Carry Fisher, who had insisted on transporting her to her own house, where she herself was to perch for a day or two on the way to the Brys' camp, came to the rescue with a new suggestion.

"Look here, Lily—I'll tell you what it is: I want you to take my place with Mattie Gormer this summer. They're taking a party out to Alaska next month in their private car, and Mattie, who is the laziest woman alive, wants me to go with them, and relieve her of the bother of arranging things; but the Brys want me too—oh, yes, we've made it up: didn't I tell you?—and, to put it frankly, though I like the Gormers best, there's more profit for me in the Brys. The fact is, they want to try Newport this summer, and if I can make it a success for them they—well, they'll make it a success for *me*." Mrs. Fisher clasped her hands enthusiastically. "Do you know, Lily, the more I think of my idea the better I like it—quite as much for you as for myself. The Gormers have both taken a tremendous fancy to you, and the trip to Alaska is—well—the very thing I should want for you just at present."

Miss Bart lifted her eyes with a keen glance. "To take me out of my friends' way, you mean?" she said quietly; and Mrs. Fisher responded with a deprecating kiss: "To keep you out of their sight till they realize how much they miss you."

Miss Bart went with the Gormers to Alaska; and the expedition, if it did not produce the effect anticipated by her friend, had at least the negative advantage of removing her from the fiery centre of criticism and discussion. Gerty Farish had opposed the plan with all the energy of her somewhat inarticulate nature. She had even offered to give up her visit to Lake George, and remain in town with Miss Bart, if the latter would renounce her journey; but Lily could disguise her real distaste for this plan under a sufficiently valid reason.

"You dear innocent, don't you see," she protested, "that Carry is quite right, and that I must take up my usual life, and go about among people as much as possible? If my old friends choose to believe lies about me I shall have to make new ones, that's all; and you know beggars mustn't be choosers. Not that I don't like Mattie Gormer—I *do* like her: she's kind and honest and unaffected; and don't you suppose I feel grateful to her for making me welcome at a time when, as you've yourself seen, my own family have unanimously washed their hands of me?"

Gerty shook her head, mutely unconvinced. She felt not only that Lily was

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cheapening herself by making use of an intimacy she would never have cultivated from choice, but that, in drifting back now to her former manner of life, she was forfeiting her last chance of ever escaping from it. Gerty had but an obscure conception of what Lily's actual experience had been: but its consequences had established a lasting hold on her pity since the memorable night when she had offered up her own secret hope to her friend's extremity. To characters like Gerty's such a sacrifice constitutes a moral claim on the part of the person in whose behalf it has been made. Having once helped Lily, she must continue to help her; and helping her, must believe in her, because faith is the main-spring of such natures. But even if Miss Bart, after her renewed taste of the amenities of life, could have returned to the barrenness of a New York August, mitigated only by poor Gerty's presence, her worldly wisdom would have counselled her against such an act of abnegation. She knew that Carry Fisher was right: that an opportune absence might be the first step toward rehabilitation, and that, at any rate, to linger on in town out of season was a fatal admission of defeat.

From the Gormers' tumultuous progress across their native continent, she returned with an altered view of her situation. The renewed habit of luxury—the daily waking to an assured absence of care and presence of material ease—gradually blunted her appreciation of these values, and left her more conscious of the void they could not fill. Mattie Gormer's undiscriminating good-nature, and the slap-dash sociability of her friends, who treated Lily precisely as they treated each other—all these characteristic notes of difference began to wear upon her endurance; and the more she saw to criticize in her companions, the less justification she found for making use of them. The longing to get back to her former surroundings hardened to a fixed idea; but with the strengthening of her purpose came the inevitable perception that, to attain it, she must exact fresh concessions from her pride. These, for the moment, took the unpleasant form of continuing to cling to her hosts after their return from Alaska. Little as she was in the key of their *milieu*, her immense social facility, her long habit of adapting herself to others without suffering her own outline to be blurred, the skilled manipulation of all the polished implements of her craft, had won for her an important place in the Gormer group. If their resonant hilarity could never be hers, she contributed a note of easy elegance more valuable to Mattie Gormer than the louder passages of the band. Sam Gormer and his special cronies stood indeed a little in awe of her; but Mattie's following, headed by Paul Morpeth, made her feel that they prized her for the very qualities they most conspicuously lacked. If Morpeth, whose social indolence was as great as his artistic activity, had abandoned himself to the easy current of the Gormer existence, where the minor exactions of politeness were unknown or ignored, and a man could either break his engagements, or keep them in a painting-jacket and slippers, he still preserved his sense of differences, and his appreciation of graces he had no time to cultivate. During the preparations for the Brys' *tableaux* he had been immensely struck by Lily's plastic possibilities—"not the face: too self-controlled for expression; but the rest of her—gad, what a model she'd make!"—and though his abhorrence of the world in which he had seen her was too great for him to think of seeking her there, he was fully alive to the privilege of having her to look at and listen to while he lounged in Mattie Gormer's dishevelled drawing-room.

Lily had thus formed, in the tumult of her surroundings, a little nucleus of friendly relations which mitigated the crudeness of her course in lingering with the Gormers after their return. Nor was she without pale glimpses of her own world, especially since the breaking-up of the Newport season had set the social current once more toward Long Island. Kate Corby, whose tastes made her as promiscuous as Carry Fisher was rendered by her necessities, occasionally descended on the Gormers, where, after a first stare of surprise, she took Lily's presence almost too much as a matter of course. Mrs. Fisher, too, appearing frequently in the neighbourhood, drove over to impart her experiences and give Lily what she called the latest report from the weather-bureau; and the latter, who had never directly invited her confidence, could yet talk with her more freely than with Gerty Farish, in whose presence it was impossible even to admit the existence of much that Mrs. Fisher conveniently took for granted.

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Mrs. Fisher, moreover, had no embarrassing curiosity. She did not wish to probe the inwardness of Lily's situation, but simply to view it from the outside, and draw her conclusions accordingly; and these conclusions, at the end of a confidential talk, she summed up to her friend in the succinct remark: "You must marry as soon as you can."

Lily uttered a faint laugh—for once Mrs. Fisher lacked originality. "Do you mean, like Gerty Farish, to recommend the unfailing panacea of 'a good man's love'?"

"No—I don't think either of my candidates would answer to that description," said Mrs. Fisher after a pause of reflection.

"Either? Are there actually two?"

"Well, perhaps I ought to say one and a half—for the moment."

Miss Bart received this with increasing amusement. "Other things being equal, I think I should prefer a half-husband: who is he?"

"Don't fly out at me till you hear my reasons—George Dorset."

"Oh——" Lily murmured reproachfully; but Mrs. Fisher pressed on unrebuffed. "Well, why not? They had a few weeks' honeymoon when they first got back from Europe, but now things are going badly with them again. Bertha has been behaving more than ever like a madwoman, and George's powers of credulity are very nearly exhausted. They're at their place here, you know, and I spent last Sunday with them. It was a ghastly party—no one else but poor Neddy Silverton, who looks like a galley-slave (they used to talk of my making that poor boy unhappy!)—and after luncheon George carried me off on a long walk, and told me the end would have to come soon."

Miss Bart made an incredulous gesture. "As far as that goes, the end will never come—Bertha will always know how to get him back when she wants him."

Mrs. Fisher continued to observe her tentatively. "Not if he has any one else to turn to! Yes—that's just what it comes to: the poor creature can't stand alone. And I remember him such a good fellow, full of life and enthusiasm." She paused, and went on, dropping her glance from Lily's: "He wouldn't stay with her ten minutes if he *knew*——"

"Knew——?" Miss Bart repeated.

"What *you* must, for instance—with the opportunities you've had! If he had positive proof, I mean ——"

Lily interrupted her with a deep blush of displeasure. "Please let us drop the subject, Carry: it's too odious to me." And to divert her companion's attention she added, with an attempt at lightness: "And your second candidate? We must not forget him."

Mrs. Fisher echoed her laugh. "I wonder if you'll cry out just as loud if I say—Sim Rosedale?"

Miss Bart did not cry out: she sat silent, gazing thoughtfully at her friend. The suggestion, in truth, gave expression to a possibility which, in the last weeks, had more than once recurred to her; but after a moment she said carelessly: "Mr. Rosedale wants a wife who can establish him in the bosom of the Van Osburghs and Trenors."

Mrs. Fisher caught her up eagerly. "And so *you* could—with his money! Don't you see how beautifully it would work out for you both?"

"I don't see any way of making him see it," Lily returned, with a laugh intended to dismiss the subject.

But in reality it lingered with her long after Mrs. Fisher had taken leave. She had seen very little of Rosedale since her annexation by the Gormers, for he was still steadily bent on penetrating to the inner Paradise from which she was now excluded; but once or twice, when nothing better offered, he had turned up for a Sunday, and on these occasions he had left her in no doubt as to his view of her situation. That he still admired her was, more than ever, offensively evident; for in the Gormer circle, where he expanded as in his native element, there were no puzzling conventions to check the full expression of his approval. But it was in the quality of his admiration that she read his shrewd estimate of her case. He enjoyed letting the Gormers see that he had known "Miss Lily"—she was "Miss Lily" to him now—before they had had the faintest social existence: enjoyed more especially impressing Paul Morpeth with the distance to which their intimacy dated back. But he let it be felt that that intimacy was a mere ripple on the surface of a rushing social current, the kind of relaxation which a man of large interests and manifold preoccupations permits himself in his hours of ease.

The necessity of accepting this view of their past relation, and of meeting it in the

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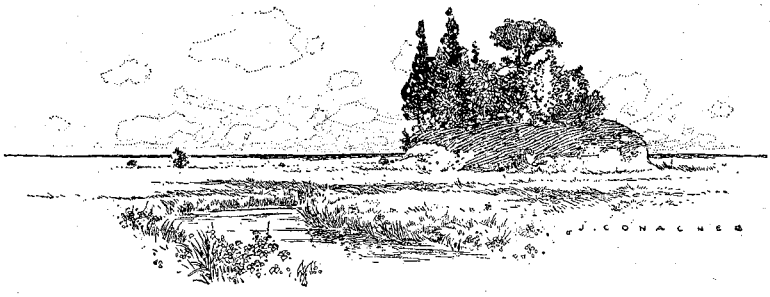
key of pleasantry prevalent among her new friends, was deeply humiliating to Lily. But she dared less than ever to quarrel with Rosedale. She suspected that her rejection rankled among the most unforgettable of his rebuffs, and the fact that he knew something of her wretched transaction with Trenor, and was sure to put the basest construction on it, seemed to place her hopelessly in his power. Yet at Carry Fisher's suggestion a new hope had stirred in her. Much as she disliked Rosedale, she no longer absolutely despised him. For he was gradually attaining his object in life, and that, to Lily, was always less despicable than to miss it. With the slow unalterable persistency which she had always felt in him, he was making his way through the dense mass of social antagonisms. Already his wealth, and the masterly use he had made of it, were giving him an enviable prominence in the world of affairs, and placing Wall Street under obligations which only Fifth Avenue could repay. In response to these claims, his name began to figure on municipal committees and charitable boards; he appeared at banquets to distinguished strangers, and his candidacy at one of the fashionable clubs was discussed with diminishing opposition. He had figured once or twice at the Trenor banquets, and had learned to speak with just the right note of disdain of the big Van Osburgh crushes; and all he now needed was a wife whose affiliations would abbreviate the last tedious steps of his ascent. It was with that object that, a year earlier, he had fixed his affections on Miss Bart; but in the interval he had mounted nearer to the goal, while she had lost the power to shorten the remaining steps of the way. All this she saw with the clearness of vision that came to her in moments of despondency. It was success that dazzled her—she could distinguish facts plainly enough in the twilight of failure. And the twilight, as she now sought to pierce it, was gradually lighted by a faint spark of reassurance. Under the utilitarian motive of Rosedale's wooing she had felt, clearly enough, the heat of personal inclination. She would not have detested him so heartily had she not known that he dared to admire her. What, then, if the passion persisted, though the other motive had ceased to sustain it? She had never even tried to please him—he had been drawn to her in spite of her manifest disdain. What if she now chose to exert the power which, even in its passive state, he had felt so strongly? What if she made him marry her for love, now that he had no other reason for marrying her?

(To be continued.)



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Drawn by A. B. Wenzell.

It was a good deal better than a broiling Sunday in town.—Page 216.

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THE SNYDER COUNTY GOLD-STRIKE

By Nelson Lloyd

Illustrations by Fletcher C. Ransom

AS a man of honor Piney Cridle had but one way open to him, and that led past the worthies of the bench, past the stern figure of the store-keeper, past the tall rolls of oil-cloth standing sentinel-like at the counter's end, through the door, and out into the world. He followed it. But the world was cold that morning. Not a chicken had dared the blast that swept the village street, and on the valley's edge the mountains arose, dark and forbidding, capped by a gray cloud that bore a promise of sleet and hail. To those mountains he must go. His honor demanded it. But now that the door was open and the wind was clutching at his neck, he turned a moment from the way and looked back.

"I didn't think it o' you, Amos," he said. "You've sayd the word, though, an' I go, fer I'll never hang around a store where I can't have trust."

"Don't you know the threenometer says it's freezin'?" shouted Lucien Killowill, as he turned up his coat collar and pushed along the bench to avoid the draft. "Hain't you no better sense than to git insulted with the door open!"

"I didn't think it o' you, Amos," said Piney again, not heeding the old man's protests, though he obeyed the implied command, and was now standing with his hand on the knob, his back to the cold world and the dreary hills, his face to that bright, stove-lit circle from which he was banished.

Amos's face softened. He unbent and leaned over the counter, strumming a tattoo with his pencil.

"I'm sorry, Piney," he said; "but I ain't in business fer love. I'd like to be, well enough, but I can't—so there's the end of it."

Lucien Killowill nodded his head approvingly.

"When a man gits the gold craze," he began; "when he leaves home an' friends, religion an' country, an' goes to Snyder County diggin'; when he tears asunder them ties that binds even the humbillest of us an'——"

He stopped suddenly and began to cough, for Piney was towering over him. On the young man's face there was a look half of amusement, half of disdain.

"I owe you an' yours nothin', Lucien," he said. "When I do, you can wag your head an' leckter—not till then, mind you. This here is between Amos an' me—this is; an' if he won't give me no more trust till I settle a leetle matter of five dollars, that's his affair an' mine—ain't it, Amos?"

The store-keeper, having in mind Killowill's own account with him, readily admitted that it was, and this gracious acquiescence misled Piney.

"Do I understand, then," said the adventurer, "that now an' here you refuses to trust me fer a poke of tobacco?"

"I do." Amos Pinking's voice was very low. He seemed to have lost his courage, and for the moment to be on the point of relenting. "It ain't that I've anything agin you, Piney," he went on, pleading like a man in the wrong, "but it don't seem right to encourage you. Here you are lettin' your clearin' go to rack an' ruin, livin' over in the mountains, diggin' an' diggin' like a crazy man. It's gold—gold—gold! Every time you comes back you looks poorer an' peekiter. The weeds has choked your clearin'; Harmon Barefoot himself is feedin' your cow; Willie Calker's had to sing bass in the choir all winter—an' him only fourteen—all because you think you'll find a mine an' make yourself a for-tune."

Lucien Killowill wagged his head and beat the floor with his cane, thus expressing what he dared not with his voice. The worthies of the bench were with him to a man, and half-a-dozen heads rocked in unison with his. From that bench Solomon Holloberger arose slowly, with a dignity that became a preacher of the Word and the

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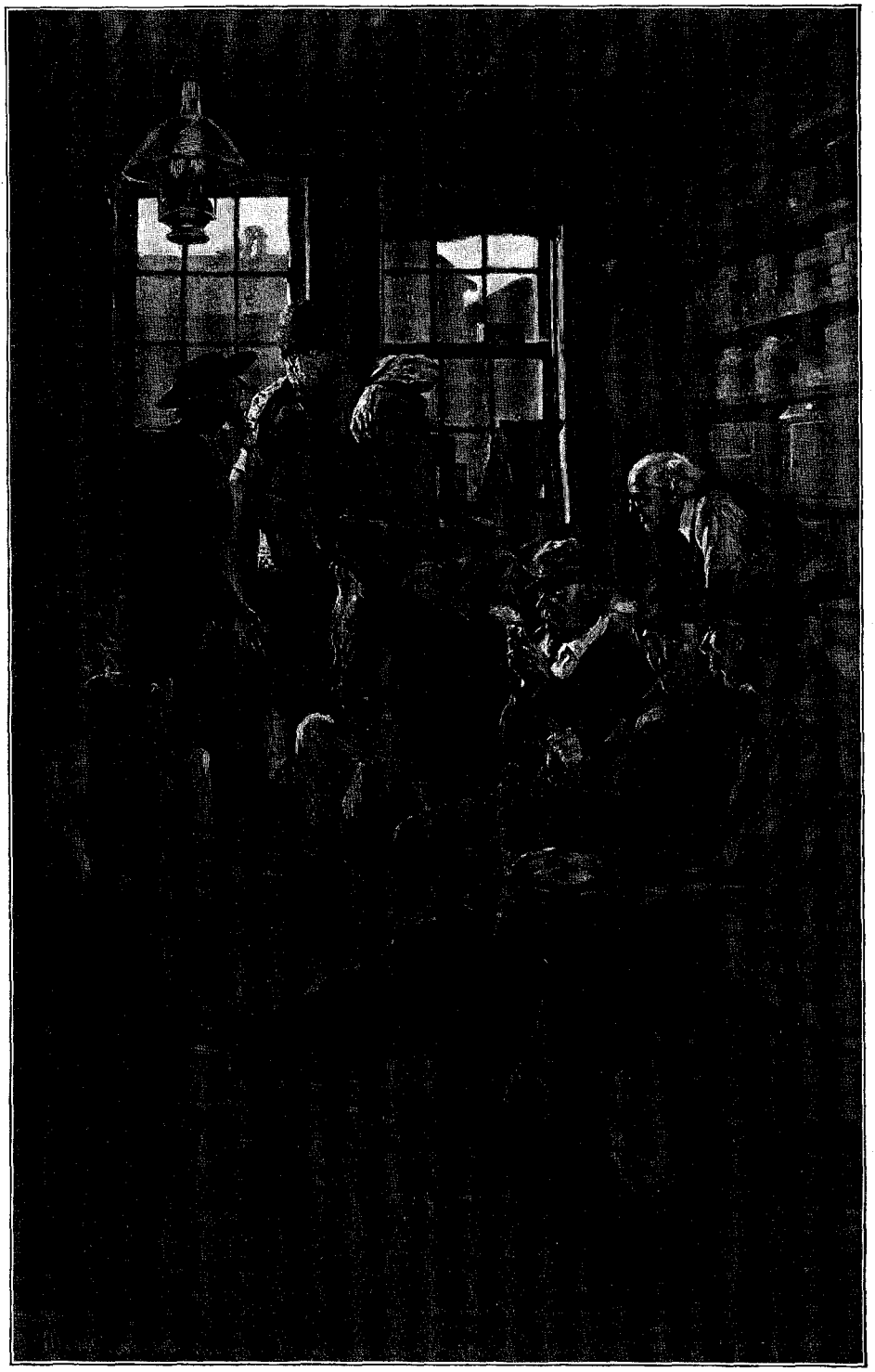

Drawn by Fletcher C. Ransom.

"Gold is a deceiver," said the preacher, in measured tones.—Page 224.

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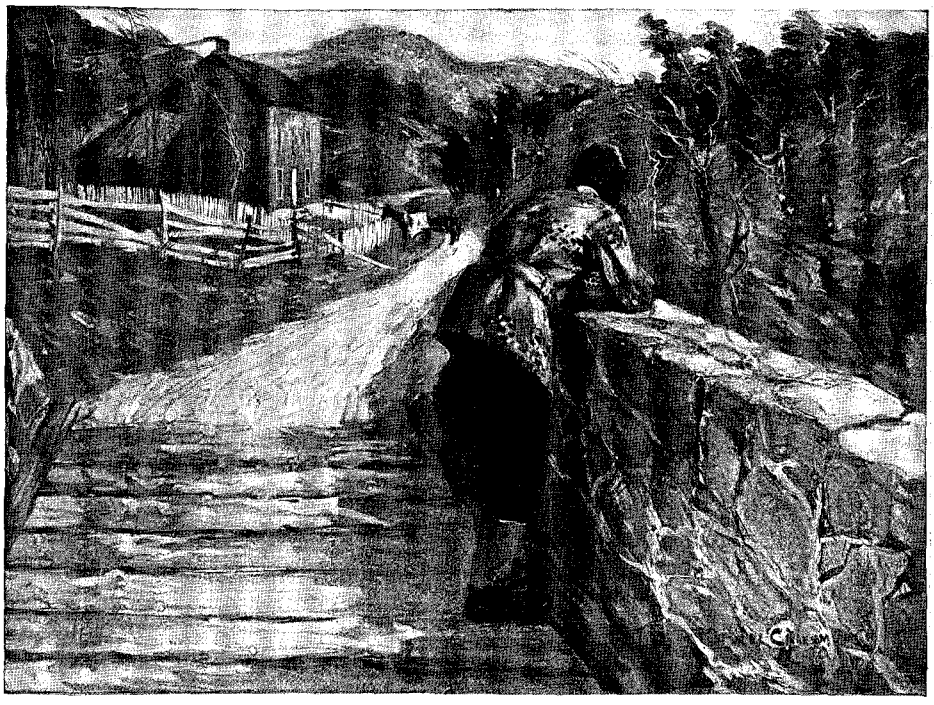

Piney paused on the bridge below the mill.—Page 225.

most eloquent speaker in the Dunker meeting for many miles around. He shuffled to the stove, and wheeling about, faced the misguided man, who, now at bay, backed toward the door again, and leaned on one of the sentinel oil-cloth rolls.

"Gold is a deceiver," said the preacher, in measured tones. "The Good Book tells us that in many places, Piney Cridle. Don't you mind how it says 'Gold is a mocker'? Lay not up riches in this world, but put your faith in that to come. Oh, that I had your young years! Would I be wastin' 'em over in them Snyder County mountains diggin' an' diggin', sellin' meself to Satan fer a mess o' potage? Never! I'd spend them blessed years goin' from house to house, from walley to walley, workin' in the harvest, gatherin' in the brands from the burnin'. You needn't laugh, Piney Cridle. The day'll come when you'll look back on this wery time; when, tossin' on your bed o' sufferin', with all your gold piled around you, you'll cry out, 'Oh, had I only minded Brother Holloberger's warnin'!'"

"It ain't so much that," broke in Amos Pinking, in a dry, commercial tone. "I wasn't thinkin' so much about him sellin' himself to Satan, perwidin' he got cash down. What bothers me is that there ain't no gold in Snyder County."

"How do you know?" demanded Piney.

"All the regular gold comes from Californy," cried Killowill. "All my life I've been hearin' about folks findin' gold in Pennsylwany, an' as fur as I know, nothin' has ever yet panned out."

"But why shouldn't there be gold in Snyder County?" Piney was in a defiant mood, and he waved his forefinger at the group at the stove, and closed his jaw with a snap.

Lucien pushed himself into the obscurity offered by the broad form of Andrew Rickaback, and turned an appealing eye to Brother Holloberger. What the store needed was a man of science. Lacking that, it had to turn in its extremity to the theologian. Brother Solomon was not to be confounded. In truth, he always gloried in what he termed "tight pints," and, as compared to the problem of Jonah and the whale, which he had solved years ago, the question propounded by this wayward son of Tuscarora was childlike.

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"When Adam an' Eve was put out of the Garden of Eden, Piney Cridle," he said, "it was ordered that hencefor'a'd mankind should live be the sweat of their brow. Sech bein' the case, it ain't likely the Almighty would plant gold mines every here an' there, so as they'd be handy to git at. No, sir. Snyder County would 'a' spoiled the whole plan. Californy is about the hardest place to git to they is." The preacher paused a moment to let this point sink deep in the minds of his hearers. Then he added: "There's gold in Californy."

"That's the plainest I ever hear it put," cried Lucien Killowell, coming into view again.

"Yes, it is pretty fair," said Piney, undisturbed. "How about the Californians though? I s'pose they has to work their way back to Pennsylwany to git their gold."

Preacher Holloberger's theology failed him for the moment, and while he was searching the floor for an idea of any kind with which to meet this impious adversary, Amos Pinking interrupted the discussion.

"It ain't so much whether there is gold there or not, Piney," he said. "Mebbe they is; but what are you comin' to huntin' fer it? A year ago, an' there wasn't a populærer man than you in all our walley. You never had much, to be sure, but you could git a livin' outen that clearin' your pap left you. An' now look at you! Jest look at you! Mackinaw jacket as ain't fit fer a horse to wear; boots jest held together be the soles; hair so long tha' you might pass fer an Amishman; clearin' all overgrowed with briers; your wery cow picked offen the roads be Harmon Barefoot! S'posin' you does find a mine—is it worth it? Is it worth all them winter days over there in the mountain diggin' an' diggin' all alone? Is it worth all them lonely shiverin' nights in the woods?"

"Is it worth it!" Piney cried. "Huh! is it worth it?" He turned to the door again and seized the knob. "You-uns think I'm crazy, because I've got idees beyant a clearin'. Mebbe I'm wrong. Mebbe some day I'll come back an' clean away the briers, an' plant a crop between the stones agin, an' go on jest livin'. But mebbe some day I'll come back, an' I'll come in a side-bar buggy with a slick horse, an' I'll have a cady hat an' a Prince Al-bert instead o' this coon skin an' mackinaw. I'll buy five-cent se-gars instead of askin' tick on a poke o' tobacco. I'll have a house with a portico, an' hand paintin's, an' statues, an' a melodium. Mebbe all that'll happen. Then you all will shake your heads an' say you allus knowd Piney Cridle was a slick one. You laugh now, an' preach at me. You otter wait."

So Piney Cridle went defiantly on his way. The sharp wind clutched at his throat; the door banged behind him, shutting him from the bright stove-lit circle; on the valley's edge before him arose the gloomy mountains, capped with the gray hail-cloud. His honor demanded it. He would never return to plant a crop amid the stones of his clearing, or to claim the cow that Harmon Barefoot had rescued from the roads. When he came again it would be in a side-bar buggy, and all Tuscarora would do him homage. When he came again he would drive right to the gate of the Killowill home and carry off the daughter of the house under the very nose of her spiteful father. But Pet might be married then! Harmon Barefoot's rigging was hitched at the gate that very moment, and Piney paused on the bridge below the mill and leaned against the stone side-wall, while he inspected it. Even now the girl and Harmon might be peeking through the window laughing at him. When he came again she might be Mrs. Harmon Barefoot! Well enough! She would know, at least, what she had lost.

They say in Tuscarora that that is the last picture they have of the old Piney Cridle; of the Piney Cridle the village had known since the days when he used to bring the eggs to the store from the clearing on the ridge-side; of the lanky fellow the village should have loved for his gentle strength, his shiftless charity, and boundless humor. There he stood in the bitter wind, leaning over the bridge wall, gazing into the stream. That had been a curious habit of his, ever since he first toddled down from the clearing. A bit of tumbling water, a white cloud, a shadow on the mountain-side would hold his gaze for hours. Some in the village said that it was only the natural laziness of the Cridles showing even to the fourth generation; some declared boldly that Piney was more than an ordinary man, and that when he studied the ripples in the stream or the castles in the clouds, he was seeing "beyond;" some had held their peace and

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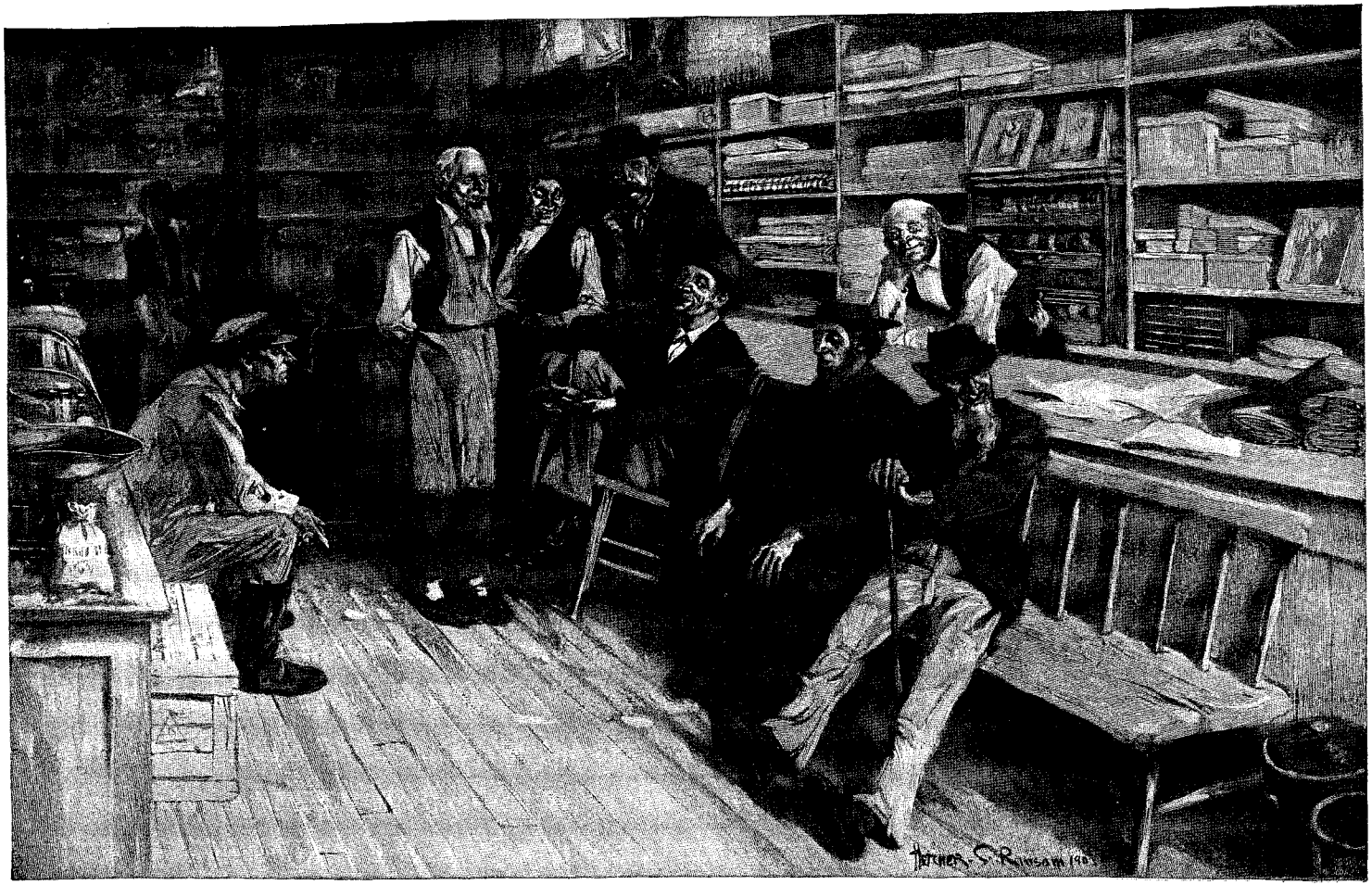

Drawn by Fletcher C. Ransom.

Solomon Holloberger had been completely crushed and was sitting in silence.—Page 230.

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tapped their foreheads and looked wise. Then Piney had shouldered his pick and gone forth to fight his way clear of the ridge-side patch, with its stones, its briers, and its weeds. Twice he had come back, each time looking more wan and unkempt, so that the wise ones could tap their foreheads more sharply and proclaim aloud in the store what they had always known. At that very moment they were doing it, and a merry time they were having in the cheer of the glowing stove, while he leaned over the bridge watching the icy stream. Perhaps they were right; perhaps there was no gold in Snyder County; perhaps he was a fool, but he would come again to Tuscarora. Piney smiled. Stretching himself to his full lank six feet two, he turned to the store for a last look. The corners of his mouth twitched just a trifle, and his eyes narrowed. He raised his fist to shake it in a laughing threat. He started. Pet Killowill was watching him, and he waved his hand to her instead. Then he took up the way once more.

That was the last they saw of the old Piney Cridle.

Winter came and passed. The last white patch of snow had melted into the freshening hillsides; one enterprising hen was proudly showing her three bedraggled offspring the way about the village, while old man Killowill, sunning himself on the store porch, discussed the heavy mortality among the "airly chickens"; the gentle tap-tap-tap from the cobbler's shop across the way showed that Andrew Rickaback had opened his window at last, and was pounding in the pegs with a vigor newborn of the balmy April air. The village was awakening from its winter's sleep. It was rubbing its eyes and sitting up. Then Piney Cridle came to shake it rudely from its slumber. He came as old man Killowill was in the midst of his discourse on the store porch; as Andrew Rickaback was tap-tap-tapping to the time of an old war tune; as Solomon Holloberger sat in his kitchen, an open Bible across his knees, his eyes intently watching his young tomato plants sprouting from a starch-box, while two kittens hurdled to and fro across his feet. He came in a side-bar buggy.

Piney Cridle's mare was the finest Tuscarora had ever seen. She was a long, slender trotter with very thin legs, and her head was carried high in check, so that her nose kept poking gracefully ahead of her at every step. Boots guarding all her fetlocks gave a further hint of her value, though nothing more convincing of that was needed than the way she pawed the air when the buggy drew up before the store. Piney just nodded to Lucien Killowill and his cronies, waved a hand to Amos Pinking, tossed reins about the whip, and leaped to the road. After he had walked twice around the trotter, critically inspecting her, he led her to the long rail and hitched. Then, wonder of wonders! he came up the store steps, drawing off a yellow kid glove.

"Pleasant weather we are having," he said cheerily. "I had hoped for a spell of rain about this time. Rain allus helps the farmers, doesn't it?"

"It does," said Lucien Killowill, solemnly. "But see here, Piney——"

"Jest a moment, please." Piney waved a gloved hand very politely, but still insistently. "I've some leetle business I want to settle first with Mr. Pinking." He drew forth a roll of bills and looked inquiringly at Amos. "Five, ten, or twenty—I can't recollect?"

"Only four ninety-six," the storekeeper stammered. "See here, though, you needn't mind payin' it now. I never——"

"I insist," said Piney.

Amos was moving backward from the presence. Waving a note, Cridle followed him. After them, from the porch, into the store, hobbled old man Killowill and his cronies, Solomon Holloberger, breathless with running, bringing up the rear. "I insist," said Piney again, and he tossed the bill on the counter.

Amos took it and laid down four pennies in change, but Mr. Cridle's eyes were not strong enough to see coins of such small denomination. He deliberately turned his back on them, and, gathering up the tails of his Prince Albert, sat down on the only solid chair in the place.

"Mebbe you have some good se-gars," he said carelessly over his shoulder.

"I've a very fine two-fer," returned the store-keeper, rather apologetically.

"Come, come," said Mr. Cridle, laughing and waving his hands about the company, "do you s'pose I'm goin' to buy these gentlemen two-fers? I want five-cent se-gars."

This demand was fairly thundered at

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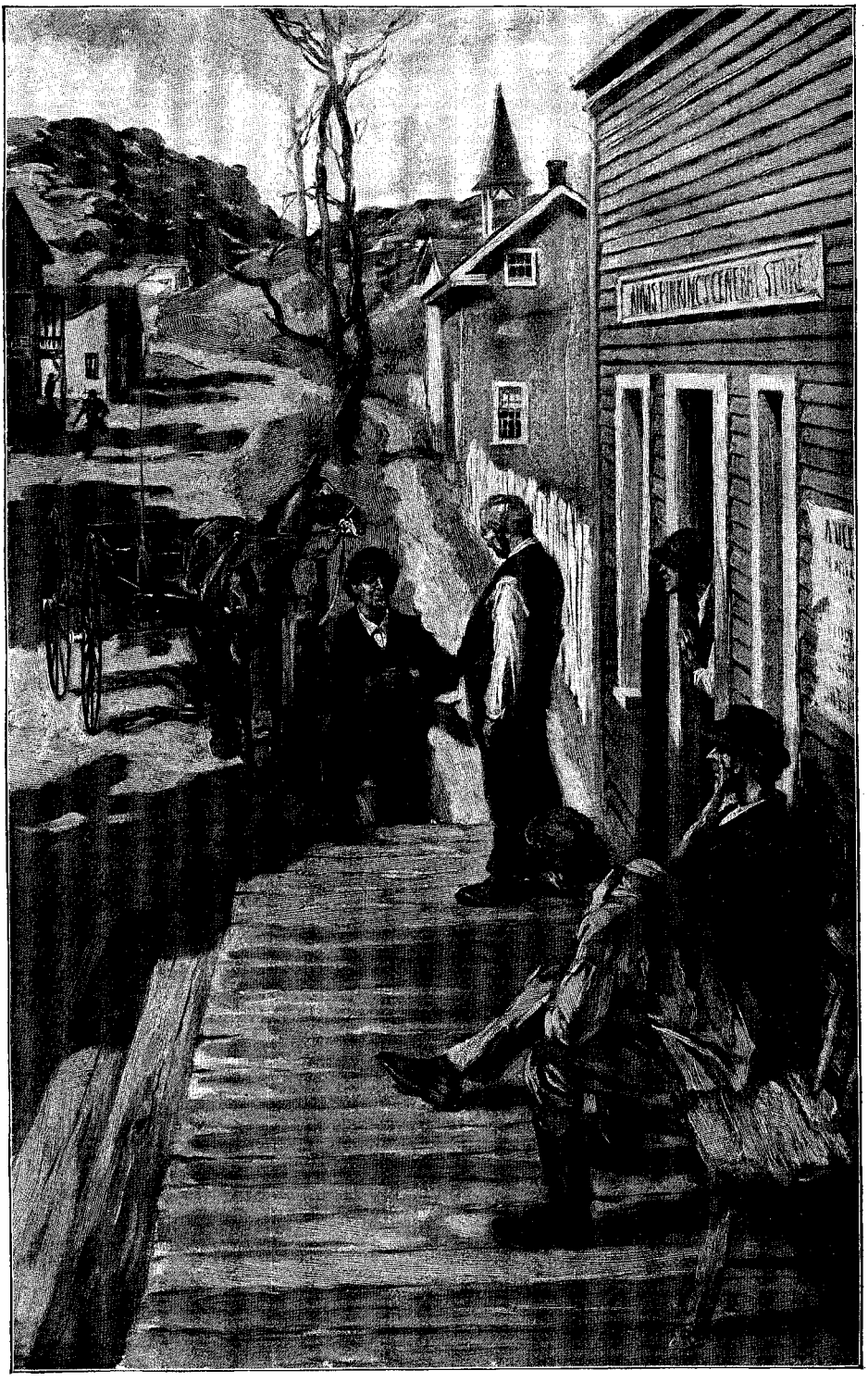

Drawn by Fletcher C. Ransom.

"Pleasant weather we are having," he said cheerily.—Page 227.

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poor Pinking. He was now thoroughly intimidated, and lost no time in getting a step-ladder and climbing to his topmost shelf. Somewhere behind a wall of glass and crockery he found a box which he handed meekly to his arrogant customer.

"It's my treat, boys," said Piney, passing the cigars around. "I'm sorry they ain't better, as it's not often I've a chance to set you-uns all up. There's a dollar, Amos. Take a se-gar yourself, an' I'll put four in me pocket—that makes an even eighty-five cents. Now, as I was sayin'——"

"So you've found a mine after all—well—well—well—but that is fine!" Solomon Holloberger had pushed to the front and was holding out both hands. "I congratulate you, Piney. You deserves it. You——"

"I guess I do," returned the young man, allowing the preacher to shake just two fingers. Then, by a sudden thought, he turned to the store-keeper. "Let the children have the change in mint-sticks," he said.

"Now, Piney, I'd an idee all the while that you knowd," said Lucien, lighting his cigar and taking one long, delicious puff. "There was somethin' about you all the time that give me the belief you had drumt where the gold was. I'm right, now, ain't I?"

"I allow you ain't," replied Piney, brusquely, tossing his cigar into the coal-scuttle, although it had hardly begun to burn, and lighting another complacently.

Killowill retired behind Andrew Rickaback. The cobbler was beaming all over, a condition rather unusual for him, as he is by nature a gloomy, taciturn man. Now he disclosed the cause of his joy.

"It seems to me that my tract in them Snyder County mountains joins right on to the one your pap left you, don't it, Piney?"

"It does," replied Cridle. "That's a fine tract, too. You otter look after it more."

This was a hint that rejoiced the cobbler's soul. He, too, was having visions of side-bar buggies, and trotting horses, and melodions.

"Amos, Amos," he cried in sudden excitement, "git Mr. Cridle one of them five-cent se-gars."

Pinking, being a man of sober judgment, hesitated, but the cobbler arose from the bench and shouted, "Can't you hear me—a five-cent se-gar fer Mr. Cridle."

Piney accepted the attention politely.

"You otter look after your tract," he said. "An' you, Preacher Holloberger, haven't you a bit of property next mine in the north?"

Solomon whistled. It was a long, low, wailing note, and when his breath failed him, he sank down on the bench and began to fan himself with his Dunker hat.

"I sold it to a sawmill man last month," he gasped.

"I told you—I told you!" Lucien Killowill had never been a property-holder in the mountains, and what he suffered in hearing of Andrew Rickaback's great good luck had its balm in the absurd bargain of his intimate enemy, the preacher. "Jest last month I told you-uns to hold on. I sayd all along you otter wait till you heard from Piney, yander."

Solomon turned angrily on Cridle. "Why didn't you send me word?" he cried. "You might 'a' dropped me a postal."

"Now I'm sorry, Preacher, really I am." There was a touch of regret in the young man's voice. "Still, you know, I was mindin' your warnin'. Didn't you say gold was a mocker?"

"I sayd the Good Book sayd it," retorted Solomon.

"Well, then, that there was a mistake of mine, now wasn't it?" Piney appealed to the rest of the company to condemn him as he deserved; but the cigars had had a wonderful effect, and in all the long line on the counter, there was not an accusing eye. "It's terrible to cause others sufferin,'" he went on; "but when you know I didn't mean it, when you know I miscal'lated what you was drivin' at, you won't be hard on me, will you, Preacher?"

"You otter 'a' sent me a postal," snapped Solomon.

Andrew Rickaback had made it evident by many sage winks where he stood in this controversy over Piney's inconsiderateness of others.

"It's only natural you wouldn't have time to think of them things," he declared softly. "By the way, though, how does the vein run? I should jedge that naturally it 'ud foller along the mountain, or mebbe it splits up in all directions. Am I right?"

"If I could tell you, I would," was the reply. "There ain't nobody I'd rather tell it to than you, Andrew, if I could; but that's a pint I ain't follered out yit."

"Didn't your diggin' give you some idee of the general direction? Didn't it——"

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To Lucien Killowill's mind the world was going entirely too smoothly with Piney Cridle. It was high time that there should be injected into the general chorus of adulation some little discordant note that would bring the young man to a sense of the hollowness of riches. Solomon Holloberger had been completely crushed and was sitting in silence, wiggling one foot very vigorously and chewing a match-stick, so in his gloomy mood he did not make an attractive butt for the old man's cutting humor. Andrew's high spirits were proof against any attack. Piney, in the glory of his derby and Prince Albert, tilted back on two legs of his chair carelessly twirling a fine cigar; Piney, in the full of that great white light the rich so love to have beat upon them, offered a very large mark for ammunition such as Killowill had stored in his narrow head.

"Mebbe you haven't heard about Pet," began the old man, blocking the cobbler's quest of information.

"About Pet?" Piney's chair came down on all four legs. "What about Pet?"

"She's likely to marry Harmon Barefoot," answered Lucien, rubbing his hands.

Piney swung back against the counter and took a long puff. "Is that all?" he drawled.

"Ain't it enough?" cried Killowill. "Why, they've been settin' up regular all winter, him and her. He's give her an accordine."

"I wish 'em happiness," said Piney cheerfully. "It's a pity she couldn't do better than Harmon Barefoot, though, fer she's a pretty girl, she is, an' there was a time when I might 'a' married her myself. But Harmon is one of them fellers that'll never have nothin' unless it's willed to him."

This contemptuous reference to the son-in-law he was likely to have, angered Killowill. He climbed to his feet and thumped the floor with his cane, and tried to unburden his feelings in words. For the moment words would not come. In his anger he dropped his cigar and tramped on it, which served further to enrage him.

"See here, Piney Cridle," he began.

Piney was on his feet.

"Take another se-gar," he said, "an' don't git all he't up, Lucien. I was only joshin'. Tell Harmon that when they're married he can have my cow. Tell Pet I'll send 'em a nice cut-glass water-pitcher—do you hear—tell her that. You might tell her I'd 'a' called to-day only I was drivin' through on my way to Pleasantwille an' stopped longer than I had otter—tell her that." Piney pulled on one of the yellow gloves and lighted another cigar. "Tell her I hope she'll marry Harmon," he added.

With that he left them. From the sidebar buggy he waved the derby, held in a gloved hand. The glossy trotter swung into her stride, and in a moment scurried around the bend at the end of the village.

Hardly a week passed till Piney Cridle came again to Tuscarora. He came in his old mackinaw jacket and coon-skin cap this time. He came afoot, and found Amos Pinking alone in the store.

"Where's the boys?" he asked, tossing on the counter a large bundle wrapped in newspapers.

"Where's the cady an' the Prince Albert?" returned Amos, puzzled by the change in his old friend.

Piney tapped the bundle lovingly. "There," he answered. "Don't touch it. You'll wrinkle 'em."

"Where's your *trotter?*" demanded Amos.

"My trotter!" Piney laughed long and loud. "What made you think I owned a trottin' horse?"

"Well, if it wasn't you-unsez, whose was it?" cried Amos angrily.

Some minutes passed before Piney could speak. He sat down and rubbed his face in his coon-skin cap, and rocked to and fro in his chair.

"That mare belonged to my boss," he said at last.

Slowly the store-keeper backed out from his post behind the counter, until he stood menacingly over the gleeful Cridle.

"Your boss!" he exclaimed. "I thought you had a mine."

"Whoever sayd I had a mine?" Piney retorted. "You never heard me say I had a mine."

Amos thought a minute, and then shook his head very slowly.

"I mind now, you didn't," he admitted. "But the money an' the se-gars?"

"I worked all last winter in a sawmill."

"Mighty souls!" With this heart-born exclamation Pinking sat down on the bench and stared at his friend.

"Where's the boys?" demanded Piney. "Where's Lucien, an' Preacher Holloberger, an' all them?"

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"Diggin' gold," was the solemn answer.

Piney drew a cigar from his pocket and lighted it. "This here's jest a plain penny one," he explained. "I've give up luxuries."

Pinking's head was wagging ominously.

"I s'pose they've gone to Snyder County," said Piney, after a long silence.

"Right," Amos answered. "They started the day after you was here—the whole of 'em. Andrew Rickaback had laid out to open up his property adjoinin' yours, an' Solomon, havin' sold his tract, started a general prospectin' firm with the idee of findin' a vein an' buyin' an' operatin' on shares."

"Who's in the firm?" inquired the other softly.

"They called it Holloberger, Killowill, an' Barefoot."

"Poor fellers, poor fellers!" murmured Piney. He arose, and stepping to the door took his post by the sentinel oil-cloth rolls. "Think of 'em, Amos; think of 'em—their clearin's choked up with weeds; their cows wanderin' loose around the roads. S'pose they does find a mine—is it worth it? Is it worth all them days of diggin' an' diggin'? Is it worth all them wet Aprile nights over in the mountains? Is it worth it, I says?"

"You'd otter quit your joshin', Piney Cridle," cried Amos angrily; "you done it—you know you did."

"Amos," Piney answered, "you never was drove outen the store be scorn an' sermons, was you? You mind that day when they all laughed so at me? You-uns thought I didn't feel it. You-uns thought Piney Cridle was a poor simple-minded fool, didn't you? That's the way I felt myself, an' I stopped down there on the bridge to stedy it over. As I was stedyin' I happened to look up, an' there in the second-story winder was Pet Killowill a-peekin' at me. I knowd Harmon Barefoot was settin' in the kitchen. You otter 'a' seen Pet Killowill then, as I seen her, a-lookin' my way so sorrowful. It was time I was up an' doin'. I'd rather have her than all the gold in Snyder County, says I, Amos. An' I took jest one long look, an' then I waved my hand an' set out fer the mountain. All last winter when you an' Lucien an' the Preacher pictured me a-diggin' an' diggin', I was gittin' a dollar a day in a sawmill. Now I'm back agin. I come in a side-bar buggy, but it was my boss's, an' I was takin' it down to the big walley fer him. I come in a cady hat an' a Prince Al-bert because I bought 'em fer my weddin'. There they are now—in that bundle. Mebbe you wouldn't mind keepin' 'em fer me awhile, till I run down an' see Pet. Poor girl! left all alone while her pap an' Harmon goes a-huntin' gold. Mebbe I'll run up to the clearin' an' open the house, an' then slip over to Barefoot's an' git my cow."

Piney turned to the door and went whistling out. At the steps he halted.

"Amos," he called back, "mebbe to-morrow you'll go with me to the mountains to gather in a few of them brands from the burnin'."

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POTPOURRI

By H. G. Dwight

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

HERE is the sweetness of long-faded summers
Hid in this little jar of green and gold;
And here a garden's breath—now bare and cold—
That children loved, and birds, and drowsy hummers,
In afternoons of old.

Those afternoons of old! The long years harden;
They bring their burdens and they bring their fame;
They open paradises new, aflame
With strange delights and rare. But Oh, the garden
From which this perfume came!

What mysteries it held! What dread recesses
Where dragons glowered through the tangled trees!
And what undaunted vows shrilled on the breeze—
Of heroes sworn to lighten old distresses,
Or perilled on strange seas!

Upon the seas of that low-trickling fountain
That mirrored the magnolia in its deep,
And carried many a sagging sail a-creep
On high adventure to a magic mountain
Where Some One lay asleep.

But never set the sails in other harbor
(And Some One—does she sleep and wait for aye?
Or was she one that woke another day?)
Than in the shadow of that wondrous arbor
Where roses burned in May.

Ah, never in the world were there such roses
As once from that enchanted trellis hung,
Like jewel-censers to dream-music swung!
And every time her heart May half uncloses,
I catch a gleam they flung.

One gleam—they blow no more—a haunting sweetness.
(Or backward when my eager vision strains,
Is it a Flaming Sword whose glitter wanes?)
This perfumed porcelain—its incompleteness
Alone of all remains.

This, and some scar that in my soul discloses
How much can leave how little; and how far
Behind me are those golden days—how far!
And, Soul, how many summers, and what roses,
It holds—one little jar!

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A group of the spectators.

A NATIONAL GAME OF TURKESTAN

By James Locke

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

WE reached Samarcand on a beautiful warm April morning. The day before, we had spent ten weary hours kicking our heels together on the station platform at Bokhara, waiting for a little Transcaspian railroad train which, so we were told, was having a duel with a sandstorm off in the desert. But even when she did finally come in, brown and gritty from the encounter, we were loath to climb aboard and bid farewell to the wonders of that dirty barbaric city and its people. During the whole of our ten days' visit Bokhara had been decked in her gala clothes, celebrating the entrance of the year of the Hegira 1322 with a huge festival. We had accordingly been able to see the natives at their best and rarest—that is, at play. The *bachas*, or dancing boys, had been supplied from the Emir's own contingent; the wrestlers had been the most powerful and expert of all in their profession; the candy-makers had surpassed each other in the variety of their concoctions of sweetened flour. The tom-toms had been beaten, and the dervishes had howled, and the Bokharans had thrown themselves into all the fun, more vigorously than they would at any other season of the year.

To the novelty of all this we thought to say good-by at the Bokhara station. But as a matter of fact, New Year's Day seems to be a very elastic institution in Central Asia, and we were not thoroughly past it for

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another month. The advantage of this lay very decidedly with us, for the methods of celebration were alike in no two cities, and each possessed its own points of interest. But this we did not know at the time, and so, when we found that a fair was in progress in Samarcand, as in Bokhara, the news was indeed welcome. It became still more so upon our learning that on that same afternoon a game of *baigha*, the national sport of the natives, and probably the most exciting of all national games, was to be played.

A struggle for the sheepskin.

All the morning, as we roamed about among the wonderful blue-tiled ruins of mosques and colleges in the public square, we noted signs of preparation for it. The crowds sitting in the tea-booths were obviously not composed of the usual merchants who seek a moment's refreshment and rest from the turmoil of the bazaar; for in the neighborhood of each booth were tethered as many horses as the booth had occupants, and the tea-drinkers themselves were covered with the dust which betrayed them as coming from outlying villages. Horses were hitched everywhere. They were tied in ones and twos to every tented stall within the great square, their owners, long-thonged whips in hand, haggling with the candy and preserve venders over the price of sweetmeats, or gathered in little groups in silent enjoyment of their gourd water-pipes; one pipe, incidentally, being the common property of each group.

These dust-stained travellers were a few of the participants of the game—relatively a very few, for the Asiatic substitute for polo is played on a gigantic scale. The prospective onlookers were equally conspicuous. Broken-down droskies, which, after a long period of usefulness in Russia, were seeking in Central Asia their final resting-place, rattled hither and thither, their turbaned drivers shouting, beseeching, squabbling, for one more passenger.

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Resting.

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Dodging among them went little Kirghiz horses, long-haired and shaggy-maned, and each bearing a bearded study in blue and yellow or red and green, more likely than not with an equally gorgeous youngster or two astride the animal behind him. From the roof of one of the great mosques we could see them wending their way through the wide roadway of the bazaar to the gaunt ruins of the Bibi Khanum Mausoleum, like a long, gaudy-colored ribbon, and thence, by a heavy dust line, trace their zigzagging path up a dull brown mosque-strewn hill, and over its brow.

A quick and fleeting pilgrimage to the beautiful tomb of Tamerlane having been accomplished, we ourselves were on the same track, the tail end of a long procession of horsemen, droskies, pedestrians, and *arbas*, high-wheeled, oval-topped native vehicles. The loose dust lay three inches deep in the road, and as much more of it hung suspended in the motionless air. As we reached the crown of the hill, rows of multicolored tents loomed up through the brown atmosphere, and from beneath them, over the white turbans of the curious, came the noise of tomtoms, sturdily pounded; of pipes lustily blown, and of melon venders, candy venders, and restaurateurs advertising their condiments. A cheap little merry-go-round, escaped from somewhere in Europe, was catering to the joys of young Asia, with carriages the squeak of which almost drowned even the musical din.

We passed through the lanes of tents on foot, and finally reached the edge of a huge basin, which was, perhaps, a quarter of a mile in diameter and fifty feet deep. On its near side, squatting in tiers on the steep bank, was a great multitude of silent green, brown, red, yellow, blue-clad humanity, shoulder to shoulder, and hidden beneath a white canopy of turbans. The brow of the opposite slope was outlined by a long row of motionless horsemen, in silhouette against the blue sky; while others stood dotting its sides wherever footing could be found. All eyes were fixed upon the plain below. Some thousand or so of horsemen were gathered there, conspicuous for their skullcaps instead of turbans, and for the absence of the highly colored robes in which the spectators were clad. They had obviously discarded for the moment the vainglories and pomp of this world to get down to solid work, and with reason. Through their midst was travelling, with tremendous speed, a light-brown, almost impenetrable cloud of dust, coming straight toward our quarter. As it came it broke, and disclosed a tight jam of a hundred tearing horsemen, all apparently struggling, without checking their speed, to occupy the centre of the group at once. They struck our bank as a wave strikes a cliff, surged half up it in a spray of single horsemen and flying spectators, and then settled back disintegrated. Like a flash one horseman suddenly threw his body far over from his saddle, and gave a tremendous tug at something black which hung from the saddle of another. The black thing changed owners, and in another instant its new possessor was off across the ground, himself the object of another attack.

This, then, was the game. The black thing was the skin of a freshly killed sheep, thrown still bloody into the arena by some official at the start, grabbed up from the ground by some one of the horde of horsemen, and its possession to be defended, its momentary holder against any fraction of a thousand riders, throughout the day. There was no scoring and no goal. The game must have been evolved in the pure love of horses and horsemanship. Whoever had the skin was by the act of possession constituted "It," and an object of mob violence until someone else wrested the trophy from him. With the skin tucked securely away between his knee and the saddle, he who was "It" would lead the chase round and across the arena, straight through the stagnant pool opposite us, over the hill and out of sight. Lost to the view of the spectators, he would suddenly appear at some other spot on the crest, and tear pell-mell down its side with fifty horsemen at his heels. The skin might change hands half a dozen times in as many minutes; or it might be held until its guardian was forced, by the tiring of his horse, to give up. Then there would be a quick pass to his nearest neighbor, and away the skin would go, under the spur of fresh life. The pursuing mob was always fresh. As it came dashing across the basin, waiting horsemen, scattered about, would suddenly spring into motion and join the throng, while in its wake there formed a long line of panting animals, brown with dust and sweat, their labors for the moment over.

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The game of *baigha.*

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A group of pursuers.

So the game continued, hour after hour. There were few falls, but some of them were bad ones, and more than once, when a rider went down, he lay motionless until some of his comrades picked him up and carried him off. One of the horses stumbled as he came over the brow of the hill, and animal and rider went rolling to the bottom of the slope together. Two horses collided fairly at right angles in the pond, and their owners emerged from the shallow water humbled, but at least much cleaner than they had been since some hours before. A fallen horse was shown no mercy. As soon as its owner could pick himself up, he would go at the poor brute viciously with his long-thonged whip, assisted in the administration of punishment by all his immediate neighbors. But this one outgrowth of custom was the only indication of cruelty. In spite of the vigor with which the sport was pursued, not one horse among the thousand seemed at any time to be pushed beyond his strength, and during the periods of rest they were zealously watched and watered and cleaned and coddled, with many a sign of mutual affection between horse and rider.

The exhibition of horsemanship was in itself marvellous. It was, of course, straightforward riding, without tricks; but no beginner at polo ever attacked his opponent as recklessly as twenty or thirty of these Asiatics would hurl themselves upon the luckless one who gripped that sheepskin beneath his knee. Any method of stopping him was fair, from grabbing his bridle to a head-on collision at full speed. Occa-

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sionally two horsemen were spontaneously left to fight it out among themselves. In one such instance the pair dashed through all the diameter of the arena, and over the hill beyond, he with the sheepskin leading by a neck. His pursuer, with reins flung loose upon his horse's mane and one knee hooked about the pommel of the saddle, had thrown himself far out to the side and fastened both hands upon the trophy. But it was apparently glued to its defender's knee, and if the pursuing horseman could not be shaken off, neither could the skin be dragged away. Its possessor turned and dodged at full speed, and the second horse followed every move as if by instinct. So they tore through the crowd, utterly oblivious of what lay in their path, whether horseman or water or hillside. Up and over the crest they went, and were lost to view. In a few seconds the attacking rider reappeared, cantering slowly along with the skin in his possession. He pulled up his panting horse, passed the emblem of victory to a friend, and again the sport was in full blast.

One of the combatants.

We watched the struggle for four hours, so fascinated that the needs of our lunchless bodies were forgotten. Finally, however, someone tapped me on the shoulder from behind, and I looked up to see the Russian chief of police, who was curious as to our nationality and excuse for being in so out-of-the way a place as Central Asia, and incidentally desirous of offering us some refreshments. So we were forced to turn our back on a game which for excitement stands easily without a peer, to sit about a prosaic samovar and tell the authorities who we were.

General Skobeleff, in urging further aggressions in Central Asia on the part of Russia, once drew a glowing picture of the hordes of Asiatic cavalry which would thus be rendered available at some future day for an assault upon India. One needs but to watch such a game as this to realize the force of his words and the potentiality of these new resources of the Czar. The horses are the tenderly reared descendants of those which carried Tamerlane and his victorious army from Samarcand to the Nile, from the Nile almost to Constantinople, and from Asia Minor to the gates of Moscow, and back again to Samarcand. They are large, strong, and fleet, and full of endurance, showing many traces of Arabian blood, and still more, perhaps, of that of the now almost extinct Turkoman steed. Their sleek coats and rounded bodies show how carefully they are watched over, each one the pride of its owner, who is himself a born horseman and born judge of horseflesh. Add to this the fact that if the native of Central Asia has in the past developed a reputation for fanaticism, he has shown himself no less indisputably brave. Russia needs but the time necessary to train her new subjects, and to render them loyal to herself, to have at her disposal a force the power of which, for such purposes as that of the invasion of Afghanistan, cannot be overestimated. The second of these points, the overcoming of religious and racial prejudice, she has already done much to attain by a surprisingly wise system of paternal government. The first will follow within two or three decades; and when that, too, has been reached, the Czar will have at his disposal a new force, more efficient, more terrible, and almost as numerous, as her Cossacks.

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THE FRUITS OF JAPAN'S VICTORY

BY THOMAS F. MILLARD

AFTER more than a year of almost uninterrupted success and with what they believe, rightly or not, to be the closing phase of the war entered upon, the Japanese people are permitting themselves to consider the fruits of victory. Since the tendencies of Japanese energies and ambitions and the political questions involved in the settlement seriously affect the desires and interests of a number of the great Western powers, particularly America, they are worthy of something more than passing consideration. Indeed, it is not too much to say that some of the gravest problems influencing the destiny of the human race are included within the scope of events now so rapidly culminating in this part of the world, and it would be a blind statesmanship that would regard them with indifference.

However, in discussing these matters in so far as they are influenced by Japanese ambitions and tendencies, one encounters a serious difficulty at the very outset. This has its roots in the immense amount of misinformation which has in the last year or two, under various disguises, been disseminated concerning Japan and her people, and the popular misconceptions based thereon now prevalent among Westerners. So, in order to give any adequate portrayal of the elements and issues involved, it seems necessary to first clear away this mass of rubbish.

The chief agency in creating this misconception has been, naturally, the press; and to make clear the method by which this extraordinary result was accomplished some elucidation is required, the pertinency of which will appear. It has long been the boast of American journalism that our press is to a great degree free, in the delineation and discussion of foreign news, from the prejudices and influences which so often mar the efforts of our British and Continental contemporaries; and it must be with a feeling of mortification that it now begins to realize how all these years it has in many things been led by a string held in London. And yet the explanation of this seemingly singular condition is simple enough. During the first century of our national existence our chief concern was about our internal affairs, and we were quite content to take ordinary news about events transpiring outside our boundaries from outside sources, since the effect upon our progress was so slight as to seem insignificant. The causes which made London the news centre of the world are obvious. Before the day of the telegraph British ships sailed all the seas and penetrated to the remotest parts of the earth. British interests grew up everywhere, making communication frequent and easy. Then came the telegraph, and the laying of marine cables. Here England was again the pioneer, and for many years cables controlled by British interests were almost the only avenues of news transmission between Europe and America and remoter regions, while chartered concessions for a long time did, and in many instances still, forestall competition. So far as America was concerned, practically all of the foreign news which reached our press came through London, and still does, although the laying of a Pacific cable now gives us ready and direct access to the Orient. Other practical reasons applicable to journalistic conditions, such as the differences in time caused by the rotation of the earth, added to the forces which established the route of the world's news movement from east to west. Thus London became the news centre of the world, and the American press found it not only convenient, but practically necessary to depend upon the London press for the great bulk of its foreign news. It is only of late years, since my work has taken me to various parts of the world and brought me face to face with the actual method used in the gathering and transmission of such news services, that I have come to realize what an immense power they have exercised in enabling England to advance her policies and interests, and my annoyance at the discovery is lost in admira-

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tion of the results achieved. That historians of the rise of the British Empire should have, in their analyses of the forces which have produced the result, ignored this corner on information of a certain class and what it has involved shows that appreciation of the function of publicity in civilization is still in a nebulous state.

Interesting as this question is, and well worthy of exhaustive elucidation, I only refer to it here because it affords the principal clue to matters directly pertinent to a discussion of Japanese ambitions and designs in the Orient, which are soon to find expression, as far as circumstances will permit, in the terms which will end the present war. The reader need not expect to be able to reach any intelligent understanding of the great Far Eastern question without an investigation that must at least consider the fundamental propositions involved. The ingenious and pithy epigram may dazzle, but it leaves the mind ignorant and unconvinced. And the relations of publicity to the present situation and its results cannot be ignored, since it has been, and is being, utilized to call into play and influence forces directly bearing upon the settlement. Recently, in discussing the present situation in the Orient with a foreigner long distinguished by his association with events in this part of the world, I asked him what, in his opinion, is the greatest force applicable in the readjustment which must follow the war.

"Public opinion in America and England," he answered without hesitation.

Striking as this statement may seem at first thought, it is essentially true in the last analysis, and in his reply I found a long-growing conviction of my own somewhat unexpectedly confirmed. But to say that the greatest force applicable to the forthcoming problems is public opinion in America and England is not to say that such opinion will necessarily dictate their settlement. It merely indicates that it *may* do so. I venture to go further, and assert that it *should* do so. Whether it will or not depends upon what that public opinion is and how it is exercised in influencing the actions of the American and British governments.

In this connection it is worth while to review, briefly, the manner in which this public opinion has been shaped into its existing state, and the underlying motives which have given it direction. For, as any observant person must have noticed, there is at present a truly remarkable coincidence in the general trend of British and American popular opinion about the present war. When previous divergence of national thought and prejudices is remembered, the present agreement can scarcely be set down as the result of merely incidental forces. It is, in fact, the result of manipulation, aided by certain incidental forces tending to bring English and American national policies and interests into harmony in the Far East. This result, extremely desirable in itself, and founded upon just grounds, already shows signs of creating a counterbalancing force which may conceivably be used to defeat the objects the Anglo-American harmony was designed to secure. With such a possibility inherent in it, the subject, in all its details, cannot be regarded as other than very important.

British antipathy to Russia is a matter of such common knowledge that it is unnecessary to review here its causes and growth. One of its results has been to assist materially in bringing about the present war and the critical situation consequent upon it. It created the Anglo-Japanese alliance, and the alliance was the immediate forerunner of the war. From the moment it was concluded the war was a foregone conclusion, fully determined upon by Japan, no matter what may be asserted to the contrary, and any opinions formed out of other views lead up a blind trail. This statement is fully borne out by a close study of the facts, and does not necessarily bear upon the right or wrong of the dispute between Japan and Russia. To say that Russia was wrong does not mean that Japan was right, and arguments based on this assumption are destined to come some severe croppers in the near future. From the moment that England determined upon an alliance with Japan as the most promising means of checking Russian ambitions on the Pacific, there began a propaganda through the press to create a sympathy with the purpose of the alliance in the two countries where it was absolutely necessary to secure support—England and America. The time was peculiarly favorable for carrying out this project. It required, of course, little effort to set the tide of English opinion flowing strongly against Russia, but in America more deli-

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cate manipulation was needed. However, it chanced that public opinion in America, just awakened to a new discovery of Asia by the unexpected acquisition of the Philippines, was beginning to feel aggrieved at Russia owing to her aggressive policy in Manchuria, which was rightly considered to be detrimental to American interests. Moreover, there had been a decided renewal of our friendly interest in Japan, through a variety of causes. So the field was ripe for the reaping.

At that time the gathering and distribution of news from the Far East was entirely in the hands of a British news agency, long dependent in a measure upon governmental favors, whose policy was and is, consequently, amenable to reserved governmental suggestion. The Pacific cable was not laid, and all news that reached America from the Orient, except that from the Philippines, came via London with the usual British coloring. There has always been, and justly, I think, latent in the breast of the average American a feeling of hostility toward the anachronisms of the Russian Government, even while feeling the most lively liking for the Russian people, which gave to clever adverse pictures of Russia's Far Eastern policy a ready acceptance. And, indeed, this view is in my opinion entirely justified by the facts. The cleverness of the manipulation consisted in that the adverse delineation of Russian doings in the Orient was made to also serve to represent Japan's aims and acts in a favorable light, and the two impressions thus became coexistent in the popular mind. British manipulation of the Oriental news service during this period did not confine itself to insidiously attacking Russia. It dealt blows also at France and Germany whenever opportunity offered. This led, naturally, to the establishment of news bureaus conducted in the German and French interests, but little from these sources reach America. The foreign press published in China and Japan has, until very recently, been almost exclusively in British hands, which was also a great advantage to the favorable presentation of the British point of view. As a rule, editors and reporters on these papers are employed as correspondents for the English and American press, and their correspondence naturally has reflected the interests in which their respective papers were published. Mind, I do not wish to convey the impression that any great preponderance of news forwarded from these sources was false, or even improperly colored; but I do think that the general result was, in matters that could be given a political bearing, calculated to represent England and Japan, so far as Far Eastern events were concerned, in a generally favorable light, and Russia in a generally unfavorable light.

During this period, which may be said to embrace the interval between the "boxer" disturbances in China and the negotiations which precipitated the present war, the principal Oriental news service distributed to papers published in America came from the Associated Press, by virtue of an arrangement between it and the leading British agency; so that while the service was outwardly American, it was in reality British in its essential aspects, subject to a process of "straining" in the offices of the American organization. This is no reflection upon either the enterprise or integrity of the Associated Press. I have reason to think that its managers have long realized the desirability of maintaining its own correspondents abroad, and decided steps in that direction have been made in quite recent times. But financial and other practical reasons have made the process a gradual one, which still falls short of what the management wishes and hopes to accomplish. The press of America gets no financial assistance, either direct or indirect, from the Government, as is common elsewhere, which, while being one of its greatest sources of strength and value, sometimes puts it at a temporary disadvantage and prevents it for a time from doing what it would like to do. Most governments not only subsidize news agencies permanently or upon occasion, but go so far as to purchase or establish newspapers outright for the purpose of carrying forward a propaganda in support of their policies. It is to call attention to these methods, particularly to their past and present influence upon the future of the nations in the Orient, and not to reflect upon the fundamental excellence of the American press, that I discuss the subject here.

When the present war began the Associated Press at once realized the importance of having its own representatives on the scene, and a number of experienced and

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capable men were sent. A large number of special correspondents also hastened to the Far East, although the American press was generally disposed to depend for its special service upon its English contemporaries. As a consequence, by far the larger proportion of the special correspondents were of British nationality or employed by British publications. Owing to the impression that correspondents would be more welcome with the Japanese and the foundation of interest and sympathy for them which had already been laid, a great majority went to Japan, where, in the beginning, they received every attention calculated to confirm their friendly predisposition. Many were seeing Japan for the first time, and for the moment its peculiar glamor fell upon them. Moreover, there is no doubt that many of the correspondents for London newspapers had explicit instructions to adopt a pro-Japanese attitude. A few of them, men of sufficient reputation to have some weight, went even so far as to advise with Japanese officials and offer suggestions with a view to disseminating the pro-Japanese propaganda. Thus for several months a large number of correspondents remained in Japan, royally entertained by the Japanese, and writing articles of fulsome praise about the country and people, which were eagerly printed by English and American newspapers.

Taking a leaf out of England's book, perhaps acting upon friendly suggestion, the Japanese Government set to work to organize a definite plan to hold what it had gained—popular sympathy in America and England. There is no doubt that the more astute Japanese statesman fully realized that useful as this sympathy was for the moment, particularly in bolstering her somewhat weak finances, it would become of far greater importance after the war had been fought and the day for the settlement came. Japan had carefully calculated the chances of the war and expected to be successful, else she would not have entered upon it. But military success did not necessarily mean the full accomplishment of her political policy. This policy was destined, as her leaders well knew, to bring her into contact, even friction, with Western powers other than Russia. There loomed ahead a possible congress of the powers, in which Japan would be unable to accomplish her desires without powerful allies, or at least a passive sympathy which would give her a free hand in certain directions. So a Japanese press bureau was established in London, with branches in Europe and indirect connections in America, for the purpose of keeping the Japanese point of view conspicuously to the fore. This bureau supplies special articles for publication to various news-distributing concerns which operate in England, Europe, and America. It also supplies a special telegraph news service free to all newspapers published in the Orient that will print it, and most of them do. A number of newspapers and publications are directly, though surreptitiously, subsidized, especially papers printed in the Far East. Even the Chinese native press is not neglected, but is said to print news telegrams and special articles supplied by the Japanese. Practically the whole of the British press in the Far East continues to be rabidly and unreasonably pro-Japanese, although there is a decided drift of contrary sentiment already noticeable among Britishers residing in the Orient. The resident Japan correspondent for a prominent London newspaper, whose special service is widely used and opinion much quoted in America, is the publisher of a paper subsidized by the Japanese Government. Naturally, Russia has made some effort to counteract this carefully planned propaganda. Two newspapers have been established in the Far East by the Russian Government, printed in English, which are supplied with a telegraphic service and are edited in the Russian interest. But no attempt is made to conceal the fact that these publications are subsidized, with the consequence that their utterances are discounted in advance. Besides, their tone is, on the whole, very mild and reasonable compared to the pro-Japanese publications, and they are in a hopeless minority. No long-established and influential publication anywhere in the world outside of Russia is swayed by Russian influence, which places the empire at a great disadvantage in this game of stimulating publicity.

It may be that these methods are in a way legitimate under the circumstances. But I think that the British and American people, who stand, next to the Japanese, to have their material welfare most affected by them, have an interest in knowing the facts. And

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the American press, also, which is undoubtedly disposed to be fair in its presentation of and judgment upon events in the Far East, should scrutinize its news sources more closely. Much that is printed in the pro-Japanese Far Eastern press is reproduced in American newspapers, and often editorial comment is based upon it, though I think that this is decreasing as the war progresses. Although the scene of hostilities is far away from Japan, a strict censorship is still maintained on press despatches sent out of the country, and this censorship is by no means confined to purely military matters. Yet so prejudiced is a very large section of the English press that it is not uncommon to see the Russian censorship bitterly condemned and the Japanese censorship praised in the same column. It should be clear to even commonplace intelligence that both censorships are maintained for the same purpose, and with the same justification (or lack of it), and my knowledge of both leads me to believe that the Russian is the more liberal, notwithstanding strong reasons why the opposite should be true. As the war has dragged on its weary way, the pressure of enormous expense, together with causes tending to destroy much of their utility, has led to the withdrawal of a majority of special correspondents. This has again left the news services largely in the hands of the regular agencies. Even the Associated Press has withdrawn all its special correspondents except one, by a reciprocal division of the field with its British contemporary. It may be a result of accidental circumstance, but it happens that at present the only Associated Press staff man in the part of the world directly affected by the war and its issues is stationed in Tokyo, the one spot where any inclination toward criticism of Japanese conduct and policies would in the nature of things find scant material, and where the tendency to suppression of such inclination, for diplomatic and practical reasons, is strongest. Lest this statement should be distorted into a reflection upon the representative of the Associated Press in Japan, I desire to say that in Mr. Martin Egan it has a correspondent singularly fitted for his position.

Thus it occurs that, with the war entering upon what seems likely to be its final stage, and the settlement which is to be its tangible result rapidly nearing, conditions attending publicity concerning matters pertaining thereto have reverted to the situation I have outlined; a situation in every way most favorable for keeping to the front the Japanese point of view, and most unfavorable for the dissemination of information likely to show the contrary side.

If, then, the average person in America and England now finds himself imbued with an impression that Japan is a miracle among the nations; that her national purposes and ambitions point straight along the path of universal altruism pure and undefiled; that she is generously sacrificing the blood and substance of her people in the cause of right and the broad interests of humanity and civilization, in a war unjustly and unexpectedly forced upon her; that the Japanese people are the most patriotic, the most agreeable and the "cutest" ever known; that the Japanese soldier is the bravest the world has ever seen, and his standard of military excellence unattainable by Westerners; if he has somehow gathered all this, and much more of the same sort, it is not at all surprising. Here is the rubbish pile which must be cleared away before any intelligent grasp of the immediate issues of the Far Eastern question may be had. It is none the less a mass of rubbish though much of its fundamental structure consists of incongruous and unrelated facts, with no real bearing upon the larger propositions involved. In fact, there is probably no parallel (although I am familiar with the methods and success of the British Government in its manipulation of news from South Africa prior to and during the Boer war), in the absence of direct use of money or application of special and pressing interest, to the manner by which the press of America (I assume that a majority of the British press was complaisant) has been "worked" by the Japanese Government in regard to this war. However, its effects need not necessarily be bad for Western civilization and interests, since it has given us much that is true and illuminating about Japan, unless it should result in mistaken action or no action at all by Western governments in the crisis that is coming. And it should be remembered that in this crisis inaction on the part of England and America will be positive in its effects.

I shall, in reporting and discussing matters concerning the relation of Japanese ambitions and policy, past and present, to the

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broader propositions of the Far Eastern question, attempt the somewhat difficult feat of treating Japan and her people in a rational manner; which is to say, that I will examine their actions and motives just as I would those of any other nationality, in the light of the facts. I heartily disdain the assumption which is the *motif* of so much that is written about Japan, that there is something mysterious, unfathomable to the Western intellect in the national character and motives; and in this I pretend to no superior perception, but only to ordinary common sense. Had America or England to-day a conflict of interest or opinion with another nation, creating serious international friction, what would be the standards applied to any reasonable discussion of the matter? Was it Germany, for instance, would we permit the fact that her peasantry still wear picturesque mediæval costumes and cling to many ancient customs and ideas to obscure the circumstances involved? Was it France, would the habitual politeness of French waiters and policemen, and the *chic* characteristics of French women blind us to sterner issues? Does the fact that the Turk is a Mahometan and calls his prayers to Allah from a minaret prevent him from having his national entity weighed in the balance of practical international politics? How much, I wonder, of geisha girls, of cherry blossoms, of politeness of servants and 'ricksha coolies anxious for a tip or desirous of smoothly covering a pecuniary exaction, of lotus blooms, of old palaces and temples, of crude surprise and astonishment at commonplace facts and circumstances of Oriental life, of the beauty of a scenically delightful land, is included in the present Western conception of Japan and her policy? Too much; entirely too much, I think. These facts are very interesting; as is the fact that Japan is rapidly adopting many Western methods, is improving her educational system, and so on. But what have these ordinary matters of social life, common to nearly all countries in some degree, to do with great questions of international policy, dependent upon calculated human volition, and expressed in broad political action? Very little; and in my correspondence, having long ago been emancipated from my first impressions of the Orient, I intend to cut them out. Let us, then, inquire into these matters, so far as Japan is concerned, just as we would if the nation in question was England, Germany, Austria, France or—may I say?—Russia.

Much has been written about the causes of this war; so much that there is now danger that the real causes will be entirely lost sight of in a chaos of comment and advocacy. We hear much of the rights of Japan on one hand, and the rights of Russia on the other. As a matter of fact, neither belligerent has any rights involved. Both have *interests*, but no *rights*. This constitutes a difference as well as a distinction. The chief bones of contention are Korea and Manchuria, and neither Japan nor Russia have any more rights in these countries than the United States, France, or Germany. Manchuria is a part of China, and Korea is, or was when the war began, an independent kingdom. Any rights foreign nations have are under treaties, which may be modified or rescinded at any time. This distinction should be kept clear, for it is vital to any intelligent discussion of the issues of the war and their settlement.

Since it is only by comparison with the causes of the war that the settlement can be judged, it seems necessary here briefly, even at the cost of appearing to rehash old matter, to recall some of the main propositions. Stripped of diplomatic verbiage and the pretences of special advocacy, the positions of the opposing powers amounted to about this: Russia, desiring to extend her influence in the Orient and secure an open port on the Pacific, and finding in her path territories belonging to nations too feeble to protect them, under various pretexts had seized Manchuria and was making tentative encroachments upon Korea, in both cases in disregard of the wishes of the political sovereigns of the countries and the treaty rights therein of other nations. Japan, newly awakened to a great ambition to extend her prestige and territory, and seeing in the success of Russia's policy the final closing of her only avenue to expansion, coveting for herself the disputed territories, and despairing of being able to check by diplomatic means the Russian advance, resolved upon war rather than abandon her own projects.

The fact that Russia had actually usurped authority in Manchuria, which it was occupying contrary to the wishes of China and a majority of the powers who

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had treaty rights and commercial interests there, enabled Japan to assume the pose of a liberator fighting the battle of China, Korea, and the Western nations, and so posed she still stands in the limelight of propaganda. The forgetful world does not remember that only ten years ago a combination of the powers, headed by Russia, prevented Japan from doing exactly what Russia has, in a measure, since done. Most references to the settlement of the China-Japan war are based on indignant allusions to how Japan was "robbed of the legitimate fruits of her victory," purposely oblivious to the fact that the fruits of Japan's military victory over China were almost identical with the fruits of Russia's diplomatic victory since, to which such strenuous opposition, and justly I think, has arisen. Is there some moral law in international affairs which makes a thing right when gained by military force and wrong when it is accomplished by diplomacy?

That there be no misunderstanding, it may be well to say here that I consider Russia's policy in respect to Manchuria and, incidentally, Korea, to be in its main political aims entirely wrong and highly objectionable from the standpoint of not only China and Korea, but also when the interests of other nations are considered. The Western world is little concerned, except academically, as to the merits of the quarrel between Russia and Japan. The quarrel occurred, the war is being fought and will in time be finished. What, then? The interests of China, of Korea, of the United States, England, Germany, and France remain the same as before the war. The rights of all, since no fundamental rights were at issue in the conflict or could be determined by it, also remain the same. Nothing will have been changed except the situation in the regions affected by the war. As now seems probable, instead of Russian military authority holding sway in Manchuria and Korea, there will be Japanese military authority. What will be the results upon the various interests and rights involved? This depends on the terms of the settlement; and the terms of the settlement will depend upon its issues and the forces brought into play in shaping them.

The main things to be considered, then, are the questions implicated and the forces already being applied and applicable to the situation. This will require close examination of many matters. It is now of little importance what Russia's conduct in the past has been, since it may be reasonably assumed that when hostilities terminate Japan's military situation in the locality affected will be superior. So for the time Russia may be discarded from the discussion. This helps much; for it at once emancipates us from past controversies and bitternesses and enables us to look more clearly at the present and future. And to get a reliable clew to Japan's ambitions and intentions, and their effect upon Western interests in the Orient, it will not do to depend upon the pronouncements of her diplomats or the representations of a favorable propaganda. I shall therefore attempt a solution of Japan's aims and the effects of her policy, if it succeeds, by examining not so much what she says as what she has done and is actually doing.

Since popular opinion in Japan is one of the elements certain to be injected into discussion of the peace terms, it is well to take a glance at it in passing. The propaganda has dealt profusely with this subject. The West has been deluged with accounts of the national enthusiasm which greeted the opening and progress of hostilities, manifested in innumerable striking ways, such as parental and filial homicide where domestic responsibilities hampered responses to the call to arms, popular confidence in the government shown by subscriptions to the domestic loans illustrated by pathetic examples of self-sacrifice, and the determination of the people to fight to ultimate exhaustion rather than recede a step from the position assumed. All this rests on a foundation of truth, but it is nevertheless true that the narration and discussion of such incidents in the press of the world has created, in the main, a false impression. It is true, for instance, that popular enthusiasm greeted the outbreak of the war. But this by no means implies that a majority of the people of Japan approved, or even understood the reasons and objects involved. Japan is at present, and will be for many years to come, ruled by an oligarchy, which, while animated by a more intelligent and progressive spirit than that which governs Russia, differs from it in no essential aspect. The masses of the Japanese people have no better knowledge of public and for-

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eign affairs than do the masses of people in Russia, or than did the peasantry of Europe in the time when it spilled its blood upon battle-fields in obedience to the whims of kings. Under the ruling oligarchy, which includes some very brilliant and a large number of able men, is a stratum of people engaged in professional, industrial, and commercial pursuits comparing favorably with intelligent middle classes in Western countries. These elements only have the capacity for any real understanding of broader political questions, and compared with the whole population of Japan their number is utterly insignificant. If an impression to the contrary has gone abroad, it is due to the direct and indirect operation of the propaganda. Within the last year or two Japan has been flooded with promiscuous writers, who have, as a rule, hovered about the captial and treaty ports, where the most progressive side of the country is on exhibition. They have been taken in hand by the Japanese, shown the best schools, the best hospitals and factories, the best of everything ancient and modern the country has to show, and the result has been a lot of very ridiculous comment. Set a tide like this running and it is hard to check, and it is not the less misleading because it is founded upon fact.

The Japanese oligarchy rules Japan just as the Russian oligarchy rules Russia, by seeking the approval of the people only when it is compelled to, and no oftener. The people have really almost no voice in the government, and that there are fewer manifestations of popular discontent than in Russia is due to the fact that the people are more indifferent to a direct influence in public affairs and that they are better governed. But in a great war, with its consequent human and other sacrifices, it was prudent to secure popular approval, which the Government set to work to gain. One of the strongest evidences that Japanese statesmen have long been preparing for this war is the manner by which pubic opinion has been shaped to meet the emergency, while Russia's unpreparedness and lack of political unanimity show that however her Far Eastern policy may have led toward it she failed to realize that it was at hand. To say that she intentionally brought it on is sheer nonsense. The facilities at hand for the manufacture of public opinion were practically the same in both countries, with a censored press as the convenient and natural medium. During the last few years I have visited this part of the world several times, and have kept close touch with the progress of events, particularly those bearing upon the policies of Russia and Japan. Having predicted that the war was inevitable three years before it began, and guessed at the time when it would break (as events have shown, I hit it almost to the month), I watched the drift of things more carefully, even when not in this part of the world, than I should have otherwise done. So I was able to keep pace with the manner by which the Japanese people were primed by the Government for the war, and also observed the beginning and progress of the pro-Japanese propaganda in the West which was designed to bring to the islanders allies and sympathizers where most needed. So, when the moment arrived and the war-cloud burst I was quite prepared to see the Japanese people rush to arms with enthusiasm. For years their minds had been adroitly played upon, and they threw themselves into the struggle with whole hearts. But the impulse that swayed them was sentiment, not opinion. They had nothing that can rightly be called opinion, for opinion implies a consideration of both sides of a proposition, and they had little or no impartial knowledge of the facts. That there was a wide difference of opinion concerning the war among Japanese statesmen is true, but the masses of the people knew nothing of the doings of the council chamber, for they never read the foreign press. Even the dissenters from the war policy, realizing that the nation would need a unified popular sentiment hostile to Russia if it came to war, did not think it wise to disturb existing popular impressions. As to the Japanese army, it was all for war. I heard Japanese officers of high rank speak of the war five years ago as a certainty of the near future. And the military party was even then in control of the Government.

So much for the foundation of popular opinion in Japan. And it is not a fact to be lightly dismissed by the Western world, that here is a people formidable in arms and of ambitious temperament so constituted in their present political and social development as to be tools in the hands of a few clever and aspiring men, whose use of the

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force at their command may be limited only by pressure from without. There does not to-day lie in Japan, in international affairs, any appeal to the good sense or right thinking of the people at large, as in England, America, or the greater part of Europe, from the designs or decision of the ruling class; and in my opinion persons who disseminate throughout the West the contrary view, even indirectly, are either mistakenly ignorant or false to the fundamental standards of Western civilization. We seem in danger of going widely astray in certain directions. There is nothing that I can see in the act of a father murdering his children in order to go to war, or a mother entering the Yoshiwara that her husband may fight for his country except a somewhat revolting reversion to a barbarism still latent in the race. Acts of similar self-sacrifice, differently expressed, are common to all nationalities in similar times. The plain truth is that the time is still far off when Japan can be dealt with except as an Oriental nation, and diplomatic intercourse or policy that does not keep this in view runs the risk of committing an error that may be very grave in its consequence.

When she entered upon the war Japan saw fit to publish certain utterances declaring the principal purposes which animated her in undertaking the struggle, and defining with seeming candor and explicitness her intentions in the event of success. Later in my correspondence I may find occasion to fully review some of these declarations, but at present a brief *résumé* of their more important terms will suffice. They disclaimed any ambition for territorial conquest, guaranteed the independence of Korea, and promised the restoration of Manchuria, should she succeed in evicting the Russians, to China. Nothing could be fairer or more disinterested. The world at large expressed its satisfaction, and the propaganda received a tremendous impulse in the West. More than a year has passed. The most sanguine anticipations of Japanese success have been realized. Victory is believed to be assured, and Japan is preparing to garner its fruits. But as the discussion of peace terms evolves from the general to the specific, indications of a change of front may be noticed, attended by some highly interesting and illuminating manifestations.

The main propositions involved in the settlement are, obviously, the fate of Korea and Manchuria, with a general readjustment that will consider and protect the various interests involved, and give some assurance of permanent peace in the Orient. As minor, though not unimportant, propositions may be mentioned the disposition of Port Arthur and Vladivostok; of the island of Saghalien and the Usuri and Amur littorals; the eastern termini of the two branches of the Trans-Siberian Railway, and that part of it lying east of the Manchurian-Siberian border; and certain precautions imposing a check upon future Russian aggression in this part of the world. As to those matters involving only Japan and Russia, no legitimate objection can be made to Japan securing all she can get. Anything which she may be able to exact from Russia may be fairly regarded as the legitimate fruits of victory. From what I can learn here, her demands upon Russia will probably embrace something like the following:

(*a*) The permanent evacuation by Russia of Port Arthur and all of Manchuria.

(*b*) The turning over to Japanese control, for a term of years, of all the Russian railway lines lying east of the western border between Manchuria and Siberia.

(*c*) Cession to Japan of the island of Sagahlien and its archipelago.

(*d*) The turning over to Japan for a term of years of the port and littoral of Vladivostok, as a guarantee of good faith and an agreement on the part of Russia to not again fortify Vladivostok.

(*e*) Russia to agree to not in the future increase her naval force in Pacific waters above a maximum fixed by the peace terms, without the consent of Japan.

(*f*) The Amur River to be freely navigated by the craft of all nations.

(*g*) Russia to pay Japan a money indemnity.

(*h*) Russia to recognize the preponderating interests of Japan in Korea and Manchuria.

Beyond a suggestion or two, I will pass by, for the time, discussion of these terms. A majority of them cannot be reasonably objected to by outside powers. One or two indirectly affect general interests, particularly those of China, such as the clause concerning the railways. I have no doubt that some of these demands will be ad-

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vanced not with any genuine expectation of having them granted, but in order to be able to appear to concede something in favor of a compromise. For instance, I do not think that Japanese statesmen have any expectation of being able to secure a money indemnity from Russia. Certainly such a demand would have poor prospect for success at the present stage of the war. Should the war go on, and Japan get possession of Vladivostok and the Amur littoral, it might be different, for then she would have something to return for a money consideration. The matter of free navigation of the Amur is clearly a sop thrown to the public sentiment of the world, and that will not be insisted upon.

Thus it will be seen that a peace between Japan and Russia based on the above suggestions would leave practically untouched the really great matters involved in the settlement—the fate of Korea and Manchuria, and beyond that the even larger issues included in the Far Eastern question. So it becomes clear that the peace terms between Japan and Russia and the *settlement* of the great issues of the war are not necessarily the same thing, although closely related. It is possible that peace might come and these more important matters be left comparatively unaltered. I venture to say that it is highly *probable* that they will not be in any way settled by the peace terms unless steps are taken by the Western powers to see that in respect to its being a move toward a solution of this great problem the present slaughter shall not be in vain. This distinction should be kept clear in the mind during the confusing controversies destined to rage until conditions in the Far East are re-established on a firmer basis.

But, some one may suggest, assuming that Japan is victorious, has she not already declared her intentions in respect to Korea and Manchuria in a way satisfactory to a majority of the powers interested, and is this not an assurance of a satisfactory settlement? True; Japan has declared her intentions. But that was a year or so ago. Policies are amenable to the suggestion of events, even assuming that sincerity and not expediency is the key-note of their promulgation. Since those utterances were given to the public Japan has had a series of brilliant military successes. The propaganda has informed us, of course, that the qualities of her statesmen and people are such that they will not be influenced in their impulses or ambitions by national glory. However, I am trying to forget that we are dealing with demi-gods, and in order to keep the discussion on a rational basis will for the moment project it, hypothetically, away from Japan. Assume a people long accustomed to regard a certain part of the world as representing the highest degree of potential power as expressed in military excellence. Let it be so well convinced of this that it copies the military methods of the other civilization and bends its energies to acquire proficiency therein. Let it then encounter a power long assumed by the world to be most formidable in a military way, and easily defeat it. Such a people might be expected to feel a little "cocky," to entertain a perhaps exaggerated notion of their own prowess; and if nearly the whole of the civilized world united in indiscriminate praise of them they would not be human if their heads were not somewhat turned. With my mind somewhat cleared by this digression into the realm of rationalism, I now see plainly, as I look about me in Japan, that the people have been affected by their success just as those of any other nationality would have been. It is true that Oriental suavity, too long inbred to be readily disturbed, enables the better classes to repress, especially in the presence of foreigners, their exultation. Having visited Japan several times before the war, I am able to make my own comparisons, and I say without hesitation, omitting details, that the whole nation is feeling very "chesty," to use a slangy but very expressive word which all Americans will understand. This feeling has not, so far, manifested itself in any disposition on the part of the better classes to be offensive to foreigners, particularly Americans and English, but I can observe a subdued insolence in waiters, 'ricksha coolies, *et cetera*, that was not formerly noticeable. The propaganda has conveyed the impression that Japan realizes that the eyes of the Western world are on her, impelling her to be on her best behavior. But does not even this favorable representation of the national conduct in the crisis seem to imply that there is a tendency to contrary action underlying it; that there is something unreal, not genuine, perhaps hypocritical, in it all?

It is interesting, then, to note and scruti-

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nize the drift of popular sentiment in Japan, cleverly directed and held in check by the ruling oligarchy, toward certain conclusions involved in the settlement, and the manipulation of the external propaganda in conjunction with it. Japan has assured the world, in general terms, of her intention to respect the integrity of China. Port Arthur is a part of China; yet gradually there has been disseminated throughout the world an impression that Port Arthur will come to Japan as a matter of course, as one of the legitimate fruits of victory. References are made to how Japan was "robbed" of Port Arthur in 1895 by the interference of Russia. If it is suggested that Japan positively disclaimed any intention of acquiring territory at the expense of Korea or China, it is explained that leased territory was not meant to be included. Russia, it will be remembered, was occupying the lower end of the Liao-tung peninsula under the terms of a limited lease wrested from unwilling China at a moment when she was alike friendless and helpless; a transaction to which Japan objected at the time. By a juggling of phrases, Japan makes it now appear that she always wished it understood that she intended to keep Port Arthur if she ousted the Russians. She is proceeding as rapidly as possible to fix herself in permanent possession, having already changed the name of the port of Dalny into Japanese, and is hurrying the refortification of Port Arthur with all speed, although it is not threatened with attack. I will not pause here to elucidate what the seizure of Port Arthur by Japan, or any great military power, means to the future of the Orient, but will reserve it for discussion later. That she intends to hold it is now openly admitted, and so cleverly has the propaganda managed the gradual disclosure of her purpose that it has occasioned scarcely any comment in the Western press. As for the Japanese people, they regard the permanent acquisition as already an accomplished fact, and any suggestion by the powers that Japan disgorge would undoubtedly cause great popular indignation and revive the old cry of "robbery."

But it is not in regard to Port Arthur and the Russian leasehold alone that the insidious work of the propaganda is felt; in fact, its more delicate subtleties are reserved for treatment of more important matters. In the phraseology of many press dispatches sent out from this part of the world referring to the possible terms of the settlement there is conveyed a carefully veiled impression of great importance to Japan's ambitions and purposes. This is the repeated reference in various connections to the Liao-tung. In the early stage of the war the usual phrasing was "Liao-tung peninsula"; but gradually the word peninsula has been dropped. As a result, in the Western press the two terms have become synonymous, and if, in some editorial sanctums the distinction is still clear, it has entirely vanished, if it ever existed, from the popular mind. And even with the word peninsula appended the phrase has been so manipulated by the propaganda as to be popularly considered to mean something it does not. When the average Englishman or American reads in his morning newspaper that Japan will probably insist upon indefinite or permanent occupation and administration of the Liao-tung peninsula, he gets the impression that what is meant is the small peninsula included in the Russian leasehold and on which are situated Dalny and Port Arthur. But here he is wrong. The peninsula included in the Russian leasehold is the "Kwang-tung" not the Liao-tung. The Liao-tung peninsula is that part of Manchuria south of a line drawn east to west from the mouth of the Yalu to the port of Newchwang, and embraces a large territory, including the Kwang-tung peninsula. The "Liao-tung" includes still more. "Tung" is the Chinese word for East, and "Liao-tung" means east of the Liao River, which rises in the mountains of north central Manchuria and flows by a southerly course into the gulf of Liao-tung, entering the gulf at the port of Newchwang. Thus "Liao-yang" means a departmental city east of the Liao, and so the significance of the terms run through the nomenclature of the whole country. The "Liao-tung" proper, therefore, refers to all that part of Manchuria lying east of the Liao River, and embraces fully one-third of its total area, including Mukden and Kirin, the two most important cities of the old kingdom. To what extent Western diplomacy is misled by this clever substitution of terms in public discussion of events in the locality of the war I do not know, but instances in international affairs where such subversions have been successfully instituted into treaties are not

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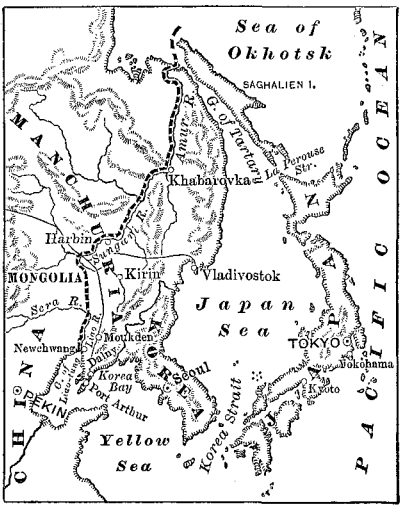
unknown. However that may be, I consider it advisable to present the facts. Some day in the near future the English and American press may awake to the discovery that it has been acquiescing in, if not actually advocating a turning over of Manchuria to Japan. And even if the press should, with full knowledge of the distinction, advocate such a condition, it will be well for the public to bear it in mind in following the discussion of the settlement. The correct meaning of the term is well understood in the East, and that part of the Chinese native and foreign press subsidized by Japan is being utilized to prepare the Chinese Government and people to be resigned to the sacrifice.

Reverting for a moment to popular sentiment in Japan concerning the settlement, there is no doubt that the masses of the people not only fully expect to retain Korea and a considerable part of Manchuria, but their ambition and expectation leaps much farther. I have noticed colored cartoons in the shops, couched in the same spirit of vainglorious pride that characterizes the war prints outlining the newer Japan which will be the result of the war. Delineated in map form these cartoons make a very pretty geographical composition, calculated to stimulate to the utmost the rising tide of Japanese imperialism. They embrace that part of Siberia east of the Amur, including the island of Saghalien; the eastern half of Manchuria, or the Liao-tung proper somewhat extended; and the whole of Korea. This converts, as a glance at the map will show, the Sea of Japan into another inland sea, politically speaking. It is truly a very pretty ambition that is thus sinking into the mind and heart of the average Japanese. There is not the slightest reasonable doubt that it is being quietly stimulated by the ruling oligarchy, which is at present entirely under the control of the military party, and if occasion arises it may be pointed to as a reason why the Government cannot comply with its first announced intentions. The war party is so completely in the saddle that it scarcely deigns to listen to the suggestions, much less be influenced by the civil branches of the administration. Conservatism is being rapidly pushed into the background. The War Department rules the country, and for the moment sways the destiny and impulses of the nation. Soon after the battle of Moukden, Baron Kodama, chief of the general staff and the real brains of the army, returned to Tokyo to consult with the Government in regard to the continuation of the war.



The broken line shows the boundaries of the hypothetical "Newer Japan."

All military plans stopped when Moukden was taken. Beyond there begins a new policy, born of the confidence of success.

There are, however, certain possible checks upon the growing spirit of jingoism; but a consideration of these must be deferred to another article. Chief among them is, naturally, the British alliance, which, with other possible external forces, should be closely surveyed. One hopes that the seeming enthusiasm evinced by the British press for an extension and amplification of the alliance with Japan, with its accompanying evidence of an inclination to support her ally in her wildest pretensions, may be set down to mere outcroppings of her accustomed Russophobia. I have reason to think that Japanese statesmen do not look to the British alliance for support beyond a certain point, hence the increasing energy of the propaganda in England. As to the intentions of Japan in China and Korea, adhering to the policy of basing this correspondence as far as possible on what is being done, rather than what is being said, further comment must await a study of conditions on the spot.

TOKYO, JAPAN.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

IT is not until we read a biography like that of Edward Burne-Jones, written by his wife, that we realize how almost essential to a critic is thorough biographical knowledge of the man whose work he is reviewing. The perfectly equipped critic, I humbly submit, must first have been, in fact, a biographer. In no other way can he possibly get at the mind and temperament expressed by the work lying so innocently open to his gaze. His temptation naturally is to look at the mass of achievement as an integral whole and the work of one mind in its perpetually creative mood. He thinks of "The Amazing Marriage" as by the same hand that wrote "Beauchamp's Career," and of "The Golden Bowl" as drawing from one source with "Watch and Ward." Even at inspired moments when, realizing how different a thing is youth from maturity and maturity from declining years, he manages to trace logically the development of a style or an attitude of mind, he is still under the thrall of a single impression, and almost invariably writes with an eye upon consistency and continuity.

Criticism and Biography

When, however, he turns biographer he becomes increasingly conscious of the moments at which man puts off the old and puts on the new. He becomes aware that the action of environment, of experience, of life, in short, upon an unformed nature produces in time a wholly different combination of elements and practically a new organism. For such a critic to speak, for example, of a "true Browning poem" would be an impossibility. To another making such an allusion he would be apt to respond, "Which Browning?" We all of us have the feeling clearly enough with reference to ourselves that in looking back to an earlier time we see in it a person not ourselves yet leading our life and strangely acting in our name. Lady Burne-Jones quotes with her exquisite simplicity from one of her own letters: "I don't quite know what is coming to us, we go out so much more than we have ever done before, and Edward seems to like it instead of not liking it as he used to do. It is very queer to watch how one changes insensibly as time goes on—sometimes I think I feel a kind of power at work changing me, but can't lay my hand on it or name it." It is indeed "very queer," and very instructing, especially to the critic with his duty of making out relationships between early and late conditions of mind, or guileless and initiated points of view.

The critic endowed with a sense of responsibility in his calling—it may be that there are no others!—is under no conditions satisfied to feel that he has mutilated the image of a creative mind for his readers. He is not satisfied until he has put together with more or less art the features of that mind to make a credible likeness; but unless he has made himself, for his own needs if not publicly and professionally, a biographer, he does not realize the danger of making that likeness an absurd composite of youth and age. In surveying the work of almost any mature writer worthy of the consideration, he will almost inevitably at one time or another be found speaking of a mental trick of expression as belonging to his ripe period which can be discerned only in the dim product of his youth. It cannot be urged that biographical training invariably prevents this particular kind of blunder and others akin to it. Carlyle, for example, the most passionately enlisted of biographers, was comparatively indifferent to the sequence of qualities and moods in his subjects. His habit was to hang a picture of the hero upon whom he was at work close by him, where he could constantly refer his impression of characteristics to their visible record in facial lines. It was this habit perhaps, or rather the mental proclivity from which it sprang, that enabled him to make his reproduction and interpretation so vital and expressive; but how clearly evident is also the limitation to one period of a complicated development! And Carlyle is the master example of a somewhat widely extended type of biographer. It is conceivable that the critic anxious to spring spontaneously into the exercise of his profession may object to such a lengthening of his student period as would be made by serious training in biography of the accurate, careful sort; but the annals of biographers are far from gloomy. Carlyle and Sainte-Beuve wrote with equal ecstasy of the charm of the pursuit, and even the meticulous Boswell found his task poignantly inspiring. The whole matter is merely a special application of the old truth that the proper study of mankind is not the dissociated works of man, but man himself.

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE LIBRARY OF ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

SECOND PAPER

THE Field of Art for September, 1903, was devoted to the question of "A Possible Art Library," and the point under consideration was the desirability of having a library somewhere of illustrated books and one which should be based upon the pictures—not upon the text. The title might have been made more limited, more exact; and have been named rather, a Library of Book Illustration. It was imagined that the catalogue might be alphabetized under the names of the illustrators—Oliver Twist under Cruikshank, Henry Esmond under Du Maurier, the French Revolution under Vierge instead of Michelet, "Les Contes Drolatiques" under Doré and "Les Contes Remois" under Meissonier. Other considerations go with that of the catalogue; thus the illustrations and not the text should be considered in the placing of the books in their cases. The desideratum was stated to be the ignoring of the text except as it explains, sets off, provides, a background for the pictures.

When we regard illustrated books in this way, the books of the succeeding epochs are found to be exceedingly different, each chronological group from all others; and it is curious to see, as the seventeenth century comes in, burin engraving on metal plates tending to replace wood engraving as the means of illustration. This we see naturally in the Italian and German books; that is, in those of the countries where metal engraving had taken a decided hold on even popular taste, long before the year 1600.

In 1586 there had been issued a curious book on the physiognomy of man with a woodcut portrait on the title-page representing the author, Giovanni Battista della Porta; and a popular edition, translated from the Latin into the Italian, is dated 1598. An indefinitely great number of prints from copperplates are given in this book, sometimes two separate prints, with two or three subjects each, taken on the same page where are twenty lines of typography. Human heads are set side by side with the heads of various beasts and birds, and the assumed resemblance in essentials between the two is strongly insisted on in the accompanying text. "Assumed resemblance"—but in reality the resemblance is forced, and nothing more marked in the way of caricature is conceivable than the human heads which are made to resemble that of a sheep by the insisting on large ears, much curved bridge of nose and large mouth with full hanging lips; or swinish by an exaggerated droop of the inner corner of each eye and the placing of the lips and nostrils very low in the face, far down toward the pointed chin; or asinine by still larger and upward pointing ears made to accompany a prognathous cast of countenance and large, wide-open eyes. These are not very pretty pictures; but they mark in an interesting way the strong tendency of the time toward an encyclopædic sort of study; toward a popularizing of knowledge by means of text and picture. The book undertakes also to give typical faces: Cruelty, and again Shrewdness or Cunning; and in connection with these there are certain imaginary portraits given, some of which may be not wholly imaginary. The portrait of "Carlo re di Francia," that is to say, of Charlemagne, with flowing beard and curls lying upon his shoulders, may indeed be entirely fantastic, but the portrait of Cesare Borgia, who is announced here as Duca Valentino, may be thought to have some foundation in fact. There is a rather good engraving of the Hercules Farnese, one in which its abominable exaggeration is exaggerated again in a way which will be enjoyed by persons who hate that statue; and the last picture in the book shows how the face of man and the face of woman look when combined, the right-hand half of the one with the left-hand half of the other.

In 1610 was printed an edition of the works of that Pirckheimer who was so great a friend of Albert Dürer, and to this there are added

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some admirable prints from copperplates. A deceptive copy of Dürer's engraved portrait of the author, dated 1524, is given as a frontispiece, printed flat on the pleasantly rough and soft paper which makes up the whole volume; it is the well-known engraving, Heller 104 (3); Bartsch 106, A. Facing the dedication is a design of allegorical significance which is worthy of a word of description. Invidia (Envy or Jealousy) as a rather handsome woman holds a human heart with a tremendous pair of blacksmith's tongs "of the period" over a flame on an altar, and Tribulatio is hammering the heart with a tool which I will not try to describe—it must be seen to be believed in. Tolerantia reclines with her head on her hand at the bottom of the picture, and the altar seems to rest upon her, though it is not certain that this effect is intentional. Can anyone explain the significance of that feature, if it is deliberately introduced? Spes (Hope) with finger raised to heaven seems to have brought down by her invocations, from a cooling cloud, a shower of drops which fall upon the tortured heart. This picture is enclosed in a circular medallion which again is planted upon a very elaborate and prettily designed frame the corners of which carry the names of the four personifications, and the frame is hung to the capital of a column which carries a great basket of fruit and flowers, and has cupids with trumpets and other accessories leaning upon its base. The whole picture is extremely effective in design, filling the page beautifully and giving an admirable scrap of intellectual puzzle to the reader—a puzzle of the kind which the seventeenth century dearly loved. The plate has been engraved in an interesting way, the better workmanship given to the more important parts; but never have I met an attribution of it which was other than a guess.

Another plate in this volume is the rather celebrated triumphal procession of Maximilian, the Emperor, his car drawn by six pair of horses which are led by twelve Virtues—Experience, Magnanimity, Daring, Alacrity, Moderation, and so on—the Virtues arranged in apparently contradictory couples. Other personified virtues run beside the chariot, the wheels of which are lettered as Magnificence, Dignity, Glory, and Honor, and again a host of noble qualities in the form of fair women surround the Emperor as he sits in triumph and wave wreaths of laurel above his head, while the sun above forms a crest to the whole composition with the motto, What the Sun is in heaven, that on earth is Cæsar. Now, this is a rather close study, in line engraving, of Dürer's great woodcut, Heller 140, Bartsch 139. It has been very carefully printed from three separate plates upon a huge folding sheet. Heller thinks that it may be the work of Heinrich Ulrich; but his reasons seem inadequate.

It is evident enough that this is not an illustrated book in the noble and simple sixteenth-century sense, but the book should none the less be entered under the names of those designers who have made it so attractive. We are not likely to-day to read the letters of Pirckheimer, nor yet those of his mother, the reverend abbess of the order of St. Clair. Moreover, the historical essay at page 52 will not be studied by those who rather enjoy the picture opposite it, of the famous Igel monument. That is the precious Roman memorial which is near the railroad between Treves and Cologne, and which, when my photograph of it was made stood in a farmyard grown up with brambles and protected by them alone. Naturally it is more ruinous now than it was about 1605; the sculptures of the basement story and the inscription on large slabs above them at the foot of the principal sculptures are almost wholly unintelligible now, and one would like to feel certain that the old print may be trusted. The old rule was, of course, to disregard facts almost wholly in representing the monuments of antiquity—to draw them as the designer thought they ought to be drawn, with his own notions of classical dignity replacing their actual character; but there is one thing which makes one believe that pains were taken in this case, and that is the giving of the inscription on a larger scale at the bottom of the plate. It is very prettily engraved in Roman capitals and looks as if somebody had copied off the original, letter by letter, and with conscientious regard for its significance.

There might have been mention, in dealing with the sixteenth century, of those remarkable books of fence, which were then so common. They were even more numerous after 1600; and it is very curious to follow in them the changes in the practice of swordplay. P. J. Girard announces his book, published in 1736, as teaching "la manière de combattre, de l'épée de pointe seule"; but

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indeed La Tousche had preached the same doctrine half a century earlier, and there were continual discussion and controversy between those who still cared for the dagger or the buckler or the cloak as the means of parrying thrusts and the reformers—the men of one weapon. There had been many changes of practice between the early and active days and those of the small sword under Louis XV, and oddly enough they were English and Scotch writers who were very much in favor in those later days.

One hesitates to say that topography was in the air in the seventeenth century, or whether to think rather that Matthew Merian, he individually, was the man who studied and taught it to the world of Europe. The title-page to Sansovino's History of Venice—"Venetia, Città Nobilissima et Singolare"—does indeed give a bird's-eye view of Venice which one may study with advantage. It is as far as possible from being a complete picture, but the feeling for the water-ways leading from the open lagoon on the south to that on the north of the built-up town, including the S-curved Canalazzo and the straight-away Canareggio, the square towers rising above the domes of the churches, the Giudecca with its gardens indicated by tree-tops and its six sharp-pointed campanili, the neighboring and smaller islands—a row of them, beginning with S. Giorgio—all this is attractive and impressive, and one forgives the slight and hasty examination which the engraver had given to the minor facts of the case. That book is dated 1663. Matthew Merian was a publisher of Frankfort-on-the-Main, and he brought out a number of books devoted to the different German lands, and especially their interesting old towns. There is one devoted to Alsace, dated 1663, shortly after the cession of the country by the Austrian monarchy to France. Not Obern und Untern Elsass only are treated in this book, but Breisgau also, and Sundgau and other countries thereabout. And so it happens that we have such interesting places as Weissenburg with its noble great church and accompanying smaller ones, its ancient walls and moats, its fortified gateways, its covered bridges, its water-mills on the little Lauter and the wooded hills about it, and castled Berbelstein towering above them all. Equally attractive is the view of Colmar, though this town is shown as fortified in the modern way as if by Vauban himself, with bastions and demilunes and the complete star system carried out to the full. This view is a bird's-eye view, indeed, showing the country for ten miles away in at least three directions, and neighboring villages by the score, with such solitary castles as Sulzberg and Hohenhatstatt strongly emphasized. Freiburg in Breisgau is given in a large plate, with the famous traceried spire of its minster, the spire which led the nineteenth century restorers of Cologne Cathedral in the right way. But naturally Strasburg is the most interesting place of all, and of that famous town there are two views, one a bird's-eye view taken from a point so very high above the city that it constitutes a map at least of the fortifications and the principal monuments, for the streets and dwellings are ignored. Here sweeps down the Ill, meeting the Breusch, the two dividing into a dozen narrow channels serving as moats to the fortifications, and serving also, as they run through the town, for a limited kind of local intercourse by boats; here is the cathedral even as we know it now, with its prodigious western frontispiece dwarfing the relatively small nave and choir. But the view, the "prospect" itself is a really noble landscape of the exact or realistic school. This is really Strasburg as I knew it in 1860, when I crossed on foot from Kehl over the Rhine bridge.

Another splendid book, one of the rather numerous volumes published by Merian, is devoted to the Duchies of Brunswick and Lüneberg, the native country of the Hanoverian kings of Great Britian and Ireland. There is no town within that dominion as attractive as Strasburg, perhaps none as interesting as Weissenburg, and yet the view of Brunswick taken as from a near point of view, as if from a tower half a mile from the walls, is a most precious landscape—really a model of how facts of external nature may be combined with artistic effects to produce a noble result. To those who go to Hanover to live that their children may have the advantage of the best German that there is to be had (though indeed the Hanoverians tell you that you must go to Celle for that), such enthusiasts will be a good deal surprised if they look at this picture of the little fortified town with its Romanesque steeples, its long stretch of Electoral Palace in a quarter of the city where at present few travelers wander, and absolutely no signs of that great north suburb or new city —that city of tall apartment houses which has grown up since the separation of the crowns

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of England and Hanover. That separation came when Victoria ascended the English throne, she being debarred by her sex from succeeding to the throne of Hanover, and so we have learned to date the new city from just that year 1837; but the illustration, on a great folding sheet, is none the less a most attractive landscape. One regrets only that Herrenhausen, with its palace and fountains, the real home of the Hanoverian monarchs, should not have been allowed even a corner of this large picture—in default of a plate of its own; though, indeed, the gardens were not in 1654 what they came to be a century later. And one cannot leave the volume without mentioning the view of Hamelen, as the engraver has spelled it, or Hameln, as the printer has set it up, the latter being also the modern form of the name. This is the town where the famous Rat Catcher appeared and carried off the children, as we learn from various authorities, and especially from Robert Browning, who spelled the name Hamelin for the sake of his metre.

There are wood-cuts, too, in the seventeenth-century books, but the years before 1580 make up the really prolific and favorable time for wood-cuts, and it is better for us now to stick to the books illustrated with coppers. For instance, there is a little quarto dated 1668 and published at Amsterdam by Jacques Benjamin, though in French; the title of which is too long to quote, but it deals with the wars in Europe between 1664 and 1667. The title-page has a print from a line engraving showing an unnamed sea-fight with high-pooped ships of war cannonading and rolled in smoke, while two at least of the vessels are burning furiously. This is a mere decoration; it might stand for any sea-fight; but the expedition of the Dutch to the Thames on June 20th and 22nd, 1667, when the fleet of the United Provinces sailed up the Medway to Rochester and burned the ships lying at Chatham, is illustrated by the picture of a fort, probably that of Sheerness, called *Chernesse* by our author. In the middle of the fort is a high-roofed building over which floats the Dutch flag. Some of the buildings are shown burning, while on the shore are drawn up the boats of the landing party. A little village with a pointed, high church-tower is seen beyond: perhaps Wallend in the Isle of Grain. That was the last time that hostile cannon were heard in the streets of London. The same subject is continued by a print on page 226, showing the destruction of the ships of the English fleet. But the culminating shock of horror and excitement is given by the plate on page 169, where the great fire of London is represented in a most impressive way, the hard black lines made by the burin rendering the effect of smoke and flame with singular skill, and all because of the clear sense of his resources possessed by the engraver, and his knowledge of how to make the most of a few bright lights. That, now, is the character of the seventeenth-century books—history, topography, the search for facts, or what were taken as facts, and the representation of these by means of carefully engraved metal plates from which the print was done with a good deal of intelligence, although in the simplest way, so that the impressions even on pages of which the half was printed from type at another time, are interesting and even fine. We have it again in Fontana's "I Pregi della Toscana" of 1701, the plates of which are the best authority one finds for the look of the galleys, those huge rowboats of war which were then soon to disappear.

Portraiture, of course, is an important affair in the seventeenth century, and the "Gulden Cabinet," printed at Antwerp in 1661, is the earliest important display of such portrait effects as were to be the special employment of Houbraken a century later. This collection of portraits includes a number of subjects that are interesting to students of fine art, heads of Gaspar de Crayer; of Jordaens, that famous right-hand man of Rubens, the most powerful of the secondary men of the time; and of Rubens himself, who is not exactly a secondary man. The portrait of this great artist is a good deal idealized, with a delicate Italian touch given to the face, as is natural enough. It does not appear that Cornelis Meyssens and his brother Jan engraved all these very serious, manly plates, but Jan Meyssens certainly engraved the portrait of Cornelis de Bie, a famous man of law, the print of which appears on page 17. The heads and many of the artist-portraits which follow include a most celebrated Snyders and that Quellinus whose paintings or finished drawings were followed by the engravers of many of these busts. One print at least is signed by Wenzel Hollar, and that is enough to immortalize the book.

RUSSELL STURGIS.

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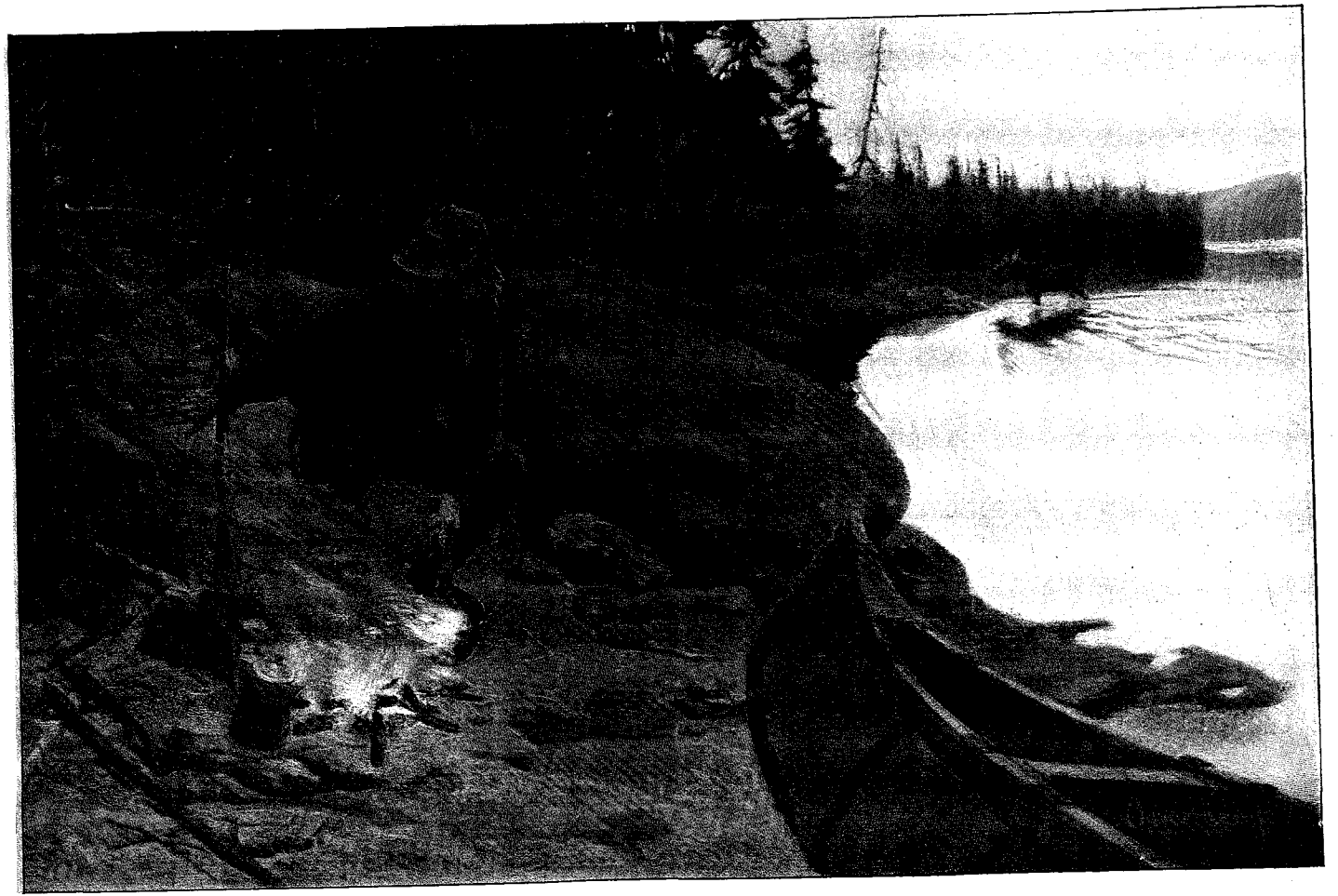

Drawn by Oliver Kemp.

A GOOD PAIR OF ANTLERS.

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